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REVISED EDITION.

CHAMBERS'S



ISGELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME XII.



W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

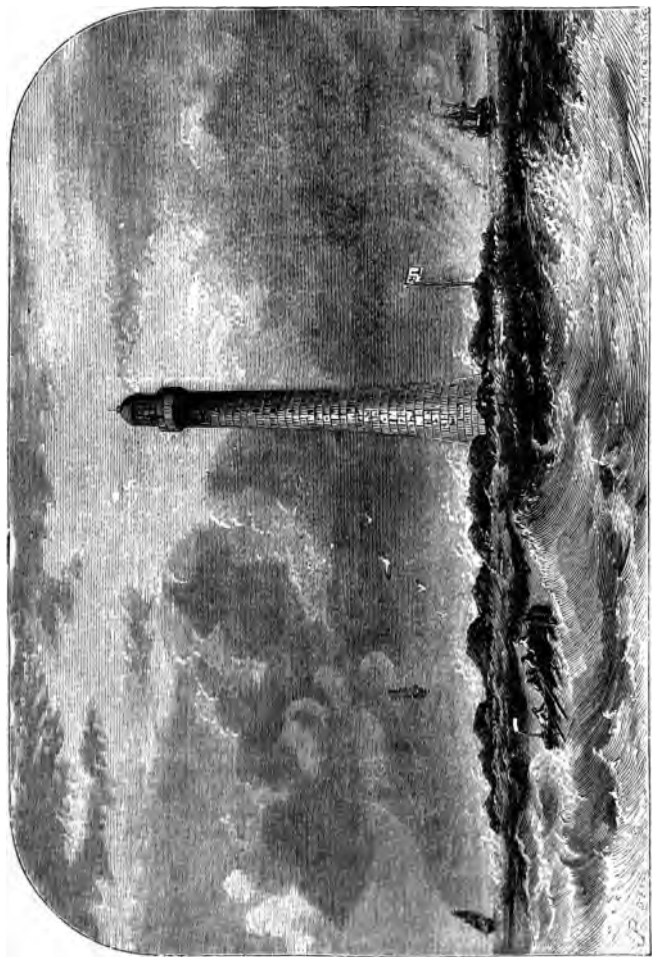


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CHAMBERS'S
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. XII.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

1870

270. g. 672.

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CHRISTOPHER COLOMBO or COLON, better known by his Latinised name of Columbus, was born at Genoa about the year 1436. His father was a woolcomber, in not very affluent circumstances; although connected, according to some accounts, with persons of superior rank. Columbus was the eldest of a family of four. His two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, will afterwards be mentioned in connection with his discoveries; his sister married an obscure person of the name of Bavarello.

Of the early life of Columbus, very little is known. Considering the habits of the age and the condition of his parents, he appears to have received a good education. While yet a mere child, he learned

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reading, writing, and arithmetic; he was also such a proficient in drawing and painting, that, according to one of his biographers, he could have earned a livelihood by them. At an early age, he went to the university of Padua, in Lombardy, then a celebrated school of learning. Here he acquired the Latin language, and devoted himself with zeal to the study of mathematics in all its branches, especially those connected with geography and navigation, towards which he seems to have been drawn from the first by an irresistible propensity. His stay at Padua cannot have been long, for in his fourteenth year he returned to his father's house in Genoa, where he is said to have pursued for some time the occupation of wool-combing. This, however, was far from his taste; and he made choice of the seafaring profession. Genoa being at that time one of the greatest commercial cities in the world, the enthusiasm for maritime enterprise was universal amongst its inhabitants. A historian of the period speaks of the proneness of the Genoese youth to wander through the world in quest of riches, which they intended to return with and spend in their native city: few, however, he says, were able to carry their intention into effect—not one in ten of those who left Genoa ever revisiting it. Of these adventurous youths, whose ambition to be sailors was nursed by the sight of the merchant-vessels landing their rich freights on the quays of Genoa, Columbus was one; and, as we have already seen, his education was suitable for the mode of life he had chosen.

At fourteen years of age, Columbus left Genoa in the humble capacity of a sailor-boy on board a Mediterranean trader; and for many years, at first as a common sailor, and latterly as master of a vessel, he appears to have sailed along the Mediterranean from the Levant to Gibraltar, possibly also undertaking an occasional voyage to some of the northern countries of Europe, with which the Genoese merchants may have had dealings. In this undistinguished course of life he passed his youth; and he does not come prominently into notice till he settled in Lisbon in 1470, when he was thirty-four years of age. At this period, he is described as being above the middle size, and of strong muscular frame. His visage was long; his nose aquiline; his eyes of a bluish gray; his complexion fair, but somewhat inflamed. His hair in youth was reddish, but before he was thirty years of age, it had turned quite white. His habits were simple; his manners grave and affable; his temper, which was naturally irritable, he had subdued by the force of his will; and in his attention to the observances of religion, he was devout and enthusiastic. His acquirements were far beyond what might have been expected in one whose life had been spent at sea. Besides being a skilful navigator, he was well informed in astronomy, geography, and all the general science of the age; and while on shore, his leisure appears to have been spent in studying such scientific works as were within his reach. A marriage which he contracted

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about this period seems to have had some effect in determining his subsequent career. The lady to whom he became attached was Felipa de Palestrello, the daughter of Bartolemeo de Palestrello, an Italian who had distinguished himself as a navigator in the Portuguese service. Marrying this young lady, Columbus obtained from her mother all the charts, journals, and memoranda of her late husband, the possession of which was a treasure to him. After his marriage, he lived for many years as a humble citizen of Lisbon, earning a livelihood for himself and family by constructing maps and charts, or by making an occasional voyage in a Portuguese vessel to the Guinea coast, then the ultimate limit of African navigation.

Columbus seems to have acted from deliberate choice in making Lisbon his place of residence. In no city in the world would the demand be so great at that time for maps and charts, or for persons skilled in any of the arts connected with navigation. Portugal had taken the lead of all the nations of Europe in maritime enterprise; and for upwards of twenty years, all the great discoveries which had been made by navigators of new coasts or islands had been effected under the auspices of the Portuguese government. The moving spirit in this career of enterprise was Prince Henry of Portugal, a man of large views and studious habits, who was still alive when Columbus took up his residence in Lisbon. The ruling idea of Prince Henry's mind was to find out a new route to the East Indies by sailing round Africa. Proceeding upon some vague traditions, that in ancient times one navigator sailing from the Red Sea had arrived at Gibraltar, and another sailing from Gibraltar had arrived at the shores of Arabia, Prince Henry had instituted inquiries with a view to ascertain whether Africa were really circumnavigable; and having convinced himself that such was the case, he had resolutely persevered in making the experiment. Allured by the encouragements which he held out, able geographers and navigators had flocked to Lisbon from all parts of the world, and such was the success of their efforts, that although the great feat of circumnavigating Africa still remained unaccomplished, vessels had at length entered the tropics, long regarded as impassable to man; the Atlantic had been explored as far as the Gulf of Guinea and the Canary and Cape Verd Islands. The most important effects, however, of Prince Henry's labours were the training up of a school of hardy navigators, the improvement of the art of seamanship, and the enthusiasm which was instantly awakened in all the governments of Europe for the discovery of new lands. Columbus, in removing to Lisbon, may possibly have hoped for some employment from Prince Henry; but in this he was disappointed, as the prince died not long after, in the year 1473. He left it as his dying charge to his countrymen, to persevere in the attempt to reach India by the southern extremity of Africa.

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Circumstances conspired to develop Columbus's natural taste for nautical enterprise. His occupation as a drawer of maps and charts brought him into communication with many eminent persons of that time ; among others, Paulo Toscanelli of Florence, a celebrated geographer. This occupation, too, was a lucrative and most respectable one, as we may learn from the fact, that a sum of one hundred and thirty ducats, equal to about as many pounds of our money, was paid for a map of sea and land made at Mallorca in 1439 ; and that an Italian friar, named Mauro, having constructed a universal map esteemed particularly accurate, had a medal struck in his honour by the Venetians. The best result, however, of Columbus's labours in drawing maps was, that he thereby became acquainted with the small extent of that part of the earth's surface known to geographers and navigators, as compared with the conjectural extent of the whole. This fact appears to have made a deep impression on his mind, and to have been the germ of his future speculations. It was not long, however, before the idea began to assume a more definite shape. Like all the navigators of the time, he was full of the notion of discovering a new route to India, Cathay, or Cipango—the land of gold and diamonds, and spices—which was supposed to lie in the east of Asia, and respecting which the most gorgeous fancies were entertained. There was this difference, however, between the speculations of Columbus and other navigators as to this imaginary route to India, that while they universally followed Prince Henry in supposing that it was to be sought by sailing round Africa, he was employed in considering the possibility of effecting the same object by sailing due west across the Atlantic. This most original idea was fully formed in Columbus's mind before the year 1474.

The globular form of the earth had been for a considerable time known to all scientific men, and various calculations had been made as to its probable size. On this latter point, all were at fault, the general supposition being, that the globe was much smaller than it is. Columbus, in pondering on its imaginary magnitude, arrived at the conviction, that the Atlantic was a comparatively narrow sea, and that if any one were to push boldly across it, he would inevitably reach the shores of India. These ideas were confirmed by the various rumours which prevailed of lands existing in the Atlantic to the west of Africa. Plato's fabled island of *Atalantis* was supposed to be a real country lying in that quarter. There were many traditional recollections of mariners having been cast upon unknown shores when driven far out to sea by the violence of a storm. There were legends also of adventurers who had embarked in ships in the northern countries of Europe, and gone to seek homes across the Atlantic ; and of fugitive bishops and priests, who, to escape persecution in their own country, had committed themselves to the waves, and been conducted by the hand of Providence to fertile and happy islands to the west of the Azores. Moreover, certain

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circumstances had come within Columbus's own knowledge, which seemed to argue the existence of land in that direction. Martin Vicenti, a pilot in the Portuguese service, had picked up a piece of carved wood floating in the ocean four hundred and fifty leagues west of St Vincent, which, as the wind was westerly, he concluded must have come from some land opposite to Africa. Columbus's brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, had seen a similar piece of wood, which had drifted across the ocean from the same quarter; and had also heard of large canes seen floating on the waves west of Madeira, apparently resembling the reeds known to be produced in the East Indies. It was likewise reported that, when the wind had blown long from the west, trunks of huge pine-trees were often cast ashore upon the Azores; and that once two dead bodies, evidently the corpses neither of Europeans nor Africans, were driven upon the beach of the island of Flores.

All these and many other arguments convinced Columbus that the East Indies could be reached by sailing westward from Gibraltar, or the western coast of Africa. Every circumstance corroborative of this view which came to his knowledge he diligently noted down; and at last the conviction became so strong, that he conceived himself to be expressly destined by God for the great work of discovering a new world. No doubt a hesitation remained in his mind; and his only wish was to find the means of making the contemplated voyage. Once launched upon the Atlantic, he was absolutely certain that, after having sailed seven or eight hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he would come upon Marco Polo's island of Cipango, or the dominions of the great khan of Tartary.

Impressed with these delusive convictions, Columbus was eager to make application to some of the governments of Europe for means to make a voyage of discovery on the Atlantic. He first applied to John II., king of Portugal, who inherited the enterprising spirit of his grand-uncle Prince Henry, and in whose reign the means of finding the latitude at sea had been discovered. Columbus, without much difficulty, obtained an interview with the Portuguese monarch, to whom he explained his scheme of reaching the East Indies, not by the route round Africa, which all other navigators were pursuing, but by a shorter one across the Atlantic. Various accounts are given of the manner in which the proposal was received. John himself was a wise and magnanimous prince, and he appears to have been much impressed by the earnestness of the noble-looking foreigner who addressed him. Naturally cautious, however, of patronising an enterprise which might turn out to be a mere chimera, he referred the matter to some of his counsellors, who dissuaded him from engaging in it. Still, such was the effect of Columbus's representations, that John did not at once dismiss the project; on the contrary, by a piece of meanness not agreeing with his general character, he followed the advice of some of his counsellors, and

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having, on false pretences, procured from Columbus a detailed plan of his contemplated voyage, with maps and charts to correspond, he secretly despatched a vessel to ascertain the practicability of the intended route. The vessel actually sailed a considerable way beyond the Cape Verd Islands; but a storm arising, the crew became afraid to venture farther, and put back, reporting that Columbus's notion was mad and irrational.

Indignant at this unjust treatment, Columbus, whose wife had for some time been dead, secretly left Lisbon, taking with him his young son Diego. The reason for his leaving the city secretly is said by some to have been the fear of being prevented by the government; by others, the fear of being apprehended for debts which he was unable to pay. Proceeding to his native city of Genoa, he renewed an offer which he had previously made by letter, of conducting the enterprise under the patronage of the Genoese government—an offer which was contemptuously refused, Genoa being already in the decline of her fortunes, and too broken-spirited to engage in any more bold enterprises. It is said that Columbus's next offer was made to the Venetian government; which, however, is improbable. The usual account, also, of his sending his brother Bartholomew at this time to England to propose the scheme to Henry VII., is incorrect: it was not till the year 1488, when the negotiations with Spain had begun, that Bartholomew proceeded to England on this errand.

COLUMBUS'S NEGOTIATIONS IN SPAIN.

Spain was the country to which Columbus looked with the greatest hope after the rejection of his scheme by Portugal. No country at that time occupied the attention of Europe so much as Spain. By the marriage of Ferdinand II. of Aragon with Isabella of Castile, the whole of the peninsula, except Portugal, had been consolidated into one powerful kingdom. Ruling separately over their distinct territories—the wise, cold, and wary Ferdinand over his subjects of Aragon, and the generous and high-souled Isabella over hers of Castile—the two made it their common endeavour to promote the glory of Spain, and raise its reputation as one of the first powers of Christendom. They were at this time engaged in a war with Granada, the last of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain; and all their energies were occupied in the accomplishment of what was then regarded a noble and chivalrous enterprise—the entire expulsion of the Moors from the peninsula. Spain, accordingly, was then the land of daring deeds, and hither our poor Italian resolved to bend his steps, with the scheme of a new world.

In Sevilla, one of the most southern of the Spanish provinces, and next to Granada, is an insignificant little seaport of the name of Palos de Moguer. At a little distance from this village stood,

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and we believe still stands, a Franciscan convent dedicated to Santa Marie de Rabida. One day, late in the year 1485, a stranger on foot, accompanied by a little boy, stopped at the convent gate and begged a little bread and water for his child. The stranger was of a noble aspect, venerable from his white hairs, and interesting from his foreign accent. While the porter of the convent was supplying him with what he had asked, the prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, chanced to pass, and, struck with the stranger's appearance, he entered into conversation with him. The stranger informed him that his name was Columbus, and that, with his son, he was on his way to the neighbouring town of Huelva, where his brother-in-law resided. Inviting him into the convent, the prior soon learned the rest of his story; and instantly conceiving a wonderful affection for the extraordinary man whom Providence had thus cast in his way, he insisted on his taking up his residence with him until a fit time should arrive for proceeding to the court of the Spanish sovereigns. Himself a man of information and ability, Juan Perez entered heartily into Columbus's views, and sent for such scientific persons in the neighbourhood as he thought would be able to form a judgment on the matter. Here, in the midst of a little club of listeners, gathered in the evenings in the comfortable apartment of the prior, did Columbus produce his charts and expound his project in the winter of 1485-6; and long afterwards, in the height of his fame, did the great navigator remember Juan Perez, his first kind friend in Spain.

Early in the year 1486, Columbus set out for Cordova, where the Spanish court then resided, making preparations for a spring campaign against the Moors of Granada. He left his son Diego under the charge of the worthy prior, who, to add to his other kindnesses, furnished him with a letter of introduction to Fernando de Talavera, prior of Prado, and confessor of Queen Isabella—a man, therefore, of some importance, and likely to be of use to him. The letter proved of small avail; either Juan Perez had overrated his influence with so great a personage as Talavera, or Talavera was too busy to pay any attention to the poor Italian enthusiast who was introduced to him. Neither Columbus nor his project appears to have been mentioned to the Spanish sovereigns; and the campaign against the Moors having commenced, there was no hope of his obtaining an interview with them for some time. While the court was thus shifting about, Columbus remained in Cordova, supporting himself, as before, by his skill in designing maps. Here also his worth, his noble appearance, and the modest enthusiasm of his manners, gained him many kind friends, through whom he made the acquaintance of Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Grand Cardinal of Spain. Mendoza, after being satisfied that there was something more in Columbus's project than a mere vague fancy, procured him an audience with Ferdinand and Isabella. The able Ferdinand instantly

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perceived the propriety of at least inquiring into the scheme which was proposed to him ; he therefore referred the matter to Fernando de Talavera, the above-mentioned prior, to whom Columbus had already been introduced—instructing him to hold a council of the most learned geographers and scientific men to examine and report on the plan submitted by Columbus.

Few meetings ever held are more interesting to us now than the great meeting of scientific men held in the convent of St Stephen, at Salamanca, to investigate into the feasibility of Columbus's project of reaching the East Indies by sailing due west. There were assembled all the sages of Spain, professors of astronomy, geography, and mathematics, most of them churchmen, together with a number of learned friars and ecclesiastical dignitaries in their robes ; and in the midst of them all stood a simple mariner of Genoa, ready to explain his scheme and answer questions. A great majority seem to have been prepossessed against Columbus from the beginning, arguing that of necessity he must be wrong, seeing that it was not in the nature of things that one man could know better about such matters than all the rest of the world. Others, however, favoured him so far as to be ready at least to enter into argument with him. The arguments produced against him were of the strangest kind—a mixture of crude science with religious dogmas—quotations from Scripture interpreted in the oddest manner ; together with extracts from the Greek and Latin Fathers. To all the objections urged, Columbus answered with firmness and modesty, failing, however, as may be supposed, to convince men against long-cherished prejudice, backed by an erroneous interpretation of Scripture.

The deliberations of the assembly were interrupted by the departure of the court from Cordova in the spring of 1487. No answer had as yet been given to Columbus with respect to his project ; on the whole, however, there seemed little hope of a favourable one. The next five years were occupied by the Spanish sovereigns in the war against Granada, so that they had no leisure to enter personally into a consideration of the merits of the proposal made to them by the Genoese navigator. During all that time, Columbus waited patiently, generally residing at Cordova, where, it is said, the children in the streets used to point to their foreheads as he passed, bidding each other look at the mad Italian ; sometimes, however, following the court in its journeys from place to place, and even taking part in the sieges and battles in which the Spanish troops were engaged. His hopes seem to have alternately risen and sunk during these five years. In the year 1488, he appears to have despaired of a favourable issue to his application ; for in that year he despatched his brother Bartholomew Columbus to England to make an offer of his project to Henry VII. Unfortunately, Bartholomew was captured by pirates *on the voyage*, and was not able to reach England for some years,

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otherwise Spain might have been for ever deprived of the advantages offered her ; for when the scheme was ultimately proposed to Henry VII., he embraced it more warmly than any monarch to whom it had been broached before. In the same year, 1488, Columbus received a letter from the king of Portugal, inviting him to return to that country ; but he refused the invitation.

In the winter of 1491, when the Spanish monarchs were about to commence their last Moorish campaign, Columbus received an answer to his frequent applications. He was informed that the expenses of the war prevented the sovereigns from engaging at present in any new enterprise, but that, when the war was over, his scheme would be again considered. This was most disheartening to one who had waited so long. Already advanced in years, he began to fear that death would overtake him before he had obtained the means of accomplishing his design. He resolved to quit Spain. Before doing so, however, he offered his scheme to two of the Spanish nobles, whose wealth and importance made them almost independent princes—the Duke of Medina Sidonia and the Duke of Medina Celi. Both, after some delay, refused to engage in the project, as too ambitious for any but a great sovereign. Columbus therefore hesitated no longer, but prepared to go to France, where he anticipated a more favourable reception. Before setting out, he proceeded to the convent at Palos, to visit his friend Juan Perez, and to bring away his son Diego, whom, with his other son, Fernando, he intended to leave at Cordova. When his old friend the prior saw Columbus once more at the gate of his monastery, after several years of vain solicitation at court, he was deeply affected. He entreated him by all means to remain in the country. He had been father-confessor to the queen, and thought he might still exercise an influence over her mind. He accordingly proceeded to Santa Fé, where the sovereigns were in person superintending the siege of the capital of Granada. Perez obtained a ready access to the queen. He laid before her the propositions of Columbus with freedom and eloquence. Isabella was moved with the grandeur of the project. The principles upon which it was founded, the advantages that would result from its success, and the glory it would shed upon Spain, were for the first time represented to her in their true colours. She promised her patronage to the undertaking. Columbus was summoned to court, and 20,000 maravedis, equivalent to upwards of £40 of our money, were sent to him to pay his travelling expenses ; and he arrived in time to witness the memorable surrender of Granada to the Spanish arms. It was now only necessary to agree upon the terms of the proposed enterprise. Columbus would listen only to princely conditions. A meaner spirit, after years of unsuccessful toil, poverty, and disappointment, would have been glad to secure the assistance of the sovereigns on such arrangements as their own liberality might dictate. But Columbus stipulated his own rewards and honours, and

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would consent to no other. He demanded them as if he were already successful, and aware of the extent and importance of his discoveries. In consequence of his resoluteness in adhering to these demands, the negotiation was once more broken off; and Columbus, mounting his mule, left Santa Fé, resolved never to return. He was within two leagues of Granada, when a courier overtook him, and brought him back. The court now agreed that he should be admiral on the ocean, and enjoy all the privileges and honours allowed to the High Admiral of Castile; that he should be governor over all the countries he might discover; and that he should reserve to himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, and articles of merchandise, in whatever manner obtained, within his admiralty. They also allowed that he should appoint judges in all parts of Spain trading to those countries; and that on this voyage, and at all other times, he should contribute an eighth part of the expense, and receive an eighth part of the profits. These articles of agreement were signed by Ferdinand and Isabella at the city of Santa Fé on the 17th of April 1492.

Preparations for the voyage were now commenced in good earnest. The port of Palos de Moguer, already mentioned, was fixed as the place where the armament should be fitted out. Royal orders were issued to the magistrates of Palos to have three caravels in readiness, and somewhat arbitrary measures were had recourse to for the purpose of obtaining crews. As soon as the nature of the enterprise became known, the little town of Palos was in an uproar: the owners of vessels refused to lend them; and the boldest seamen absconded, lest they should be pressed into such a service. Columbus had repaired to the spot; but all his exertions were unavailing; neither vessels nor crews could be got. At length a rich and adventurous navigator, named Alonzo Pinzon, came forward, and interested himself very strenuously in the expedition. His assistance was effectual. He owned vessels, and had many seamen in his employ, and consequently possessed great influence. He and his brother, Vicente Pinzon, determined to take commands, and sail with Columbus. Their example had a great effect; they persuaded their relations and friends to embark with them; and the vessels were ready for sea within a month after they had thus engaged in their equipment.

After all, the armament was miserably ill proportioned to the grandeur of the enterprise. Only one of the three vessels was full-decked. The other two, says Washington Irving, 'were light barques, called caravels, not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days. They are delineated as open, and without deck in the centre; but built up high at the prow and stern, with forecastles and cabins for the accommodation of the crew. The largest vessel was called the *Santa Maria*: on board of this, Columbus hoisted his flag. The second, called the *Pinta*, was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, accompanied by his brother, Francisco Martin, as

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pilot. The third, called the *Nina*, had lateen sails, and was commanded by the third of the brothers, Vicente Yanez Pinzon.' The crews, including Columbus, the three Pinzons, three other pilots, several royal officials, a physician and a surgeon, some private adventurers with their servants, and ninety sailors, amounted in all to one hundred and twenty persons.

Thus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, after innumerable efforts and disappointments, and at least eighteen years after he had matured his project in his own mind, did Columbus find his wishes gratified, by being placed at the head of an armament bound on a voyage through the hitherto unexplored Atlantic. He still laboured under the delusion that the lands he would reach by sailing in that direction would be the East Indies—the golden regions lying in the eastern extremity of Asia, and described in such glowing colours by Marco Polo. So firm was he in this belief, that he was furnished by Ferdinand and Isabella with letters to be delivered to the great khan of Tartary. It ought to be mentioned also, as characteristic of the times, and of the almost wildly enthusiastic genius of Columbus, that he had all along cherished the design of devoting the wealth which should be acquired from his discoveries to the object of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidels.

THE VOYAGE.

On the 2d of August 1492, Columbus and all his companions marched in solemn procession to the monastery of Rabida to confess their sins, obtain absolution, and implore the blessing of God on their expedition. The account of this deeply interesting voyage may be best given in the elegant language of Robertson.

'On Friday, the 3d day of August 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there (August 13) without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the *Pinta* broke loose the day after she left the harbour; and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskilful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill appointed, as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power; and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the 6th day of September.

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‘ Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin ; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way ; but on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries ; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle not only with the unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command ; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger. To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting-voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus—the fruit of thirty years’ experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese—appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole authority ; he superintended the execution of every order ; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding-line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of everything that floated on the waves ; and entered every occurrence with a minute exactness in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavoured to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they ran eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen ; and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the whole voyage. By the 14th of September, the fleet was above two

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hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Islands, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west ; and as they proceeded, this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar—though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate—filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation ; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears or silenced their murmurs.

He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course he came within the sphere of the trade-wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean ; that these floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land, which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavoured to persuade them that what had alarmed ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directing their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirit, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries ; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues ; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea ; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible ; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious ; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had

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from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive; and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid; and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings, they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty, by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for *some time longer.*

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'As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

'Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nina* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was milder and warmer; and during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers

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for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

'About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "Land! land!" was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned [October 12], all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

'As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took

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solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

'The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children from the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

'The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature—entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their features singular, rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards; and with transports of joy received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the Old and New Worlds, everything was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.'

Columbus called the island which he had discovered San Salvador. It was one of the group now known as the Bahamas, and has usually been identified with Guanahani or Cat Island; but geographers are now inclined to give the honour to Watling's Island, another of the group, lying a little to the east. 'It is situated above

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three thousand miles to the west of Gomera, from which the squadron took its departure, and only four degrees to the south of it ; so little had Columbus deviated from the westerly course which he had chosen as the most proper.'

CRUISE IN THE WEST INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO—DISCOVERY OF CUBA AND HAYTI—RETURN TO SPAIN.

Columbus imagined that the island he had thus discovered, and others which could be seen from it, belonged to the archipelago which, according to Marco Polo, lay east of the Asiatic continent. He resolved, therefore, to remain no longer at San Salvador, but to sail in the direction in which he conceived the mainland to lie. When he asked the natives, by signs, where they obtained the gold, of which most of them wore thin plates attached to their nostrils by way of ornament, they invariably pointed to the south. To the south, therefore, he determined to prosecute his voyage, not doubting but that the region which the natives pointed to must be Cathay or Cipango. Accordingly, after spending one day at San Salvador, he directed his course through the midst of that multitudinous cluster of islands now called the Bahamas, convinced, as he gazed at their green and luxuriant foliage, that these must be the 'seven thousand four hundred and fifty-eight islands abounding with spices and odoriferous trees,' which Marco Polo described as filling the Chinese Sea. He landed at three of the largest, and gave them names. Here the appearance of the ships and the Spaniards produced the same astonishment among the natives as at San Salvador. Receiving to his inquiries after gold the same invariable answer, that it lay to the south, he pushed on through group after group of islands, and at last, on the 28th of October, came in sight of Cuba. The appearance of this noble island as he approached it, its high mountains, its spreading forests, its broad rivers, made him uncertain whether it might not be part of the great continent he was in search of. 'He entered the mouth of a large river with his squadron, and all the inhabitants fled to the mountains as he approached the shore. But as he resolved to careen his ships in that place, he sent some Spaniards, together with one of the people of San Salvador, to view the interior part of the country. They, having advanced above sixty miles from the shore, reported, upon their return, that the soil was richer and more cultivated than any they had hitherto discovered; that, besides many scattered cottages, they had found one village containing above a thousand inhabitants; that the people, though naked, seemed to be more intelligent than those of San Salvador, but had treated them with the same respectful attention, kissing their feet, and honouring them as sacred beings allied to heaven; that they had given them to eat a certain root, the taste of which resembled roasted chestnuts, and likewise a singular species of corn

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called maize, which, either when roasted whole or ground into meal, was abundantly palatable; that there seemed to be no four-footed animals in the country but a species of dog, which could not bark, and a creature resembling a rabbit, but of a much smaller size; that they had observed some ornaments of gold among the people, but of no great value.' Here also, for the first time, the Spaniards saw the use of a weed which has since become a pernicious luxury on this side of the Atlantic.

Columbus was particularly anxious to ascertain whether the country he had now reached belonged to the Indian continent. From the rude civilisation which he saw around him, the ill-constructed huts, the want of clothing among the natives, &c. he knew that he was still at some distance from the territories of the great khan, covered with finely-built cities, and abounding in gold and spices; but he imagined that Cuba might be the extremity of that part of the continent where the expected territories lay. Full of this delusion, he eagerly seized on every little circumstance which seemed to confirm it. When the natives spoke of *Cubanacan* as the place where the gold was to be found, meaning by that the central district of Cuba, he fancied that they were speaking of the country of *Kubla Khan*, one of the great potentates mentioned by Marco Polo. At length, however, after cruising along the coast for nearly a fortnight without approaching the confines of the desired country, he altered his course to the east-south-east, intending to sail for an island called Hayti, to which the natives directed him as a place where gold was more plentiful than with them. The fleet left Cuba on the 12th of November, having on board some of the natives, who were to act as guides. On their way thither, 'Martin Alonzo Pinzon, impatient to be the first who should take possession of the treasures which this country was supposed to contain, quitted his companions, regardless of all the admiral's signals to slacken sail until they should come up with him. Columbus, retarded by contrary winds, did not reach Hayti till the 6th of December. He called the port where he first touched at St Nicholas, and the island itself *Espagnola*, in honour of the kingdom by which he was employed; and it is the only country of those he had yet discovered which has retained the name that he gave it. As he could neither meet with the *Pinta*, nor have any intercourse with the inhabitants, who fled in great consternation towards the woods, he soon quitted St Nicholas; and, sailing along the northern coast of the island, he entered another harbour, which he called Conception. Here he was more fortunate: his people overtook a woman who was flying from them, and, after treating her with great gentleness, dismissed her with a present of such toys as they knew were most valued in those regions. The description which she gave to her countrymen of the humanity and wonderful qualities of the strangers, their admiration of the trinkets, which she shewed with exultation, and their eagerness to participate

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of the same favours, removed all their fears, and induced many of them to repair to the harbour. The strange objects which they beheld, and the baubles which Columbus bestowed upon them, amply gratified their curiosity and their wishes. They nearly resembled the people of Guanahani and Cuba. Like them, they were naked, ignorant, and simple; and seemed to be equally unacquainted with all the arts which appear most necessary in polished societies: but they were gentle, credulous, and timid to a degree which rendered it easy to acquire the ascendancy over them, especially as their excessive admiration led them into the same error with the people of the other islands, in believing the Spaniards to be more than mortals, and descended immediately from heaven. They possessed gold in greater abundance than their neighbours, which they readily exchanged for bells, beads, or pins; and in this unequal traffic both parties were highly pleased, each considering themselves as gainers by the transaction.

The Spaniards remained at Hispaniola for the space of a month, during which time they explored a great part of the coast, and became familiar with the natives. Columbus had a keen sense of the beautiful in scenery, and his journal is full of enthusiastic descriptions of Hispaniola, its deep groves, its clear skies, its tranquil bays, its soft and balmy atmosphere, its birds with their splendid plumage. 'Tongue,' he says, 'cannot express the whole truth, nor pen describe it; and I have been so overwhelmed at the sight of so much beauty, that I have not known how to relate it.' The people also seem to have made a deep impression on him by their gentle and confiding manners. 'So loving, so tractable, so peaceable,' he says, 'are these people, that I swear to your majesties there is not in the world a better nation nor a better land. They love their neighbours as themselves; and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.' Such are the descriptions given of the island of Hayti by its discoverer—the first island doomed to experience the miseries produced by the cruelty and avarice of the invaders.

The part of Hayti which the fleet first touched at was its western extremity. As usual, one of the earliest inquiries made at the natives was where they obtained gold. The natives, in reply, pointed to a mountainous district to the eastward, which they named *Cibao*—a sound in which Columbus, still clinging to his original delusion, traced a resemblance to the *Cipango* of Marco Polo. Proceeding eastward, therefore, Columbus anchored his two vessels in a harbour, to which he gave the name of St Thomas. While here, he received a message from a chieftain called Guacanagari, one of the five caciques or kings amongst whom the whole island was divided, requesting that he would come and visit him. Columbus resolved to do so. 'He sailed for this purpose from St Thomas

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on the 24th of December, with a fair wind, and the sea perfectly calm; and as, amidst the multiplicity of his occupations, he had not shut his eyes for two days, he retired at midnight in order to take some repose, having committed the helm to the pilot, with strict injunctions not to quit it for a moment. The pilot, dreading no danger, carelessly left the helm to an inexperienced cabin-boy, and the ship, carried away by a current, was dashed against a rock. The violence of the shock awakened Columbus. He ran up to the deck. There all was confusion and despair. He alone retained presence of mind. He ordered some of the sailors to take a boat, and carry out an anchor astern; but, instead of obeying, they made off towards the *Nina*, which was about half a league distant. He then commanded the masts to be cut down, in order to lighten the ship: but all his endeavours were too late; the vessel opened near the keel, and filled so fast with water, that its loss was inevitable. The smoothness of the sea, and the timely assistance of boats from the *Nina*, enabled the crew to save their lives.' Hearing of the accident, Guacanagari hastened to the shore, and, by the assistance of the Indians with their canoes, everything of value was saved from the wreck. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the chieftain; he testified the utmost sorrow at the loss which had befallen his visitors, and offered his services to repair it. The loss indeed was a serious one to Columbus. He had as yet heard no tidings of the treacherous *Pinta*; his best ship was a total wreck; and there remained but one crazy little bark to carry so many men back to Europe.

In these circumstances, he resolved to leave part of his men in Hispaniola, returning to Spain with the rest for fresh ships and stores. Although driven by necessity to this resolution, it was advisable on many other accounts. The island was one which it would be desirable to colonise at all events; and by leaving a number of men in it, the way would be prepared for a settlement; a quantity of gold would be collected, ready to be carried to Spain against the time he came back; and, by intercourse with the natives, much knowledge would be obtained, not only about Hayti itself, but about the other islands and lands in the archipelago. Nor did he meet with any difficulty on the part of his men. On the contrary, when the proposal was made to them, many were delighted with the idea of remaining on an island where they would lead a life of such enjoyment. Nothing remained, therefore, but to obtain the permission of Guacanagari, or some other cacique. This was soon granted. It appeared that the island was often visited by a terrible race of people called the Caribs, represented by the Haytians as cannibals, who came from the east, and, penetrating inland, burned their villages, and carried many of them away captives. On the proposal, therefore, of Columbus to leave some of his men on the island, to protect it with their great guns against the incursions of these Caribs, Guacanagari and his people exhibited unbounded delight. The

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Spaniards immediately commenced building a fortress on a spot named by Columbus *La Navidad*; not omitting, at the same time, to improve the opportunity of obtaining as much gold as possible from the natives, to be shipped for Spain. Considerable quantities were obtained; the natives readily exchanging little lumps of the precious metal for any trinket offered them. The hawks' bells of the Spaniards, however, delighted them most. Tying these toys to some part of their persons, they would dance and caper about with them in perfect ecstasies at the sounds they produced; and it is told of one Indian that, having obtained a hawk's bell in exchange for a lump of gold of about four ounces weight, he made off to the woods as fast as possible with his prize, lest the Spaniard should repent of his bad bargain, and demand back the bell.

The fortress was soon finished, and thirty-eight men chosen to remain on the island. 'He intrusted the command of these to Diego de Arado, a gentleman of Cordova, investing him with the same powers which he himself had received from Ferdinand and Isabella; and furnished him with everything requisite for the subsistence or defence of this infant colony. He strictly enjoined them to maintain concord among themselves, to yield an unreserved obedience to their commander, to avoid giving offence to the natives by any violence or exaction, to cultivate the friendship of Guacanagari, but not to put themselves in his power by straggling in small parties, or marching too far from the fort. He promised to revisit them soon, with such a reinforcement of strength as might enable them to take full possession of the country, and to reap all the fruits of their discoveries. In the meantime, he engaged to mention their names to the king and queen, and to place their merit and services in the most advantageous light.

'Having thus taken every precaution for the security of the colony, he left Navidad on the 4th of January 1493, and steering towards the east, discovered and gave names to most of the harbours on the northern coast of the island. On the 6th, he descried the *Pinta*, and soon came up with her, after a separation of more than six weeks. Pinzon endeavoured to justify his conduct by pretending that he had been driven from his course by stress of weather, and prevented from returning by contrary winds. The admiral, though he still suspected his perfidious intentions, and knew well what he urged in his own defence to be frivolous as well as false, was so sensible that this was not a proper time for venturing upon any high strain of authority, and felt such satisfaction in this junction with his consort, which delivered him from many disquieting apprehensions, that, lame as Pinzon's apology was, he admitted of it without difficulty, and restored him to favour. During his absence from the admiral, Pinzon had visited several harbours in the island, had acquired some gold by trafficking with the natives, but had made no discovery of any importance.

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'From the condition of his ships, as well as the temper of his men, Columbus now found it necessary to hasten his return to Europe. The former, having suffered much during a voyage of such unusual length, were extremely leaky; the latter expressed the utmost impatience to revisit their native country, from which they had been so long absent, and where they had things so wonderful and unheard of to relate. Accordingly, on the 16th of January, he directed his course towards the north-east, and soon lost sight of land. He had on board some of the natives, whom he had taken from the different islands which he discovered; and besides the gold, which was the chief object of research, he had collected specimens of all the productions which were likely to become subjects of commerce in the several countries, as well as many unknown birds, and other natural curiosities, which might attract the attention of the learned, or excite the wonder of the people. The voyage was prosperous to the 14th of February; and he had advanced nearly five hundred leagues across the Atlantic Ocean, when the wind began to rise, and continued to blow with increasing rage, which terminated in a furious hurricane. Everything that the naval skill and experience of Columbus could devise was employed in order to save the ships. But it was impossible to withstand the violence of the storm, and, as they were still far from any land, destruction seemed inevitable. The sailors had recourse to prayers to Almighty God, to the invocation of saints, to vows and charms, to everything that religion dictates or superstition suggests to the affrighted mind of man. No prospect of deliverance appearing, they abandoned themselves to despair, and expected every moment to be swallowed up in the waves. Besides the passions which naturally agitate and alarm the human mind in such awful situations, when certain death, in one of its most terrible forms, is before it, Columbus had to endure feelings of distress peculiar to himself. He dreaded that all knowledge of the amazing discoveries which he had made was now to perish; mankind were to be deprived of every benefit that might have been derived from the happy success of his schemes; and his own name would descend to posterity as that of a rash, deluded adventurer, instead of being transmitted with the honour due to the author and conductor of the most noble enterprise that had ever been undertaken. These reflections extinguished all sense of his own personal danger. Less affected with the loss of life than solicitous to preserve the memory of what he had attempted and achieved, he retired to his cabin, and wrote upon parchment a short account of the voyage which he had made, of the course which he had taken, of the situation and riches of the countries which he had discovered, and of the colony that he had left there. Having wrapped up this in an oiled cloth, which he enclosed in a cake of wax, he put it into a cask carefully stopped up, and threw it into the sea, in hopes that some

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fortunate accident might preserve a deposit of so much importance to the world.'

The storm at length abated, and Columbus was able to reach the Azores. After being detained here for a short time by a dispute with the Portuguese governor of one of the islands, he continued his voyage, anxious to reach Spain before the *Pinta*, which had again parted company with him in the storm, with the design, he feared, of being the first to carry the news of his discovery to Spain. A second storm, however, obliged him to make for the coast of Portugal, and take refuge in the Tagus. Proceeding to Lisbon by the king's invitation, he was received with the highest honours—having thus the satisfaction of announcing the success of his great scheme to the very persons who, fourteen years before, had scouted and rejected it. After remaining five days at Lisbon, he set out for Palos, having still heard no tidings of the *Pinta*. He reached the little Spanish seaport on the 15th of March—more than seven months from the time of his departure from it. Great was the excitement among the inhabitants as they saw the little bark, which they instantly recognised, standing up the river. And when the news spread that the New World was discovered, that Columbus had returned with gold and specimens of the productions of the new lands, and, above all, with live natives on board his ship, the joy was indescribable. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended, and the whole population hurried to the shore to receive the admiral with shouts and acclamations, such as usually attend the visits of royalty. Columbus's first act on landing was to march with his people to church, to return thanks for the success of his voyage. On the evening of the day of his arrival, the missing *Pinta* likewise entered the harbour, having been driven far to the north by the violence of the storm. The commander, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, full of remorse and chagrin for his past conduct, took to his bed almost immediately on reaching Palos, and died in a few days.

After the first expressions of joy and admiration, Columbus departed for Sevilla. From this place he sent a message to Barcelona, where the king and queen at that time resided, to lay before them a brief account of his voyage, and to receive from them an indication of their royal will. His reception at Barcelona was particularly gratifying. He made a sort of triumphal entry, surrounded by knights and nobles, who emulated each other in their efforts to swell his praises. He was received publicly by the sovereigns, in a splendid saloon, seated on the throne, and encircled by a magnificent court. On his entrance, they rose to greet him, and would hardly allow him to kiss their hands, considering it too unworthy a mark of vassalage. Columbus then gave an account of his discoveries, and exhibited the different articles which he had brought home with him. He described the quantity of spices, the

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promise of gold, the fertility of the soil, the delicious climate, the never-fading verdure of the trees, the brilliant plumage of the birds, in the new regions which his own enterprise had acquired for his sovereigns. He then drew their attention to six natives of the New World, whom he had brought, and who were present, and described their manners and dispositions. He exhibited their dresses and ornaments, their rude utensils, their feeble arms; which corresponded with his description of them as naked and ignorant barbarians. To this he added, that he had observed no traces of idolatry or superstition among them, and that they all seemed to be convinced of the existence of a Supreme Being. The conclusion of his speech was in these words: 'That God had reserved for the Spanish monarchs not only all the treasures of the New World, but a still greater treasure, of inestimable value, in the infinite number of souls destined to be brought over into the bosom of the Christian church.'

After he had finished his address, the whole assembly fell upon their knees, while an anthem was chanted by the choir of the royal chapel. With songs of praise, the glory was given to God for the discovery of a new world. Columbus and his adventures were for many days the wonder and delight of the people and the court. The sovereigns admitted the admiral to their audience at all hours, and loaded him with every mark of favour and distinction. Men of the highest rank were proud of the honour of his company.

The news of the great discovery which had been made soon spread over Europe, and the name of Columbus became at once celebrated over the whole civilised world. As it was universally believed that the lands which he had discovered were what he supposed them to be—the extremity of the Asiatic continent—they were spoken of as the Indies; and hence, even after the error was found out, the name of *West Indies* still continued to be applied to them.

THE SECOND VOYAGE—COLONY FOUNDED IN HISPANIOLA.

No time was lost in fitting out a second expedition to the New World. On the morning of the 25th September 1493, Columbus left the Bay of Cadiz with three large ships and fourteen caravels, loaded with everything necessary to found a colony, and manned, not with despondent sailors, as the first fleet had been, but with eager and joyous adventurers, with young and bold cavaliers. In the fleet were several enthusiastic priests, who embarked with the intention of spreading Christianity among the benighted heathens of the new lands.

Steering farther south than in his last voyage, the first land which Columbus made was one of the Caribbee or Leeward Islands, to which he gave the name of Dominica. It was discovered on the 2d of

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November 1493. After cruising for about three weeks among these islands, giving names to several of the largest, among which may be mentioned Puerto Rico, and everywhere discovering traces of that savage and warlike disposition which the Haytians had attributed to the Caribs, he bent his course to the north-west, anxious to learn the fate of the little colony which he had left at Hispaniola. Anchoring off the coast of La Navidad, he was surprised and alarmed to find none of the Spaniards on the shore to welcome him, and to receive no return-signals to the shots which he fired announcing his arrival. He soon learned the dreadful truth. Not a man of the thirty-eight he had left remained alive—they had all fallen victims to their own imprudence and licentiousness. A mystery hung about their story which was never fully cleared up; but it appeared, from the accounts of the natives, that as soon as Columbus had departed, the men had begun to range through the island, committing all sorts of crimes, and losing the respect of the Indians; that at length one of the five chieftains of the island, named Caonabo, had attacked the fort, and put them all to death; and that Guacanagari and many of his subjects had been wounded in trying to protect them. With this account Columbus was obliged to be content, although some of his officers questioned its truth, and suspected Guacanagari of having been concerned in the massacre of their countrymen.

A second colony was immediately founded under better auspices. The plan of a city was marked out; and in a short time the building was sufficiently far advanced to afford protection to all who intended to remain on the island. To this rising city Columbus gave the name of Isabella, in honour of the queen of Castile. Even thus early in the history of the colony, however, symptoms of discontent broke out. Many of the Spaniards were attacked by the diseases incident to a new climate; others, and especially such as were of noble families, began to complain of the hard labour imposed upon them. They had imagined that, on reaching the New World, they would find lumps of gold lying on the soil ready to be gathered, and mines of diamonds, which it would only be necessary to open, in order to grow rich; and when they found that what gold the island contained was only to be obtained by industry, and that the principal value of the new country consisted in the fertility of its soil, and its readiness to yield abundant produce to the patient cultivator, they could not conceal their disappointment and dislike to the ambitious foreigner, whose false representations, they said, had lured them from their homes. To banish these gloomy thoughts from the minds of the colonists, Columbus, as soon as the settlement of Isabella was in tolerable condition, employed himself and his men in expeditions into the interior of the island, especially to the mountainous district of Cibao, where gold was said to be obtained in largest quantities.

Returning from a long expedition into the interior in the end of

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March 1494, Columbus found the colony of Isabella in a most flourishing condition. The only drawbacks to the satisfaction of Columbus were the illness of many of the colonists, their growing discontent, and the symptoms of ill-will which the natives began at length to manifest towards the Spaniards. Still, as there was no appearance of any interruption to the tranquillity of the colony, Columbus resolved to undertake a voyage of discovery through the archipelago, with a view to reach the great Indian continent, of which his imagination was still full. Leaving, therefore, his brother Diego to govern the island, with the assistance of a council of officers, and intrusting the command of a body of soldiers to Don Pedro Margarita, he sailed from Hayti on the 24th of April 1494. For five months he sailed in various directions through the West Indian Archipelago in quest of the imaginary Cathay or Cipango; discovering nothing of consequence, however, except the island of Jamaica. The weather was tempestuous; and it was only by incessant care on the part of the admiral that his fleet was kept afloat. At length, wearied out with his labours, he was attacked by a violent fever, which terminated in a sort of lethargy or paralysis of all his faculties; and his officers, despairing of his life, returned to Hispaniola in the month of September.

Here a joyful surprise awaited Columbus, which contributed greatly to his recovery. His brother Bartholomew, whom he had not seen for several years, had arrived in the island during his absence. Bartholomew, it will be remembered, had been despatched in 1488 to England, with offers of his brother's project to Henry VII.; but had been captured by pirates on the way. Escaping at length, he was engaged in negotiations with the English monarch, when he learned that his brother had returned to Spain, with the announcement of a new world. Ere he could reach Spain, however, Columbus had departed on his second voyage; but on arriving, he had been treated with great honour by the Spanish sovereigns, and intrusted with the command of a squadron which they were sending out to the colony with provisions. Bartholomew was a man of extraordinary vigour and talent, with less enthusiasm and genius than his brother the admiral, but his equal in decision and sagacity; and much superior to his other brother Diego, who, though a worthy and good man, was of soft and yielding character.

During Columbus's absence, the colony had fallen into confusion. Besides the growing discontent of many of the colonists, the natives were in insurrection—provoked, as it appeared, by the ravages and cruelties of the whites. It was necessary, in the first place, to reduce the natives to obedience. Several months were spent in this wretched and bloody work, which was at length accomplished at the expense of the lives of some Spaniards and thousands of the natives. Many of the latter were also taken prisoners, and reduced to servitude; some of them being even shipped to Spain, to be sold in the slave-market.

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The natives universally were compelled to pay tribute. 'Each person above fourteen years of age, who lived in those districts where gold was found, was obliged to pay quarterly as much gold-dust as filled a hawk's bell; from those in other parts of the country, twenty-five pounds of cotton were demanded.' This was the first regular taxation of the Indians, and served as a precedent for exactions still more intolerable. Such an imposition was extremely contrary to those maxims which Columbus had hitherto inculcated with respect to the mode of treating them. But intrigues were carrying on in the court of Spain at this juncture, in order to undermine his power and discredit his operations, which constrained him to depart from his own system of administration. Several unfavourable accounts of his conduct, as well as of the countries discovered by him, had been transmitted to Spain. Columbus saw that there was but one method of supporting his own credit, and of silencing his adversaries: he must produce such a quantity of gold as would not only justify what he had reported with respect to the richness of the country, but encourage Ferdinand and Isabella to persevere in prosecuting his plans. The necessity of obtaining it forced him not only to impose this heavy tax upon the Indians, but to exact payment of it with extreme rigour; and may be pleaded in excuse for his deviating on this occasion from the mildness and humanity with which he uniformly treated that unhappy people.

The task of reducing the island to order occupied Columbus till towards the end of the year 1495. Meanwhile, the representations of his enemies in Spain had gained such weight over the cold and jealous Ferdinand, and even over the generous soul of Isabella, that they resolved to send out a commissioner to investigate into his conduct. The person chosen for this office was Aguado, a groom of the king's bed-chamber. On arriving in Hispaniola, Aguado's behaviour was so arrogant, and had such a bad effect upon the interests of the colony, that Columbus determined to proceed to Spain, and vindicate his conduct personally to the sovereigns. Accordingly, appointing his brother Bartholomew *adelantado*, or lieutenant-governor, of the island, and Francis Roldan chief-justice, he set sail in the spring of 1496, and arrived safely in Spain.

THIRD AND FOURTH VOYAGES—ILL-TREATMENT OF COLUMBUS—DEATH.

The appearance of Columbus in Spain, his manly and candid defence of his conduct, his glowing exposition of the value of his discoveries, and the best means of prosecuting them, had the effect of silencing his detractors for the time. A third expedition was fitted out at his solicitations. It was not, however, till the beginning of 1498 that all was in readiness. This delay arose partly from the *dilatatoriness* of officials, and partly from the unwillingness of men to

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engage in an enterprise which did not now appear so captivating as it did at first. 'To supply the want of voluntary recruits, a measure was adopted at the suggestion of Columbus, which shews the desperate alternatives to which he was reduced by the great reaction of public sentiment. This was to commute the sentences of criminals condemned to banishment, to the galleys, or to the mines, into transportation to the new settlements, where they were to labour in the public service without pay. This pernicious measure, calculated to poison the population of an infant community at its very source, was a fruitful cause of trouble, and misery, and detriment to the colony. It has been frequently adopted by various nations whose superior experience should have taught them better, and has proved the bane of many a rising settlement. It is assuredly as unnatural for a metropolis to cast forth its crimes and its vices upon its colonies, as it would be for a parent willingly to ingraft disease upon his children.'

On the 30th of May 1498, Columbus set sail on his third voyage, with a squadron of six vessels. Sailing much farther south in this voyage than he had done in the two former, he landed on the coast of Paria, in the South American continent. The circumstances of this third voyage, part of which lay within the tropics, and the appearance of the new coasts to which it conducted him, made a strong impression on the mind of Columbus, which had a natural bent for theorising upon every phenomenon presented to it. Among other theories which he started about this time, was one by which he attempted to explain the variation of the compass, and other extraordinary changes which occurred in passing from the Old World to the New. According to this theory, he supposed that the earth, instead of being spherical, as hitherto imagined, was elongated or pear-shaped, with one end bulbous, and the other produced and tapering—a theory which, however absurd it may seem, was really a step in advance of the science of the day.

After coasting along the South American continent, acquiring information which he thought all tended to shew that he was on the track of the long-desired Indies of Marco Polo, Columbus was obliged, by the shattered condition of his ships, to make for Hispaniola. Here he found all in confusion. Roldan, whom he had appointed chief-justice, had rebelled against the authority of the adelantado, and was living in another part of the island as the head of a band of insurgents. Bartholomew had governed the colony vigorously and well; but being a foreigner, and not of high birth, he was unpopular with the Spaniards. It required all Columbus's skill and command of temper to restore the semblance of order. 'By a seasonable proclamation, offering free pardon to such as should merit it by returning to their duty, he made impression upon some of the malcontents. By engaging to grant such as should desire it the liberty of returning to Spain, he allured all those

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unfortunate adventurers who, from sickness and disappointment, were disgusted with the country. By promising to re-establish Roldan in his former office, he soothed his pride; and by complying with most of his demands in behalf of his followers, he satisfied their avarice. Thus gradually, and without bloodshed, but after many tedious negotiations, he dissolved this dangerous combination, which threatened the colony with ruin, and restored the appearance of order, regular government, and tranquillity.

Meanwhile, Columbus's enemies were again undermining his popularity in Spain. The accounts which Roldan and others sent home of the arrogance of Columbus and his brothers, received more credit than the admiral's own dispatches. Owing also to the cessation of labour in the colony, Columbus was unable to send home so much wealth as the sovereigns expected. Private adventurers were likewise fitting out expeditions of discovery to the New World; and Ferdinand began to be of opinion that it would be more for the interests of the crown to deprive Columbus of his great and exclusive privileges as his viceroy in the New World, and to place the colonial government on a new footing. Isabella alone seemed to befriend the admiral. At length, however, on the arrival of some ships from Hispaniola freighted with natives, whom Columbus had been forced to permit some of the refractory colonists to take with them on their return to Spain, to be sold in the slave-market, her queenly soul, abhorring the idea of making wealth by the sale of human beings, took fire, and she indignantly exclaimed: 'What right has the admiral to give away my vassals?' She no longer opposed Ferdinand's desire to send out a person to examine into the conduct of Columbus, and, if necessary, to order him home. The person chosen as commissioner was Don Francisco de Bovadilla, an officer of the royal household.

On arriving at Hispaniola, Bovadilla reversed the order of his written instructions: he superseded Columbus before investigating into his conduct. Entering the admiral's residence at Isabella, he seized all his furniture, books, and papers; and by his orders, Columbus, with his brothers Diego and Bartholomew, were put in irons. What a burlesque on national gratitude was this outrage! The man who had led Europeans to an acquaintance with America, actually put in manacles by a miserable instrument of the Spanish government! Overcome with emotion, Columbus was thus led on board a ship which waited to receive him. On arriving on board, an officer charged with the duty of attending on him and his brothers offered, with considerate humanity, to remove the irons from his prisoners; but the admiral refused, saying that they were put on by the command of their majesties, and should remain till removed by the same authority. These irons Columbus afterwards preserved as relics.

The rumour was no sooner circulated at Cadiz and Sevilla that

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Columbus and his brothers had arrived, loaded with chains, and condemned to death, than it gave rise to a burst of public indignation. The excitement was strong and universal; and messengers were immediately despatched to convey the intelligence to Ferdinand and Isabella. The sovereigns were moved by this exhibition of popular feeling, and were offended that their name and authority should have been used to sanction such dishonourable violence. They gave orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoners, and for their being escorted to Granada with the respect and honour they deserved. They annulled, without examination, all the processes against them, and promised an ample punishment for all their wrongs. At his first interview with the sovereigns after his arrival, Columbus was so overcome that he threw himself at their feet, where he remained for some minutes drowned in tears, and unable to speak from the violence of his sobbings.

Columbus, however, was not re-appointed to his command in Hispaniola. Boyadilla, it is true, was superseded; but his successor was Don Nicholas de Ovando, a Spanish cavalier. It was represented to Columbus that this appointment was only temporary, and that as soon as the colony was in an orderly condition, he would be reinstated in his privileges. In the meantime, he was to undertake a fourth voyage of discovery. In consequence of the knowledge which he had obtained on his previous voyages—as well as from the voyages of the numerous adventurers who followed him—of the extent of the American continent, connected with the announcement with which Europe was then ringing, of the final accomplishment of the great feat of the circumnavigation of Africa by Vasco da Gama in 1497, the genius of Columbus had conceived a new project, or rather a modification of his former one. This was the discovery of some strait lying somewhere between Honduras and Paria, in about the situation of what is now known as the Isthmus of Darien, and leading into the Indian Ocean. Having discovered this strait, he would sail through it, coast along the Indies to the shores of Arabia, and either sail up the Red Sea, and travel overland to Spain, or repeat Vasco da Gama's feat the reverse way, and reach Spain after having circumnavigated the world. Such was the gigantic scheme with the thoughts of which the great old man regaled his declining years. We mistake the character of Columbus if we suppose him merely to have been a man of extraordinary courage, coupled with what we usually understand by the term intellect. He had perhaps one of the most daring and fanciful imaginations. He regarded himself as a personage expressly predestined by Heaven to discover a new world, and prepare the way for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and the conversion of the whole world to Christianity. These three events he conceived to be linked to each other by prophecy; and he considered that he was the instrument in God's hands for bringing them all about.

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On the 9th of May 1502, Columbus again set sail from Cadiz on a fourth voyage of discovery. During this expedition, he touched at some parts of the South American continent, and also at some of the formerly discovered islands; but he failed in making any important discoveries, in consequence of the bad state of his vessels, which were old, and unfit for sailing. With a squadron reduced to a single vessel, he now returned to Spain, where he heard with regret of the death of his patron Isabella. This was a sad blow to his expectations of redress and remuneration. Ferdinand was jealous and ungrateful. He was weary of a man who had conferred so much glory on his kingdom, and unwilling to repay him with the honours and privileges his extraordinary services so richly merited. Columbus therefore sank into obscurity, and was reduced to such straitened circumstances, that, according to his own account, he had no place to repair to except an inn, and very frequently had not wherewithal to pay his reckoning. Disgusted and mortified by the base conduct of Ferdinand, exhausted with the hardships which he had suffered, and oppressed with infirmities, Columbus closed his life at Valladolid on the 20th of May 1506. He died with a composure of mind suitable to the magnanimity which distinguished his character, and with sentiments of piety becoming that supreme respect for religion which he manifested in every occurrence of his life.

Columbus experienced the fate of most great men—little esteemed during his life, but almost deified after his decease. Ferdinand, with a meanness which covers his memory with infamy, allowed this great man to pine and die, a victim of injustice and mortification; but no sooner was he dead, than he erected a splendid monument over his remains in one of the churches of Sevilla. The body of Columbus was not destined, however, to be indebted to Spain for even this posthumous honour; it was afterwards, according to the will of the deceased, transferred to St Domingo, and buried in the cathedral there; but on the cession of that island to the French in the year 1795, it was transferred to Havana, in the island of Cuba, where we hope it will rest in peace.

The discoveries of Columbus laid open a knowledge of what are now termed the West India Islands, and a small portion of the South American continent, which this great navigator, till the day of his death, believed to be a part of Asia or India. About ten years after his decease, the real character of America and its islands became known to European navigators; and by a casual circumstance, one of these adventurers, *Amerigo Vespucci*, a Florentine, had the honour of conferring the name *America* upon a division of the globe which ought, in justice, to have been called after the unfortunate COLUMBUS.



STORIES OF AIMS AND ENDS.

FIRST STORY.

I.

THE scene of our story opens in a pretty country-house near a village in France. The master of the mansion, the venerable M. Grandville, has called in Jacques Denoyer, his gardener, with whom he desired to have some conversation.

‘Please to sit down, Jacques; take a chair,’ said M. Grandville. ‘I want to have a little chat with you. Sit down, I tell you.’

Jacques Denoyer seated himself near the door of the parlour where M. Grandville was breakfasting; he had a look of uneasiness, and a sudden blush gave a deeper colour to a face already embrowned by the sun.

‘I am quite satisfied with you,’ continued M. Grandville. ‘If you go on the rest of the year as you have done this month of trial, I do not think we shall soon part with each other; as far at least as depends upon me. And now, Denoyer, are you quite satisfied here? Have you not too much to do? Can you manage both stable and garden?’

‘Why not, sir?’ replied Jacques Denoyer. ‘If I had ten times as much to do, I would not complain. Can I ever do enough for you, sir, who have saved from misery myself, my wife, and our three children?’

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‘One thing astonishes me, Jacque, and that is the extreme poverty in which I found you and your wife; and now that I am better acquainted with you, I am still more astonished at it. At first, I believed you to be indolent, or destitute of ability; but I find you intelligent, quick, willing, a good gardener, and an excellent groom. I have even perceived that you are not without industry; that you are ready to supply exigencies which often occur in a country place. Besides, you are not a bad mechanic, and you even know how to read and write. How comes it, then, that in a country like this, where there are rich proprietors, manufactures of all kinds, marble quarries, and forges, in which any one who has hands may get employment—how comes it, then, that at your age you were destitute?’

The embarrassment of Jacque Denoyer ~~was~~ increased; he twisted and twirled his hat in his hands, without daring to raise his eyes; and it might have easily been guessed that he would have preferred being anywhere else than in M. Grandville's breakfast parlour.

‘Jacque Denoyer,’ said he, in a tone full of kindness, ‘it is not as a master, it is as a friend I ask you these questions—it is as a man well convinced that it is never too late to endeavour at least to correct a defect or a vice which compromises both our own well-being and that of those who depend on us. Yes, my friend, let us have but the will, and we may at any age eradicate evil inclinations or pernicious habits. Come, speak openly. Tell me how you, who seem to be so clever a man, should be so very poor a one?’

Thus encouraged and spoken to by his master—a thing not unusual in France—Jacque commenced his story.

‘I am the son of a decent, well-doing man, who followed the profession of a stone-carver in the town of Troyes. When still young, my father taught me a few things, and was quite pleased with my quickness of learning. M. Imbert, who was acquainted with my family, and who was the best architect in the town of Troyes, desired to see me on my father's report of me; and he said to him before me: “You must put this child to school; he will learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing; when he is thoroughly instructed in them, I will take him to my office, and if he continues to shew talent, we will make a distinguished master-mason of him, or else an architect, as I am.”

‘You may suppose, sir, how delighted my father was, and my mother also. I was the only one spared to them of ten children, and they caught eagerly at the thought of making a gentleman of me, like M. Imbert.

‘After I had attended school for about a month, the master began to take notice of me. No sooner did I wish, than I learned. But I never gave myself any trouble, and I did as much business in ten minutes as the others did for the four hours of school. But when I knew that I was a genius, it was then indeed I took matters

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easy. Yes, sir, the master, the neighbours, the gentlemen of the town who examined me, said so to my father; and the poor dear man did not know himself for joy at having a son a *genius*.

‘Although I did not very clearly know what a genius was, I was a good deal puffed up with the idea of being one, and on that account took things easily at school, learning only now and then when in the humour, but in the main passing ahead of my school-fellows. At the last public examination I went through before leaving school, I distinguished myself by my answering; and the master said to me: “You will get on, however little you may work.”’

‘M. Imbert, who was present at the examination, took me home with him according to promise, and thus was I most advantageously placed for making my way in the world. I was at first delighted at the thought of becoming an architect, so much the more as M. Imbert was goodness itself, and took great interest in me; but at the end of a year I had got enough of it. I felt a great desire to try something else. M. Imbert began to see my indifference, or rather my unwillingness to stick steadily to his business. He remonstrated and scolded in a way far from pleasant. “Jacque,” said he, “I am afraid you will never do any good—Jack-of-all-trades and master of none.” Tired of this sort of dog-life, and with a mind to be a soldier, I was more than half-pleased when I was drawn by the conscription. My parents, as you may well believe, were greatly grieved at it; but so was not I. Ah, sir, at that time the uniform was so handsome! and I, a youngster, already saw myself a captain, colonel, general, and what not beside. I seemed as if I had nothing to do but to put my foot in the stirrup. There were a great many raw recruits like myself, but then I had received a better education than most of them.’

‘Well, I hope you did your duty as a soldier?’ observed M. Grandville.

II.

‘You shall hear,’ proceeded Denoyer. ‘On entering the army, I soon found that all is not gold that glitters. It is one thing to idle about the streets in a gaudy uniform, and another to endure fatigue, wounds, and starvation. The Russian campaign was destined to give me a trial of soldiering. I passed three months with the *dépôt* of the regiment, which was quartered in the environs of Mayence, on this side of the Rhine. I was one of five or six hundred recruits who were drilled every day, and all day long. I knew my business as well in a fortnight as the oldest veteran; and our officers took notice of me already, and predicted that I should have epaulets at the end of the campaign. As I wrote a good hand, and spelt well, my sergeant-major intrusted me with his business, which I performed whilst he was amusing himself at Baden, on the other

side of the Rhine ; and that obtained me some kindnesses on his part.

‘At this time my passion for books was stronger than ever. As one was never out of my hand, I passed for a very learned man, which did not at all make me a favourite with my comrades, or even with our officers ; for then, sir, people did not think so much of men of education as they do now. What is more, the Emperor himself, great man as he was, did not much like his soldiers to be readers. All he wanted was, to see them do his bidding ; and he was furious at the notion of any one thinking for himself. Well, the order arrived for us to repair to Hamburg, to rejoin the Maréchal Davout, Prince of Eckmühl. Then we went through Prussia and Poland, and stood fire for the first time at Mohilev. Look, sir, one who has not seen a battle, and a battle like that, where nine of our cavalry regiments were cut in pieces, can scarcely estimate the truth of the Spanish proverb, “War is the feast of death.” Surely it is the feast of wolves. I felt that day my blood boiling in my veins, and yet my courage was more in exercise in subsequent battles than on that day of Mohilev. Then I was like one drunk or mad, but afterwards I knew the danger.

‘I will say nothing, sir, of our horrible retreat, nor of the passage of the Beresina. It has been related by others in their books much better than I could do it. Surely the horrors of that time were sufficient to open the eyes of those who think that to turn the earth into a slaughter-house, and men into butchers of each other, is heroism ! If in every war the Chinese saying comes true—I long ago met with it in a book, when I didn’t believe it ; now I do—“The most brilliant victory is only the light of a conflagration, which the tears of suffering humanity slakes into a smoke, the faithful emblem of its mis-called glory”—if this be true of every war, what must be said of the horrors of this disastrous epoch, in which we had to contend at once with men and the elements—earth and heaven ! There are still times, sir, when I start up in my sleep, when in my dreams I am again in the midst of these terrors. No words could place before you the sufferings, physical and moral, then endured. All social ties were broken. Hunger, devouring hunger, reduced us to the brutal instinct of self-preservation ; while, like savages, the strongest despoiled the weakest. They rushed round the dying, and frequently waited not for their last breath ; and if some preserved enough of good in them to consult their own safety without injuring others, yet their virtue, save in some few rare instances, went no further. Leader or comrade fell by our side, and we passed by him without moving a step out of our way, for fear of prolonging our journey, or even turning our head ; for our beard and our hair were stiffened by the ice, and every motion was pain. Often have I seen real tears of blood flowing from eyes inflamed by the continual sight of the snow and the smoke of the bivouacs ; and then the poor

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creatures fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands—their heads moved for a little alternately to the right and left—some faint cries of agony escaped from their open mouths—at last they fell on the snow, and died. I saw, but even did not pity them; for what had they lost by dying?

‘At Youpranoui, the same village where the emperor only missed by an hour being taken by the Russian partisan Leslawin, the soldiers burned the houses completely as they stood, merely to warm themselves for a few minutes. The light of these fires attracted some of those miserable wretches whom the excessive severity of the cold and their sufferings had rendered delirious; they ran in like madmen, and gnashing their teeth, and laughing like demons, threw themselves into these furnaces, where they perished in the most horrible convulsions. Their famished companions regarded them undismayed; there were even some who drew out these bodies from the flames, and it is but too true that they ventured to pollute their mouths with this loathsome food! But I must not talk any more of that dreadful time.

‘Only a few thousands, as you know, lived to come back to France. I was one of them; but I was worn out, and having been badly wounded, I got my discharge. It was some time before I was like my former self, and had quite enough of military affairs. Instead of returning to Troyes a great general, I crawled into it a beggar. The hope of returning to the house of my poor dear father had very much helped to keep me alive; and what, therefore, was my distress of mind when I found that the good man was dead! M. Imbert, my former master, had left the country. My poor old mother, almost blind, was living in loneliness and poverty; she who had always been so comfortably off. My return to her, sir, was truly a scene. We spent the first day weeping for our country, my father, and ourselves. The next day we began to try what I could do to earn bread; but, alas! everywhere an apprenticeship was necessary, even for six months; and my mother had almost nothing more to sell, and there were two to be maintained now.

‘For the thousandth time I was sorry for having been a genius. I wished I had been a plain blockhead, with only as much sense as could have learned a handicraft; for now I should have been above starvation. I considered myself the most unlucky dog in existence; I felt, as it were, that my education had been my ruin.’

‘Stop, Jacques; I cannot agree to your reasoning,’ said M. Grandville. ‘Nothing is wanting to him who has a determined purpose, who applies all the energy of his will, and steadily perseveres in the same object; that is to say, he has an end, a single end, to which his every action, his every thought refers.’

‘Well, sir, I had one. All my actions and all my thoughts were occupied with my mother. I wished with all my heart to deliver her from poverty, and to make some provision for her old age, and

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I could hardly succeed in keeping her from absolute want. The rich, sir, little know how hard it is for poor people to gain a livelihood.'

'I know it, and that better than most people, Jacque Denoyer. If I now enjoy a competence, I only owe it to my perseverance in the profession my father obliged me to embrace against my will, and from which all my tastes revolted. But, like you, I had an aged and infirm mother, with no other support but myself; and, more than you, I had a sister also to provide for. My mother lived to a great age, surrounded with all the comforts of life. She had seen my sister and myself well settled, and she died in the midst of her grandchildren, blessing us with the fondest affection.'

Jacque Denoyer made a motion as if going to rise; he appeared greatly moved; but remained in his place.

'Sir,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'my mother blessed me also! Notwithstanding, she died with great grief at heart; she knew not what would become of me; and in fact I knew not myself. I wished much to leave the town; for in Troyes our equals had seen us well off and well clothed, and I was then so wretched. M. Deschamps, a solicitor, whom I knew by name, was at this time in want of a trustworthy man to carry money to Bar-sur-Seine. Some one mentioned me to him. He would only pay my expenses there, but not back. I did not care for that, as I did not intend returning to the town. I knew that my mother had a brother who was living in the environs of Bar-sur-Seine, so I resolved to go to him. I knew of no other relation in the world; and so I set out. Ah, sir, my heart failed me when leaving Troyes! I had nobody belonging to me but this uncle, and if he did not devise some plan, what was to become of me?

'An excellent man, sir, was my uncle; every one knew Father Mercier, for so he was styled, for the circuit of ten leagues round. He was considered a very learned man, having studied with the view of becoming a priest before the great Revolution; and so much the more, as he had been Professor of the French tongue at Bar-sur-Seine for some time. But for ten years he had lived quietly at Landreville, where he had opened a little school for children. He had no children, and his wife was dead; but Toinette Lerouge, his step-daughter, lived with him.

'I was received like a son, sir; and at the end of a week my uncle said to me: "If you will marry Toinette, I will make you my heir. The house and garden are not very large, but they are entirely my own. You know enough to keep school and Toinette also, for she takes my place when I go to the mayoralty to copy deeds. The mayor is fond of us; for my sake, he will employ you when I am unable to work; and if, my children, you do but put your minds to the work, things will go on well." To say the truth, Toinette pleased me greatly; she was neat and pretty, active at her work, and always

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in good-humour. The only thing I have never repented of in my life is having taken her for a wife. Yes, sir, if it was to do over again, I would do it again. I say so to her every day; and I have said so to her at a time when we were so unhappy, that the greatest favour the good God would have done us would have been to take us out of this world.

'We were now married. I became a schoolmaster, and filled my uncle's place at the mayoralty. It appeared to me most strange at first being obliged to bear so patiently with this little noisy set, I who had been in the habit of seeing such strict discipline. I felt greatly displeased at it. There was one point upon which my uncle and I never could agree—it was upon education. He maintained that knowledge should be diffused as much as possible; that we French were in this respect behind every other civilised nation; that it was shameful to find so few knowing either how to read or write; and that the ignorance of the people was in a great measure the cause of their wretched condition. But, sir, I maintained the contrary. My uncle tried to persuade me that my arguments came from a spirit of contradiction; that though I had lost my time, and was ready for everything, but good for nothing, the fault lay not in my reading and writing, but in my character—my love of change, and want of steady application, and many other things which I do not remember. Nor was my employer the mayor behind-hand in his arguments on the same subject.

'One day in particular, after having read me a lecture of an hour long, he said to me: "Listen, Denoyer; I will put a case to you which you will understand, since you have read scientific books, and have been in chemical laboratories. Let us suppose that you, an ignorant man, wished to make use of instruments which you have seen produce marvellous things in the hands of chemists and natural philosophers—what would happen? Not knowing how to make use of them, you would burst the retorts; you would break the instruments; you would hurt yourself, and indignantly exclaim: 'All this is good for nothing but to waste time and maim people.' But if you have lost your time and maimed yourself, is it the fault of the instruments or of those who make them work wonders, or rather yours, who do not know how to use them?"—That was a famous argument, sir,' said Jacque Denoyer.

'And what answer did you make to the mayor?' demanded M. Grandville, smiling.

'I do not remember, sir. I was more ready with an answer then than I am now. But the mayor, without yielding an inch of ground, said to me: "Well, Denoyer, both at school and at M. Imbert's you were given instruments which you did not know how to make use of, because you did not wish to do so. Knowing how to read, write, cipher, and draw, would have enabled you, with the advice of M. Imbert, to become a distinguished man, no matter in what career, if

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you had been resolved to work ; but you were not so resolved. Then M. Imbert was glad to get rid of you, and let you go off as a soldier. In the regiment, your knowledge was of some little use to you ; but you did not try to increase it—to extend it—the only means of rendering it profitable. On your return, if you had not known how to read or write, you would not have been able to support your mother, not having any trade at your finger-ends ; for with your head, if even you had not known how to read or write, for all that you would not have been a stone-cutter, like your father, and you would not now be a schoolmaster. Your knowledge, however slight it may be, has been of some use to you in the regiment, at Troyes, and here ; it is not that, therefore, which has injured you, but your not knowing how to make use of it—your carelessness, and the changeableness of your disposition, which you have never endeavoured to overcome.”—This was very hard to hear, sir,’ continued Jacques Denoyer. ‘Happily, the mayor only spoke thus to me when we were alone together. I felt at times that he was right, but I asked myself afterwards : Who will answer for it but that many of my pupils will be like myself? Instead of following a good trade, they will employ their time now at one thing and now at another ; and in the end they also will only arrive at being ready for everything, and good for nothing. And then scruples of conscience arose, and I felt that, by instructing them, I was not well employed, because I was not at all persuaded of the utility of the instruction that I was giving them. However, sir, things went on pretty well till the death of my uncle ; then my disgust increased so very much that I wandered all day like a troubled spirit. Toinette anxiously inquired what was the matter with me. Ah ! Toinette is a woman of sense and of a kind heart. She entered into my scruples, and said to me : “ Jacques, you must not follow a profession which troubles your conscience. See what you would like to undertake. Even if you should wish to quit the country, I am ready to go with you.” She spoke to the mayor, who was kind enough to write to some person of his acquaintance at Bar-sur-Seine. This person procured me a place as overseer in the paper-factory of M. Bonchamp. We bade adieu to Landreville, after having sold our house and garden ; and I went to reside with Toinette and Pierre, our first-born, at M. Bonchamp’s, at Bar-sur-Seine.

‘I should only tire you were I to tell you how from M. Bonchamp I went to M. Laville, from M. Laville to M. Blanche, from M. Blanche to M. Lafond, and from that to I know not how many places. I could not stay long anywhere.’

‘How came that?’ asked M. Grandville, who had listened to Jacques Denoyer with much interest.

‘I do not know, sir ; if it was not that, continually thinking, in spite of myself, of what the mayor had said to me, I wished to make up for lost time, and laboured to increase my knowledge, so as to

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render me decidedly good for something. But I was discouraged at seeing how many things I had to learn; and I thought that it was henceforth too late to become a really well-informed or good workman. Once discouraged, I neglected my duty, and thus got myself discharged.

'At first, every one was good enough to be astonished at the quantity of things I knew; at my finding a remedy for everything; at my being able to supply, by my own invention, anything wanting in the workshops and in the house. But astonishment and praise were soon succeeded by their getting tired of the interruptions thus occasioned to that part of the business committed to me. They first became exacting, and then unjust. Ah, sir, why did I learn to read and write? Why was I not all my life a good workman, like my father? An excellent man he was! He never opened a book in his life, nor my mother either.'

'And does Toinette know how to read and write?' inquired M. Grandville.

'Yes, sir, and to write also very nicely. At one time that, finding nothing to do, I left Bar-sur-Seine as a carrier, she took it into her head to open a class for little girls. During the two years I was absent, she earned enough to be enabled to shew me, on my return, my three children comfortably clothed, and some articles of furniture in the house which were not there when I went away.'

'Was it you that prevented her from continuing it?'

'No, sir; it was the government. Toinette had no diploma, and you must have one to keep a school; and she was not learned enough to pass an examination.'

'If you had remained at Landreville,' said M. Grandville, 'could you have succeeded your uncle as schoolmaster?'

'Yes, sir; thanks to the patronage of the mayor, who would have given me a diploma.'

'And would Toinette have been able to keep the class in your absence?'

'Without the least difficulty, sir.'

'Jacque Denoyer,' said M. Grandville in a serious tone, 'reflect, I beg of you, on all you have just been telling me; then decide yourself whose fault it has been if your lot, and that of your wife and children, have been marked by misfortune. By your own avowal, Toinette is almost as well educated as yourself, and her knowledge, far from being injurious to her, has been useful both to herself and young family. How comes it, then, that what has, as you say, been utterly useless to you, has been to her a means of livelihood?'

Jacque Denoyer regarded M. Grandville with an air of astonishment, as he answered: 'I cannot tell, sir, and I have never thought of this difference.'

'Do think of it, I beg of you,' said M. Grandville, rising.

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you have found out the cause of this difference, we will have another talk about it.'

Jacque Denoyer rose with his master, and bowing respectfully, returned to the garden.

III.

On entering the garden, Jacque found that his children were employed with their mother in weeding the borders. He passed by them without speaking, and taking his ladder and pruning-knife, went to tie up and dress the vine, which was beginning to shoot. As he worked, the mind of Jacque Denoyer was occupied with more serious reflections than he had ever had in his life. For a moment a blush overspread his countenance, as he felt how inferior he was in all points to his courageous Toinette, who had never desponded as he had done, and who had contrived, with the little knowledge she possessed, to give bread to her children, and even to her husband.

How was it that, endowed with many advantages, and aided by almost every one he met, he had all his life remained in obscurity, and even in indigence, whilst many of his old companions, much less gifted by nature, and less favoured by circumstances, had contrived to gain, if not a competence, at least a livelihood? How was it that he always found himself ready for everything, and good for nothing?

But it was in vain that Jacque Denoyer put these questions to himself for nearly two hours that day; he could not solve the enigma.

In the evening, when the children were in bed, Jacque Denoyer and Toinette found themselves alone together, as they usually were at the close of each day. Living happily together, they sat up a little late at night, either to converse, or because Jacque had some interesting book to read to Toinette whilst she was at her work.

'What is the matter with you this evening?' inquired Toinette of her husband, seeing him dull and absent. 'Are you already dissatisfied with this place?' added she with inquietude.

'If I were dissatisfied here,' replied Jacque, continuing to straighten the teeth of his rake, 'I should be unworthy of so good a master—a master who gives one such good advices.'

'What has he said to you?'

'Said! Nothing at all. He wants me to tell him the reason of something, and I cannot find out the reason.'

'The reason of what?'

'The reason why I am ready for everything, and good for nothing. I have been torturing my brain the whole day. Sometimes I think I have the reason, and then I say: No, it is not that. It certainly

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was not self-conceit ; for though everybody told me I was a genius, I never believed it ; nor did I ever refuse any work that was offered to me, no matter of what kind. Nor was it ambition ; for, on the contrary, I have always regretted not having learned my father's trade ; and I never aspired to more than to be able to support you, Toinette, and to bring up our children properly ; and surely that was but my duty.'

'Did you tell him your story?'

'He obliged me to do so ; and now he cannot be made to believe that it was having learned to read and write that made me ready for everything, and good for nothing, as the mayor used to say ; and these words, which he repeated over and over again, seem to me ever flashing before me.'

There was a few moments' silence.

'Did M. Grandville say anything about our children?' said Toinette.

'Very little ; but I foresee that very soon he will be urging me to send them to school.'

'Well, and what will you do?' inquired Toinette, after a little hesitation.

'Listen to me, Toinette,' replied Jacque Denoyer. 'I have continually in my mind a thought of Rousseau, which struck me as so beautiful, that I have learned it by heart, and I repeat it to myself twenty times a day : "Ignorance never does harm : error alone is fatal : and we do not go astray because we do not know, but because we fancy we know."'

'I am not learned enough,' replied Toinette, 'to explain to you what seems to me absurd in this thought, apparently so beautiful. There is something in it which I cannot get down. After all, it is a false position ; for surely he who does not know the road from this to Troyes will go astray as soon as he who thinks he knows it, yet does not know it.'

'Yes, Toinette ; but he who does not know the road will ask it, and be told : he who fancies he knows it will not ask, and will go astray.'

'That is all very fine, Jacque ; but there is something not quite clear in it. It seems to me like something that looks true at first, but is not at all so in the end. I grant that only to know things by halves, and to believe that we know them, may lead us to commit folly ; but to know nothing at all'—

'Is much better,' cried Jacque Denoyer, 'because then one will inquire.'

'I have my doubts of that. Ignorant people are the worst off. They doubt nothing, and they go straight before them, without disturbing themselves about where they are going.'

'As for me, I am not of your opinion, Toinette. If I had not fancied I knew, I should not have missed my way as I have done,

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but should have arrived at something; and lest my children should do the same, I am determined that they shall remain in ignorance.'

'And become drunkards and bad characters; for what else can they then be?' exclaimed Toinette warmly. 'Ah, Jacque, Jacque! when my poor step-father reproached you for having a spirit of contradiction, was he far from wrong? Whose is the fault, yours or your masters', if the instruction which they have given you has not been of any use to you?'

'Come, here you are, like M. Grandville, demanding the why of the thing.'

'Not only do I ask you,' continued Toinette, 'but I will tell you, if you like.'

'Oh, indeed you would do me a great service.'

'Well,' cried Toinette, becoming more and more animated, 'I will only repeat what Father Mercier, worthy man, has said to me hundreds and hundreds of times with regard to you: "When a man goes through life without an aim, he travels far, and never arrives."'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jacque Denoyer, 'there is, nevertheless, a place at which we all arrive, and that is the grave.'

'Yes, undoubtedly,' replied Toinette; 'but we arrive there more or less creditably according as we have ill or well discharged our duties in this world; and it is the duty of every one so to conduct himself as to be useful to himself and others.'

'So, then, you mean to say that all that was wanting to me to succeed was a steady purpose?'

'I only say,' replied Toinette, 'that we poor people, whose only wealth is in our labour, must have a trade.'

'Is not that the very thing I say?'

'Have a moment's patience. It is true we must have a trade. But during those years in which we are not able to do much, it is well for our parents to have schools to send us to. Here we acquire, whilst young, the love and the habit of industry; we obtain the means of employing hereafter our leisure hours in acquiring, without leaving our trade, knowledge relative to that trade, which will enable us to distinguish ourselves afterwards from workmen of the same kind'—

'Unless, indeed,' added Jacque Denoyer, 'that our only object is to amuse ourselves, and that we read simply for the pleasure of reading, like some one we know. You guess whom I mean?'

Toinette was silent, and hung down her head over her work.

Jacque Denoyer was silent also. What his wife had just been saying gave him much food for thought. In spite of himself, he felt not only that she *might* be right, but that she *was* right.

Jacque Denoyer passed for a very learned man in the village of Juilly le Chatel, only about a mile distant from the house of M. Grandville; and to say the truth, he knew a great variety of things,

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but, as has been seen, it did not make him wiser or richer, simply because in his youth, in spite of the advice of M. Imbert, who would gladly have pushed him on in the world, he had neither a determined aim nor perseverance enough to follow it.

The day after his conversation with Toinette, Jacque Denoyer went to the orchard of old Thomas for some grafts, and as he went along, he thought of what his wife had said to him the evening before.

'Well, I really believe my wife has found out the answer to this droll sort of enigma,' said he to himself. 'I see the thing which is meant. It is to have some distinct aim or end in view, and to bring the will to bear on it, so as not to fall through by the way. A very good idea this, no doubt; but what can a poor fellow like me have to do with an aim or a will?' And that inward voice, which seldom deceives us, answered: 'Every man, having a will, may give himself an aim, and, by the persevering exertion of that will, he may reach it sooner or later.' Jacque Denoyer at this moment arrived at old Thomas's door, and immediately entered the house.

'You have just come in the nick of time,' said he. 'Look! here is a packet of papers which I have just received, and which I cannot read, for I am not more learned to-day, as far as reading goes, than I was in my cradle. Ah, if there had been a school in the village in my time, as there is now! Decipher that for me, if you please. Well, I am determined nothing shall be spared in the education of my boy. I have charged the schoolmaster to give him extra lessons if necessary. I wish him to know how to read and write like a notary, even though I may have nothing to put by at the end of the year. Yes, Master Denoyer, not to know how to read or write is to be at the mercy of everybody—of the bad as well as the good, and there are but too many of the former. Education is a real treasure—it is useful everywhere, and at every age.'

Amongst the papers that Jacque Denoyer was given to read, there were letters which gave great pleasure to old Thomas. 'Why do I not know how to write?' cried he; 'I would myself answer my old masters, who are so kind to our children.'

'I will answer for you, if you like,' said Jacque Denoyer.

'Ah, that is delightful! You will do me a great service.'

When the answers were finished, Jacque Denoyer read them out to old Thomas, who appeared at once pleased and dissatisfied. 'It is very well said,' exclaimed he; 'much better than I could say it myself; and yet, after all, Master Denoyer, it is not what I feel here'—and he laid his hand upon his heart—'no, nor exactly what I am thinking of here'—and he touched his forehead. 'It seems to me like another language; but for all that, I am just as much obliged to you.'

Returning home, Jacque Denoyer could not help thinking of what Thomas had just been saying, and for the first time it

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occurred to him that persons who did not know how to read or write were much to be pitied, that they were in the hands of others, and that, even with the best possible intentions, no one, when answering for them, could make them speak as they themselves would speak.

To this thought succeeded many others. At last Jacques Denoyer asked himself if he would wish to deprive his children of a knowledge the value of which he himself had felt so many times?—if he could condemn them to remain all their life in ignorance?—if, in short, he would not be delivering them, bound hand and foot, to be imposed on by every quack, knave, and impostor, at a time when means of instruction were held out on every side—at a time when men of intellect, the friends of human nature, were endeavouring, like the genial light of heaven, to dispel the clouds of ignorance, looking upon them as charged with every evil which can afflict mankind? ‘Yes; but, but’—— said Jacques Denoyer, remembering the use he had made of his natural and acquired powers. For a moment he was ready to reproach his parents, his masters, and M. Imbert, for not having been more strict with him; but then he felt that he could blame no one but himself for not having become what he might have been. He had got enough of warning. ‘We shall see,’ said he, opening the little garden gate. Some minutes after, he was at his work, and, with all the address of a first-rate gardener, was ingrafting what he had brought from his old friend’s orchard.

IV.

‘Sir,’ said Jacques Denoyer to his master, who had stopped to look at his work, ‘surely no one would be in want if, as you and my wife Toinette wish to persuade me, it were enough to have an aim and a will; for, after all, sir, the aim of every one is to gain a livelihood, and to live as well as possible.’

‘Undoubtedly,’ replied M. Grandville. ‘But if a man’s will is less determined after the first few steps; if he wavers at the first obstacles, and then turns aside to some path that appears to him more easy, and then again to another, and so on to the end; that is to say, till he is no longer able to put one leg before the other, he will certainly have travelled far, but without arriving anywhere; and this is the history of more than three-fourths of mankind. The man, on the contrary, who has a determined aim and a firm will, does every day what ought to be done to attain this end: it is the one object of his thoughts. He does not permit circumstances, which have more or less influence over his lot, to discourage him. The path he has taken is the one which will conduct him to his end. He follows it obstinately, or rather perseveringly. The strength of

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his will sustains him. He closes his ear to indolence as to the instigations of self-love. He makes use of his acquired knowledge to smooth the difficulties which he meets, and, distrustful of himself, keeps strict guard over himself. If circumstances not to be controlled oblige him to change his path, he still carries with him, into his new career, the same courage, the same perseverance, till the end—which man, born to labour and to suffer, ought to place before him—is attained; that is, till he arrives at the end of his career, without having been burdensome to any one, and after having been useful to those depending on him.'

'It is quite true,' said Jacque Denoyer, shaking his head; 'I must grant that; but it is very difficult, sir, especially when one is young.'
'Jacque Denoyer, it is as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. It is in youth man receives those impressions, and that happy or unfortunate direction, the impress and feeling of which he preserves all his life. We ought constantly to repeat to the child an aim and a will, and constantly point out to him that, without an aim and without a will, man is nothing, does nothing, and will attain to nothing. The trade, profession, or calling is but the means of arriving at an end. But these means are all-powerful, if we perseveringly use them—if we endeavour to carry them out to the utmost extent. You must not fancy, Jacque, that after a certain age it is not possible to acquire this will, in which consists all our strength. In youth, in order to form a will, we must obey. In ripper age, in order to give ourselves a will, we need only will. You, for example, Jacque, have lost the season of your youth, and many opportunities which were presented to you; now you can take warning by your past errors. Know how to will, and you and your family will enjoy the only true happiness which exists here below. Have a firm will, and you will employ your already acquired knowledge in acquiring more. Books will give you new ideas on gardening. Books will place before you all that refers to the care required by that most noble and useful of animals—the horse. You will learn to improve my fruit and kitchen gardens. You will multiply the horses of the Norman breed that I have just got. By increasing your master's revenue, you will enable him to do much more for you than his present fortune would permit. Your children will be brought up in the house. They will choose a trade; they shall be assisted in their apprenticeship fee, and aided in their establishment when they arrive at a proper age. Toinette and you, grown old in my service, will find protectors for your old age, and friends for your boys, in my children when I am no more. Behold the end, Jacque! Now your own will is all that is wanting.'

As he pronounced these words, M. Grandville went away and continued his walk.

'The worthy man!' said Jacque Denoyer, gazing after him for some time; then drying his moistened eyelids with the back of his

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hand, began to cut the tree which he had just grafted. 'If every one would speak in that way,' added Jacque Denoyer, 'we should know the reason of things, and then they would become easy. Come, courage! The end is there, as M. Grandville said; now only the will is wanting, and, with God's help, it shall not be long so.'

M. Grandville was kind enough often to converse with his gardener. Their conversation always turned upon serious subjects—such, for instance, as the direction to be given to that early education which commences, if we may so speak, from the cradle; and upon the profit which men may derive from the happy and unhappy circumstances which mark the course of a long life.

'In whatever condition our lot may be cast,' said M. Grandville one day, 'we shall always be able to get on if we have an aim and a will; and we shall always be respectable if we respect ourselves, and if the seeds of a pure morality have been developed in our heart. Yes, Denoyer, I am, as you have been told, the son of a peasant; and, thank God, I have never been foolish enough to be ashamed of it. A kind patron did for me what M. Imbert wished to do for you. Like you, I distinguished myself at the school where he had placed me. He was a notary at Bar-sur-Seine. He brought me home with him, and made me work in his study, which did not please me at all. He perceived my repugnance, and said to me: "Grandville, now that you have received a certain education, and acquired a taste for a higher grade of life, you will find it hard to resign yourself to merely following the plough. If the profession of the law does not suit you, look well around you, and see what you would wish to embrace; but once having decided, let nothing induce you to change. Your father cannot leave you anything; your mother is getting old; you have a sister. If I am pleased with you, I will do more for you than you hope. Reflect, consider; consult your father, and decide."

'I consulted my father; I reflected; I weighed the matter,' continued M. Grandville; 'and courageously I laid aside those books of science which had made me so happy, and surrounded myself only with law-books. At my hours of recreation only I studied botany and natural history, of which I was passionately fond, and I often said to myself: How happy the rich must be! They can read whatever they like, and have cabinets full of curiosities out of the three kingdoms of nature. Then I little suspected that books and knowledge are less valued by the rich than might be expected. But I knew by experience that books and scientific pursuits ought only to be used as a recreation by him who must have a profession, and that his daily studies ought to have reference only to that profession. At the time of the Revolution of 1789, for I date very far back,' continued M. Grandville, smiling, 'I was the head clerk of M. Delaroche. This good old man perished in a riot, on account

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of the high price of corn. All France was fearfully convulsed. The notaries, with whom were deposited the title-deeds of the nobility and the principal inhabitants of the provinces, ran great risks. Mademoiselle Delaroche, whom I was to marry, was obliged to take refuge with her relations; and I, after having by her desire collected all the most valuable papers which were in the study, retired to my father's; and my first care on arriving there was to bury the title-deeds which I had saved under the floor of our cabin. The horrible tempest, in which so many families and properties were wrecked, ceased at last; order was beginning to be re-established; peace and calm again returned; and there were no more proscriptions. Some even dared to claim their rights, and regain their properties; and the head clerk of M. Delaroche, upheld by public esteem, became a notary in his turn. Then it was that I felt happy at having overcome my youthful repugnance to the profession. I was able to offer a home to my aged parents and my sister. The comforts by which they were surrounded were all the fruit of my labour. Soon after, Heaven blessed my union with Adelaide; my sister married a rich farmer of Buseuil; and at last the moment arrived when, without neglecting my business, and without extravagance, I could have a library composed of my favourite books. I also had a cabinet of specimens of natural history; a hortus siccus, shells, birds stuffed by my own hands; and, to my great happiness, I soon was in correspondence with learned men, who condescended to think me worthy of sharing the pleasure of their discoveries. My son has as little taste as myself for the profession of the law. My fortune enabling me to allow him to choose, he became a physician; and, residing at Paris, he has distinguished himself amongst the learned men of that great city. He is a member of several learned societies, and will one day perhaps be in the Academy. But, like his father, his daily studies have reference to the profession he has embraced; so that his name is already celebrated in the annals of medicine. I can only repeat to you, Denoyer—an aim and a will! With these you may attain to anything.

‘Yes, sir, when one is young,’ replied the gardener sighing; ‘but at my age, and when one has wasted time and fair opportunities’—

‘The loss of time and fair opportunities is irreparable, is irremediable,’ replied M. Grandville. ‘You have now no other resource but to resign yourself to the obscure path which you have chalked out for yourself; but you may still, as I have already told you, render yourself useful to your master, and labour for your children’s future good. It alone depends on you, Denoyer, not to be an ordinary gardener or groom. Study! Give but very little, indeed, of your time to books of mere amusement, that your children, guided by your example, may early wish to have an aim—may early feel

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the power of perseverance. If they are destined only for labourers, you will have at least the certainty that they will be good workmen, good characters, and happy men. Good conduct always carries its reward with it; and the well-merited esteem of honest people lightens, even to the very poorest, the burden of each day. You will find it in your turn, Denoyer. You will then understand that in every rank general esteem may be obtained; and you will find that this general esteem is, to the man who possesses it, the best earthly source of innocent pleasure and moral strength.'

How far Jacque Denoyer profited by the lessons of M. Grandville may be judged of by his words to his son. 'I was nearly forty years old when I entered his service; and at forty I was fit for everything, and good for nothing; and so true is this, that had not M. Grandville taken pity on us, and received us into his house, we should have all died of hunger. His kindness did not stop there: he made me examine my past conduct—he shewed me that to change one's mind at every moment, if we may so speak, and to have no decided opinion, is the defect of persons who suffer themselves to be governed by passion rather than by reason; a defect which leaves them all their lives like so many grown children, and which proceeds from the want of the habit of reflecting upon what they see, and upon what they ought to do. It is in youth that this habit must be acquired; and then it becomes a safeguard against the commission of folly at an age when folly is inexcusable. Thus he taught me to reflect before I acted; and only from this day out was I a man. My son, an aim and a will, never forget that it is this which makes the man, which prevents him from being burdensome to any one, and which renders him useful to himself and to those who depend on him. You may one day be a father in your turn. Let your children learn from you what you now learn from me—that in order to attain the desired end, you must not wander from the path opened to you by your parents or friends; but that, on the contrary, you must concentrate on this one point all your faculties and all your powers: you must *will one thing*, and will it perseveringly.'

SECOND STORY.

I.

IN the city of Nancy, in Lorraine, a district in the east of France, bordering on Germany, some time ago lived Hans Keller, a German by birth, who, after having spent some part of his life as a pedler, settled, with his wife Theresa, and his little daughter Florence. The family was obscure, and had few friends, but those who knew

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them respected them for their industry. By many they would have been considered poor ; but *poor* is a wrong term to apply to persons who work for their living, and owe no man anything.

When Hans first settled in Nancy, he was doubtful of what means he should resort to for a living, and he unfortunately, from the effects of rheumatism, was unable to undertake any very active pursuit. Where, however, there is a will, there is a way ; and those who maintain a good character have seldom any difficulty in getting some one to help them forward. Hans could sew well, and so could his wife Theresa ; to this accomplishment, therefore, they resolved, after some consideration, to look for subsistence. Making his desires known to a merchant with whom he formerly had dealings, he was recommended to a tailor as being an honest man, and from this person he and Theresa received employment. They were not, to be sure, intrusted with the principal articles of attire ; but although they confined themselves to the sewing of vests and other light articles, they found in that a means of decent livelihood.

Hans, as a German, knew the value of education, and he accordingly took care, even by pinching himself of comforts, to give his daughter Florence a little schooling. When we say that, with this good *end* in view, he actually gave up smoking—a great sacrifice for a German—any one can judge of his anxiety to get his daughter forward. ‘Who knows,’ said he to his wife, ‘but Florence may one day be a credit to us. At all events, if she is not educated, she must be a drudge all the days of her existence, and I am determined to give her a chance of being something better than I am. Nothing like looking a little upward. Those who look down, run their head into the mire.’

Theresa, a lively Frenchwoman, had an immense reverence for Hans’s understanding, and cordially agreed in these wise observations. Hans, accordingly, had his daughter taught reading and writing at school, and he himself took pains to instruct her in arithmetic. He also spoke to her in German, so that, when only eight years of age, Florence spoke and read German and French with equal fluency.

Florence was a promising child, and took so readily to learning, that it was a pleasure to instruct her. Many a happy day did the father pass at his work, with his child by his side, conversing with her ; telling her some of his old-world stories, or sounding the depths of her arithmetic lore, or trying to astonish her with the exhibition of his, by asking her to write for him in figures eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven. The little girl tried till her father’s smile told her she had succeeded. She had learned to sew, and thus was able to help her parents in their work ; and by degrees occupations grew upon her, for, gentle and obliging, all her neighbours came to her to write letters for them to their friends, and in the evening she taught some children to read whom employment in the

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day prevented attending school. Every spare moment she had, she gave to any books she could borrow from a neighbour, or buy for the very few pence it ever was her lot to possess.

II.

The time at length came when Florence required to go out into the world, and the question was debated what she should be. She was quite ready to do anything that her parents suggested. 'I'll tell you what you must be,' said Hans to her one day; 'you must go as an apprentice to a mantuamaker. That is a respectable business; and if you conduct yourself well, and shew good taste, there is no fear of you.' Florence was delighted. She was apprenticed to a lady; but it was only as an outdoor apprentice, and she still lived at home.

The duties of this situation were irksome; but what line of life has not its petty troubles? And the mind which shrinks from facing these troubles is good for very little. One of Florence's troubles was the poverty of her attire: the other apprentices affected to keep aloof from her, on account of her not being so genteel as they were. Florence was fortunately able to disregard this silliness, and by her obliging and mild disposition made herself friends. Besides, she did not care much for keeping company with the giddy girls, her fellow-apprentices. Her resources for recreation were happily confined to a quiet walk with her parents, and a book. Had she had but a guide or encouragement—any one to put useful books into her hands—how profitable might have been her love for books! Nevertheless, under any circumstances, that love is a benefit! But whatever might have been the extent of the cultivation of her mental faculties, her affections had been fully developed; for in her home, poor as it was, reigned love, and peace, and family harmony. Poverty was not rendered doubly bitter by that which makes the stalled ox a far worse portion than the dinner of herbs where love is. Florence had not to witness the mutual reproach, the angry taunt, that is too often the salutation or the welcome of the endurers of the same hardships. She had never to crouch beneath the rude rough blow, too often the only mode known to the poor man of disciplining his child—a mode debasing alike to both. Her principles, too, were gradually forming. From earliest childhood she had seen temperance, persevering industry, and strict honesty, and knew that the sure ground, the strong motive, was the fear of God. She had seen suggestions to unlawful gain quietly and simply put away, as if such things were not to be dwelt upon for a moment. Such education as this is within the power, within the reach, of every parent. Let each try, as far as in him lies, to surround his child with an atmosphere of honesty, industry, truth, and love. Some parents speak of beginning the education of their

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children ; who can tell how early it has been begun by circumstances? It has been well said that 'insensible education is to the intellectual and moral system the most important, as insensible perspiration is the most important to the physical system.'

We have said that Florence's course of reading was too desultory to suffer her to make much progress in actual knowledge, but still her mind was more or less brought into play ; and there was an intelligence in the expression of her countenance that drew from a lady, who saw her pass, the remark : 'Would you not say that girl thinks?' The girl did indeed think. At that moment her thoughts were serious enough, for that morning she had found that her father's failing sight wholly incapacitated him from his usual work, and that her mother, weakened by illness, the consequence of daily increasing privation and anxiety, could no longer labour as formerly. She felt that she must now be their sole support. She had just completed her term of apprenticeship, and her employers were not very numerous, and the wages for a whole day's work was but eightpence ; and as she left them for that day's work, her heart was heavy within her, and, with a feeling of utter despondence hitherto unknown to her, she cried : 'Is there nothing but misery in the world?' She tried to dispel the thought by gazing after some young companions who passed her in gay laughter over some merry-meeting of the evening before, and the effort was successful. The happiness of her companions seemed like a hope for her. We are mistaken when we say : 'Look beneath thee, and thou wilt deem thyself happy.' No : more true consolation is in that belief in the existence of happiness which arises from seeing that there are more prosperous lots than our own. Florence felt what has been expressed in the old lines :

'But though I am sad, not so cold is my sorrow,
That nature can't waken a smile in my eye ;
And this still warm heart a pure pleasure can borrow,
From seeing another more happy than I.'

Certain it is she was always sadder when she beheld any one more wretched than herself.

But Florence's beau-idéal of happiness was not the merry-meetings of the young people of her own class. No ; it lay rather in being able to learn everything that was in the books she daily saw in the hands of the pupils of a neighbouring school. If she had but money, she too might learn ; but there was less hope of this every day, for every day things were growing rather worse. For one month she could get no work, and her mother was weighed down under the pressure of a debt unavoidably contracted during that month. One morning, as she passed by a hairdresser's shop, while pondering how she could relieve her mother from this burden, the idea occurred to her of selling her hair, of which she had a profusion. She entered the shop, but the owner did not want hair. However,

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he proposed her coming, on two evenings in the week, for his pupils to practise on her long black hair, which she might thus preserve, while her object would be equally attained by the compensation for each sitting. The girl hesitated; but the thought of handing to her mother even this small sum decided her, and the proposal was accepted. Twice every week did she lend her dark hair and pale face to have tried upon her all the gay ball head-dresses. Theresa's debt was paid, and the little household again went on in its usual course. Florence, however, suffered from her plan: she got violent headaches, and her hair began to fall off in such quantities, that at last even this slender resource failed her.

One evening, while reading that verse of the New Testament, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God,' she was interrupted by a milk-woman of the next village, who wanted a letter written to her daughter. As she entered, the good woman displayed, with great delight, a little red shawl. 'See,' said she, too eager to wait for the customary salutations; 'look here! It was my daughter who sent me this beautiful handkerchief. You must write a fine answer for me, Florence, and tell her that I was in great want of the money she sent. Indeed, I do not know how I could live, only for her,' added the poor woman, as she turned to Theresa, who looked at Florence, and made no answer.

'What employment has your daughter, Dame Charlot?' asked Florence.

'She is a lady's-maid at Lyon,' answered the mother exultingly; 'and has fifteen pounds a year wages, not counting perquisites.'

Florence neither stirred nor spoke; but her eye had, in turn, sought that of her mother. They understood each other entirely, even before Florence had uttered the words: 'I, too, will be a lady's-maid!'

Theresa now laid her hand upon her daughter's head, and whispered with tearful eyes: 'You are right; you may go, my child.'

All being thus tacitly arranged, hope was once more an inmate of Florence's heart. Her parents' poverty constrained them to catch at as a hope what nothing else could have induced them to sanction—her leaving them. They eagerly grasped at the idea that she might not be obliged to go out of the town in which they lived, when they heard from a neighbour that Madame Hebert wanted a servant. Florence, dressing herself as neatly as her wardrobe would permit, and lifting up her heart in prayer, set off to look for the place.

Her heart beat audibly as she rang the house-bell; and when the door opened, she was so pale, that the servant held out her hand to support her. She asked to see Madame Hebert; and being shewn in, soon told the object of her visit. The lady had often heard of Florence Keller from an old servant for whom she had written letters.

'You read a great deal, I believe?' said she to Florence.

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'I like to read sometimes, madame.'

'You know how to write?'

'A little, madame.'

'Is it not you who write all Claudine's letters for her?'

'Yes, madame.'

'And how much does she pay you for doing so?'

Florence blushed, and answered in a low but steady voice: 'She does not pay me anything, madame. The poor do not sell their little services to each other; they have so little to give.'

Madame Hebert now put some questions as to her knowledge of needlework, and whether she had done the whole work of the house at home. There was no possible good reason for declining to employ her; and, nevertheless, Madame Hebert did not wish to take Florence into her service. She felt that the young girl had more than ordinary intelligence and refinement, and she dreaded lest she should be above her business. Was she right or wrong? Are the most humble household offices, the greatest minutiae of feminine duty, inconsistent with everything that is elevated, everything that is intellectual? Florence's subsequent history must answer the question.

Madame Hebert hoped that disagreement about wages would furnish a pretext; but Florence was quite willing to leave them to be fixed by her employer, when a short trial should enable her to estimate the worth of her services. At last the truth came out. 'I must confess, my good girl, that I should be afraid of your spending your time reading, and neglecting your business.'

Florence looked as if she did not quite understand. 'Does madame mean to say that I would wrong her?'

'O no, no,' replied Madame Hebert quickly; 'O no.'

'And yet, madame, I should consider I was robbing you if I employed my time in anything that could occasion the neglect of that which you paid me for doing.'

'I am glad you think so rightly; but I assure you I have had servants who had no scruples in that way.'

'Believe me, madame,' said Florence respectfully, but firmly, 'it was because they did not read enough, or read to no purpose.'

'Well, my good girl, I will let you know when I make up my mind.' And Florence courtesied, and withdrew.

On her return home she tried to look cheerful, but her attempt at a smile made her mother weep. 'I see, my child, that you have not succeeded.'

'Not to-day; but to-morrow, who knows what may happen.'

'Come, cheer up! God is where he was,' said Keller. 'Cheer up! Whilst the good man rests, the fine weather comes back. Better luck after supper perhaps. The soup and potatoes are ready, and excellent they are; it was I who boiled them. But wife,' added he, 'Dame Philippa has been selling wood all day about the town, and

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could get nothing ready ; a drop of this warm soup will do the old soul good. Go and call her.' Theresa ran off with the invitation, while Florence laid another plate ; and soon Dame Philippa took her place at the poor man's table.'

'It is scarcely fair I should take from you,' said their neighbour as she sat down.

'All quite fair, all quite right,' said Keller. 'When there is enough for three, there is enough for four. And, besides, if we are not the richer by it, depend upon it we shall not be poorer.'

They now fell into conversation, and Theresa related Florence's failure in her attempt to get a situation.

'Ah,' said the old guest, 'they think your daughter is too fond of you ; and depend upon it she will never get a place here, even if she did not know how to read.'

'Why not?' said Florence, who had no idea what she could mean.

'Oh, just because they would suspect you of taking things out of the house to your parents. My niece Josephine could not get a place here, though she does not know A from B ; but they knew that she did her best to help her mother. So, as she had no chance here, she went to Paris, where she is now in a very good place. Ah, Florence, people are very suspicious. If they trusted us more, it might be better ; but too many of us have given them cause for distrust. But Josephine writes to me that a lady was inquiring of her about a waiting-maid. What would you say to setting off to Paris, Florence ? I warn you that you will never get a good place here. Josephine says the wages are thirteen pounds.'

Keller heard of Paris, and put his plate away : his dinner was spoiled for that day. But he said : 'After all, it is but reasonable. If I had a boy, it must have come to his turn to serve in the army, and he might have to leave me for the other end of the world : and then, too, we are old ; my sight is failing, and my work too ; and what can this poor child do for three with only her own two hands ? Come, there is no help for it. Who knows but this is an opening of Providence for our good ?'

Florence evinced neither pleasure nor grief : her whole mind was full of the one thought—'How could she get to Paris ?'

Dame Philippa was thinking of the very same thing. 'You must have somewhat more than two pounds for the journey, and you must have something to live upon while you are looking for the place. Josephine has a friend, a workwoman, who will give you a lodging. Now, I think I have found a way of managing the matter. My niece sent me money to take me to see her ; you shall go in my place, and tell her that I cannot go to her for three months to come. Before that time you will be able to return the money, and then I can go.'

Grateful, indeed, was Theresa ; Florence could only press the good

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woman's hand. Keller turned to his wife : ' I told you how it would be : what we give at the door comes in again by the window ! If we had not thought of Dame Philippa this evening, where would the money for the journey be got ? A little kindness is often not ill spent.'

The preparations for Florence's departure were not long in making. Some calico chemises were put into a small trunk, and a few pair of stockings, knit by a poor widow to whom Theresa daily ministered of her poverty, by taking her a little dinner. This is what Keller called ' God's tithe.' How much do the struggling classes everywhere contribute of this tithe to neighbours ! When Florence took leave of the poor widow, tears were shed by both. ' Good-bye, good-bye, Florence ; God will bless you,' were the last words the young maiden heard as she departed from the door of her humble acquaintance.

If we dwell on these details, it is because we know how much surrounding circumstances contribute to form the mind. The affectionate union between Keller and Theresa, their readiness to share with their poor neighbours their scanty store, their own cheerful resignation—all this accounts for the development of Florence's mental faculties and affections ; for her being so devoid of selfishness, and for her practical good sense.

Two days before her departure, all her relatives and friends flocked to bid her farewell ; and, with the tact which affection gives, every one had a story to tell ; and it was always of some young girl who, having left her native village from poverty, had returned rich and happy—a kind of indirect prediction, for the fulfilment of which they trusted to time and to the good providence of God. The young girl was sorry to part with these kind, good people ; she had often felt that there were thoughts which it would have been useless to have expressed to almost any amongst them ; but there was not one affectionate feeling that had not its echo.

III.

Florence had arrived in Paris, and had gone direct to the house of Josephine's friend. That very night, Dame Philippa's niece paid them a visit, and it was agreed that the next day should be devoted to shewing the lions of Paris to the young provincialist.

Florence was not so much surprised as she expected to be. This is easily accounted for. When we leave our own little town, we know it all by heart—its whole extent—its every street is in our mind's-eye at once ; whereas, of the large city into which we are for the first time introduced, we see now one street, then another, but only one at a time, and in succession, as we walk along ; so that, comparing it with the little town which we have taken in as a whole, it is very natural that we should not at first think the large

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city quite so large. Six months after, when we can view it also as a whole, it is a different matter.

The next day came, and she was shewn the way to Madame Duhamel's house. She was ushered into a room, and the lady began her inquiries.

'How old are you, my good girl?'

'I am twenty, madame,' said Florence with a courtesy.

'You can do needlework, and iron, and do up linen?'

Florence replied in the affirmative.

'Can you read?'

At this question Florence turned pale, and seemed in evident embarrassment.

The lady believed her agitation to arise from the shame of ignorance.

'It is no matter,' said she to the young girl; 'you will suit me very well. I shall be quite satisfied if you can remember any message I may send by you.'

'I can read, madame.'

'Oh, very well. You know the wages I give?'

'Yes, madame.'

'What is your name?'

'Florence Keller.'

The appearance of Florence made a favourable impression; her open brow, her black eyes sparkling with intelligence, and her demeanour—which, without the slightest degree of servility, was as respectful as possible—had already won the good graces of her new mistress.

'Your occupation will be altogether about myself,' said she. 'The whole business of the household is divided between five servants, and any spare time you may have is at your own disposal; with this restriction, however, that you are not to go out without my permission.'

Florence drew a long breath. From past failure, she was almost afraid that the confession of her knowing how to read would have been the signal for the breaking off the negotiation. She congratulated herself, however, that she was asked no question that would have drawn out the information of her being letter-and-petition-writer-general for her own little district at home. Had it been known, would she have been rejected? We cannot tell. These were days—may we hope that they are altogether bygone days—when the education of the poor had to contend with the active prejudices, as it still has with the supine indifference, of the upper classes.

Florence was now installed as lady's-maid. Her fellow-servants were four in number: a cook, who seemed to be of somewhat hasty temper, but, on the whole, good-natured; a footman; a coachman; and the nursery-maid. Rose could not always manage the three

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children, so that the two elder ones were very often with Florence. Eugene was thirteen, Frances eleven, and little Clemence two years old.

Madame Duhamel pleased at first sight, so expressive was her countenance of kindness and benevolence. Her husband, somewhat older than she was, and very well informed, undertook the education of his children himself.

It is no great proof of the general kindliness of human nature that a new arrival at a college or a boarding-school is usually regarded with some degree of prejudice. It is the same with a new servant in a house, and consequently Florence met but cold looks at first from the inmates of the kitchen. However, she was so polite at table, and made herself so agreeable by the many nice stories she had read, and was so obliging to them all, that she soon became a general favourite, notwithstanding what they called her fine-lady look and her really white hands.

Florence's room was near the drawing-room, and when in the evening there was music, the young girl thought of her dear father, who used to be so fond of it. 'My poor father,' said she, 'how happy you would be here!' Then she thought that she might one day be able to send for her parents, to live near her in Paris; and the idea dispelled her sadness. Florence was in utter ignorance of the subjects in which the children were instructed. She had read much, but, as we have said, without either guide or system. Yet nothing had been lost upon her heart, which, at once softened and enlarged by the education of love and tenderness she had received in her home, learned something even from the most desultory reading. Mind was developed in the developing of affection.

Already had the young domestic been able to repay Dame Philippa the money she had lent for her journey, and even to send something to her parents. Madame Duhamel, who made the remittances for her, shewed her growing approval of her by allowing her daughter frequently to study by her side. Frances was quick and intelligent, she liked reading aloud, and Florence liked to listen. Frances repeated to her the lessons in grammar and history; this was improving to both parties. Madame Duhamel had the kindness and good sense to be pleased with this profitable intercourse. She not only chose books for them, but was often present at the readings, making Florence bring her work into her room, and sit with her. Florence felt at first a little constraint in her presence; but when she saw that it was esteem for her character that induced her mistress thus to condescend, she soon began to love Madame Duhamel as a friend, nay, almost as a mother. How did she long for an opportunity to shew her she was not ungrateful, by doing something that would indeed contribute to her happiness! And she sighed as she thought how little prospect such a poor creature as she was had of ever having it in her power.

IV.

Opportunities of well-doing occur in every situation of life. Florence, we have said, was desirous of shewing her gratitude to her mistress, and an opportunity was at hand. Madame Duhamel was not one of those mistresses who take a pleasure in tormenting servants with work, neither did she like to interfere with their ordinary arrangements. She wished to make those about her dutiful by the mildness of her government; but this generosity was not reciprocated in a remarkable manner. Her kindness was taken for simplicity, and was accordingly imposed upon. Florence was distressed at perceiving the many little tricks which were employed to overreach her indulgent mistress; and there was also much waste that ought not to have taken place. It was no easy task for a young girl to awaken conscientious feelings in the minds of the domestics; yet, by the mere force of gentle persuasion, and by performing some good offices, she actually abated much of the dilapidation in the family, without incurring any enmity for her pains.

One thing struck her with respect to her fellow-servants, and that was, their general want of any aim. They seemed contented to be in the same circumstances all their days—did not appear to entertain any idea of what they should do when too aged for their present situations. Here was food for thought to Florence. She had read somewhere that domestic servitude might be to the poor a school of morality—a place for acquiring good manners, good language, and something of the intellectual superiority of the rich; that it might be made a link between the two classes placed at the greatest relative distance on the social ladder. ‘But,’ she said, ‘if these servants save nothing, and know nothing out of the routine of their present duties, their fate in the end must be very dismal.’

These thoughts may seem rather grave for so young a girl, but she had early learned to think. They did not, however, make her gloomy; she sang and laughed as merrily as any one in the house. One day she entered the kitchen with a newspaper, which she seemed to peruse diligently.

‘What is that you are reading so intently?’ asked the cook.

‘An account of the lodgment of moneys in the Caisse d’Epargne [Savings-bank] for the last year, with a list of the classes of persons who have been depositors; and you will not imagine who has lodged the most?’

‘Why, shopkeepers, to be sure; they make lots of money.’

‘Not at all; the class who lodge the largest sums are waiters and house-servants. I, too, will become a depositor. Let us all make a trial. What say you?’

The notion of saving anything was new to all the servants, and they laughed heartily at Florence’s proposition. Florence laughed

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too; but after laughing, she again talked of beginning to deposit a trifle.

'Come, let us reckon up,' said she, 'how much we can muster as a commencement. I have got nine francs and a half, and will deposit six; and will also take the trouble, without commission, of entering all your names; that is to say, if you will trust me.'

As much from the drollery of the thing, as with any serious idea of saving, each gave Florence a few francs to deposit in the Caisse d'Epargne, and that day she completed the transaction by entering all the names and getting a small book for each. She likewise, on all occasions afterwards, carried small sums to be added to the different accounts; and thus, by a little management, she put her fellow-servants in the way of accumulating something for their future use.

Nor was this all that Florence did to render those about her happy. Let us follow her into the garden, where she has gone with a botanical book, examining the flowers whose history she is studying with Eugene and Frances. Ambrose is there too; not botanising, indeed, but loosening the earth about some shrubs, and thinning some beds of vegetables.

'You are fond of gardening, Ambrose?' asked Florence.

'O yes; while I was in the country, I used to work at it with my whole heart.'

Florence put her hand to her forehead, as if a bright idea had occurred to her.

'Well,' said she, 'why not learn every day something of gardening? At your leisure time you could keep the flower-knots in order.'

Ambrose rubbed his brow, and seemed to hesitate a little.

'I did not bargain for that, Florence: it is not my business. When I have dusted the sitting-rooms and polished the furniture, my time is my own—at least when there is no company.'

'And it is for that very reason, because the time is your own, that I am anxious you should turn it to profit; and in learning a trade, you would be working for yourself, and making a provision for the future. I have heard my master often say that he thought it his duty to allow his servants some time that they might call their own, and I am sure he would be much gratified to see it well employed.'

'Well, indeed—perhaps you are not so much in the wrong after all.'

'Listen to me, Ambrose. My master is going away for a month. I will ask him to leave out some books on gardening, and we can read them together. You know how fond he is of flowers: let him find, on his return, his garden in better order, and you more learned.'

'I will try, at all events,' said Ambrose.

And he set to work, and was soon bidding fair to be a good gardener. And Florence contrived to find occupation for Bernard

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also. He did not care about gardening; but a basketmaker, a friend of his, came to settle in the neighbourhood, and Bernard was soon able to exhibit a straw-basket, his own handiwork. Florence was delighted. No more gambling, no more visits to the tavern, no more lounging and losing of time. Even Rose at last, seeing every one occupied, got tired of having no object; and one fine day she came with a petition to Florence to teach her to read. This was a great and unexpected conquest.

M. Duhamel was not slow in perceiving the reform in his household. When he came into the garden with his children, he was glad to praise the labours of Ambrose, and to question him about the culture of particular plants. Ambrose shewed both intelligence and considerable knowledge in his answers. Once M. Duhamel began grafting a tree under the direction of Ambrose, and he was not a little proud of being thus a more learned man, on at least one point, than his master.

But we must return to the special duties to which Florence devoted herself. She began as lady's-maid, and for some time had little to do with the children, further than being a companion to the elder. An incident occurred which tended materially to alter her position.

Eugene, less studious than his sister, was at times a cause of great uneasiness to his father. He was very inattentive at his lessons; he was quite tired of studying by himself, and wished for some companion with whom he might talk of the Cæsars of Rome and the gods of Greece. Above all, he utterly disliked learning languages—he saw no use in it; and it was only at the positive command of his father that he ever took a lesson. His absurd reasoning on this point, and his indolence, led to irritation in his father, the expression of which did but increase the boy's distaste to study. All this was great grief to Madame Duhamel. 'His father and I wish him to learn Latin, and German, and English. No man can be a gentleman, or rise to distinction in France, without these languages.' This she said one day in Florence's hearing.

'Pardon, madame,' modestly observed Florence; 'if you like, I shall try to teach Eugene German; for I speak that language the same as French; it is the language of my father.'

Madame Duhamel was delighted. 'By all means, good Florence, begin to teach Eugene German; speak to him as much as possible in that tongue.'

Here, by an accident—and is human life not full of such accidents?—Florence again found herself in a position to be useful. And never did poor girl exert herself with more patience or more ingenuity. Eugene was one of those brisk boys who would not settle to regular study. Florence, therefore, did not at first trouble him with books; she told him stories, excited his imagination, and gradually inspired him with a taste for learning. Constantly speaking to him

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in German, he soon learned that language, scarcely knowing how; and, delighted with his new accomplishment, he fell to other languages with avidity.

V.

The Duhamels could not remain unconscious of the great service which Florence had done them; and for this, we are glad to say, they were not ungrateful. Florence was no longer treated as the humble attendant. She had shewn herself to be fit for being a permanent companion and governess of the children; and to this honourable post she was accordingly promoted. In this new capacity, Florence had many opportunities of improvement; and these, with her usual good sense, she did not let slip. She acquired a moderate proficiency in music; and, from being present at the lessons of the English master, she learned to speak and read English—an accomplishment valuable for its rarity among French nursery governesses.

Step by step as Florence rose in the esteem of her employers, receiving from them at the same time solid tokens of their approbation, so was she the more able to shew kindness to her parents, with whom she constantly corresponded. 'How happy, my dear child, are we to hear of your advancement,' wrote old Hans to her; 'and how still more happy to know that your heart is uncontaminated with the frivolities which beset you. Go on in the path of duty. Put your trust in God, and he will continue to bless you.'

It would be a long story to tell how Florence rose in the world. There was nothing startling or surprising in any of her movements, taking them singly. And it is pretty much the same with every one in like circumstances, and with similar aims. One thing leads to another very tranquilly and naturally.

'Mademoiselle Keller,' said Madame Duhamel one day—for Florence had now got the length of *mademoiselle* or miss—'would you like to go to Angletterre?'

The idea of going to England almost ~~took away~~ Florence's breath.

'Yes, madame: but ~~no~~—my father and mother; what would come of them? Ah! I cannot leave my father and mother; they have nobody in the world but me.'

'True; but you need not do the less for your parents by being in England; you may indeed do a great deal more. Listen. M. Tremonille is appointed to fill a high official situation in connection with the embassy to the British court. His family, who are young, and go with him, require a governess who speaks English. Madame Tremonille has just been writing a note to me on the subject. If you like, I shall recommend you.'

Florence's bursting heart and panting bosom could not for a

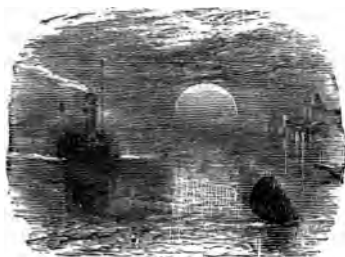
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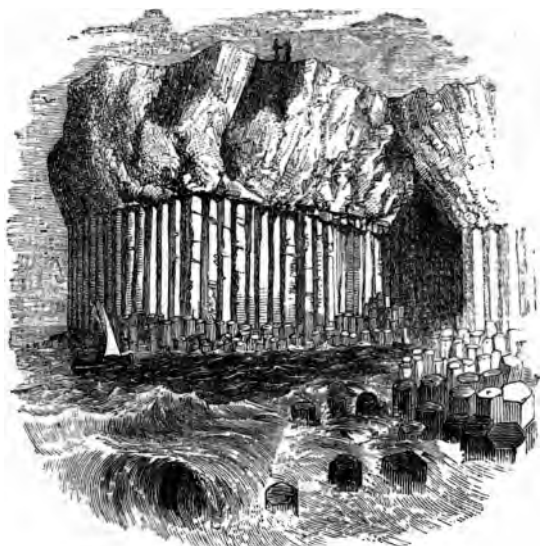
moment permit her to speak her thanks. She was overwhelmed with the magnificence of the offer, and the prospects it opened up; and when she was able to speak, it was to pour out her gratitude, and state her fears of not being competent for the duties of this new and brilliant situation.

Madame Duhamel, however, allayed these feelings, and interested herself so effectually, that Florence was accepted by Madame Tremonille.

In a short time Florence left France with the Tremonilles; and London, like a new world, burst on her senses.

Kind reader, you will not be able to guess where and who Florence now is; and I fear I must not satisfy your very reasonable curiosity. The once poor girl of Nancy, by the force of her simple yet energetic character, rose to be the wife of a learned professor in one of our northern universities; and no lady is more esteemed or admired in the circle in which she has been received. Her parents, I believe, are still living in France, supported in comfort by her munificence; and old Hans is repeatedly heard to say, that although all cannot rise in the world as his dear Florence has done, it may be generally observed that those who *aim well end well*.





Fingal's Cave, Staffa.

A LORD PROVOST'S HOLIDAY.*

CHAPTER I.

IN amusing peculiarity in the office of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh is the obligation of being a member of so many public bodies, that he would frequently have to give his presence at five or six places at precisely the same hour—a thing not easily done, even with the aid of a carriage and pair of horses. In circumstances of this perplexing nature, his Lordship usually compounds with his conscience—sometimes preferring one Board, and sometimes another, with perhaps a kind of leaning to some one in particular. In occupying the onerous position here referred to, if I have had any preference at all, it has been for the Commission of Northern Lights, a body invested with the duty of managing all the light-houses on the sea-coast of Scotland and Isle of Man, now amounting to nearly sixty in number (to say nothing of buoys and beacons), and involving an expenditure of eight-and-twenty thousand pounds per annum.

This Northern Commission may be accepted as a fair specimen

• Written in 1866.

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of that little understood state of affairs in which many people, for the honour of the thing, give their time and trouble for nothing—certainly nothing in the way of cash. A story is told of Joseph Hume having, in his virtuous indignation in parliament, described the Commission of northern luminaries as being a regular and costly job, when he was set right by the Lord Advocate of the day, who stated that the whole remuneration derived by the Commissioners for their trouble consisted in a dinner once a year—whereupon Joseph, in a state of munificent repentance, declared that they should in future have two dinners instead of one! These two dinners are now, accordingly, a settled institution in Edinburgh, the head-quarters of the Commission; and, from experience, I am able to confess that the institution is conducted in no niggard fashion. Supposing the story to be correct, the Lord Advocate might have added in explanation, that a dozen or so of the Commissioners are indulged with an excursion, free of expense, annually in the *Pharos*, a powerful and commodious paddle-steamer belonging to the board, which is employed in carrying stores to, and in making periodical inspections of, the several light-houses.

Who is to go in the *Pharos* is sometimes a matter of delicate consideration. The Commissioners consist of certain crown-officers, and sheriffs of maritime counties, along with some provost and bailies; and at a meeting for the purpose, the selection is properly adjusted, not a little depending on the wish of the parties, for what some may consider to be a privilege, others view as a positively irksome or impracticable duty. In the present year I was honoured by being named one of the excursionists; and not disinclined to a little airy variety in the routine of public business, I ventured on giving my assent. The only real pinch was how to get away. The *Pharos* was to depart for its voyage on the west coast on the 23d of July, but owing to certain civic matters of pressing concern, I could not leave for some days later; by these means, I lost the Clyde, Galloway, and Isle of Man part of the excursion, and had to be taken up in the harbour of Belfast, where the *Pharos* was appointed to lie tranquilly during Sunday the 29th.

Appropos of the Isle of Man—what has it to do with the Northern Commission? Thereby hangs a tale. Light-houses, as is very reasonable, are supported from the proceeds of statutory dues payable by the ships which are presumed to benefit by them—outgoing foreign vessels paying the dues on starting, and vessels entering port paying on arrival—the whole managed in a neat way by the officers of customs. In old times—say fifty years ago—the Isle of Man had its own system of lights, which were so bad as to be complained of by the Liverpool traders; and it became obvious that these lights should pass under the authority of one of the three boards of the United Kingdom—the Trinity House of England, the Ballast Board of Ireland, or the Northern Lights of Scotland. The method

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adopted for settling the question was exceedingly rational; it was to ask what each Board would take to light the Isle of Man, and adopt that which was cheapest. The Trinity offered to maintain the lights for twopence per ton on all vessels that passed; while the Northern Commission declared its readiness to accept the very small sum of a farthing per ton. This was in 1815, since which time the Isle of Man, in the matter of light-houses, has been connected with Scotland. The farthing per ton was a shrewd conception. So large is the number of vessels passing the Isle of Man, that this forms the best-paying branch of revenue of the Northern Lights.

Reaching Belfast (by way of Greenock) early on the morning of Saturday 28th, and hospitably entertained and escorted about by one of the esteemed citizens, I had an opportunity of visiting the more remarkable places in the town and neighbourhood, and learning some particulars worthy of note. As it was twenty years since I had seen Belfast, I was not prepared for its vast extension and numerous street improvements, or for learning that the annual income of its harbour has risen, since 1848, from £23,000 to £52,000—looking to which notable circumstances, one is inclined to feel somewhat incredulous on the score of alleged Irish poverty. Belfast, at all events, possesses one unmistakable evidence of social advancement—a fetid river and harbour; so loathsome and insalubrious were its waters, that the *Pharos* could not make out the entire Sunday at its handsome quay; and, receiving me on board, dropped down for the night to the open sea adjoining Carrickfergus.

Skirting along the north of Ireland, and then shooting across to the southern points of the Hebrides, I enjoyed my first day at sea. In passing, we took a look of the Giants' Causeway, which all on board pronounced to be a poor affair in comparison to Staffa. At the Rhins of Islay began that systematic visitation of Scottish light-houses which was pursued for the next fourteen days, among the outer and inner islands, and along the coast of the mainland as far as Cape Wrath; from which limit the vessel retraced its course southwards to Oban, leaving the east coast, and Orkney and Shetland Islands, for next season.

With the drawback of generally dull and moist weather, suggestive of an improvement of Scott's well-known lines:

'O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Wet-nurse for a poetic child'—

and occasionally tossed about in a rather uncereemonious way, life glided on pleasantly in the *Pharos*; there being in it that nice blending of duty with amusement, good living, and leisurely converse, which constitutes an enviable mode of existence—at anyrate, I do not know of anything better in this world of ours. Five sheriffs, the provost of Inverness, the senior bailie of Glasgow, the secretary,

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and myself, made up the party—a joyous set of mortals, who, with one or two exceptions, scorned to be sea-sick, in nearly all weathers played at shovel-board on deck, and quite as regularly made their appearance at meals as they took to the boat to visit the several light-houses.

It is customary in these excursions by the *Pharos*, for one to be chosen 'commodore' who has the high function of presiding at table, regulating the routes as well as general procedure, and of deciding what shall be the daily bill of fare—in which last capacity he has frequent serious communings with the cook. Our commodore on this occasion was the Sheriff of Forfarshire, who happily tempered power with discretion, kept all in good-humour, and deservedly received a vote of thanks for his services, not the least of which consisted in keeping a capital cuisine. Breakfast at 9 (a Scotch breakfast), lunch at 1, dinner at 6 (full dress), tea at 8, and anything you like at 9; all in bed by a little after 10. Such was the usual routine in the alimentary department—any modification in the fare, considering the amount of fresh air and hard work encountered, being quite out of the question. It added not a little to the comfort of the party, that the ship anchored in a quiet bay every evening about dinner-time—that, in my opinion, contributing materially to digestion—and did not start on a fresh cruise till 7 next morning, which allowed a walk of a couple of hours on deck, to promote a relish for the kipper, the fresh herrings, and the other edibles which at 9 garnished the table of the saloon.

I have never lived for a time on board any vessel so entirely satisfactory as the *Pharos*. With the exact discipline, promptitude, and courtesy observable in war-ships, it offered the comforts of a well-regulated home—the alimentary arrangements above hinted at; a library, if you wished to indulge in reading; and a snug little room on deck, provided with telescopes, charts, and maps, where one might lounge at ease, and be ready to turn out in a moment with field-glass in hand, to scrutinise the wildly picturesque shores of the Hebridean Archipelago.

There was always some little bustle and fun, along with a becoming air of business, on landing. The stoppage and anchoring of the vessel about a quarter of a mile from the shore, the lowering of a boat, into which the party trooped in walking trim, and the serving out of capacious and well-kept sea-cloaks, as a shelter from the spray while darting over the waves, formed the ordinary routine of disembarkation. One thing was never missed—the landing of 'Milo.' All who have sailed in the *Pharos* have made the acquaintance of Milo, a middle-aged brown water-spaniel, somewhat lazy from not having much to do, but solemn in character, and to all appearance impressed with the conviction that he is an essential member of the crew. Milo always makes a point of going on shore with the Commissioners, in order to have a ramble about, while they

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are engaged in their grave official investigations. When the landing is at a precipitous quay, up which you have to climb by a fixed iron ladder, poor Milo is somewhat nonplussed; but the difficulty is got over by his being placed on the back of one of the sailors, whom he grasps round the neck with his forepaws, carried in which fashion up the steep ladder, he is set down in safety; and by the same pleasant process of locomotion, he returns to the boat, after enjoying his scamper over the scanty herbage which clothes the rocky promontories.

In these landings, there was considerable uniformity. For the most part, the light-houses are placed on bold headlands, at a distance varying from a hundred yards to a mile and a half from the landing-place. Each establishment consists not only of a tall stone tower, with its lofty lighting apparatus, but of a cluster of neat dwellings for the keepers, to which, in all cases, there is convenient access from the shore by a road made at the expense of the Commission. The making of these roads forms, in some instances, a heavy item of outlay, but is indispensable for the construction of the works, and afterwards for facilitating the regular and safe transmission of stores. Reaching the spot, and throwing aside walking-sticks and loose upper-coats, the Commissioners mount in the first place by winding stairs and ladders to the summit of the tower; there they sagaciously examine the bright burnished lamps, lenses, and reflectors—some, perhaps, by dint of repeated investigation, acquiring for the first time an intelligent idea of the difference between the two great modern systems of lighting—the catoptric and dioptric. All, at least, are struck with the singular beauty and ingenuity of the works, and of their great value as regards averting shipwreck and the saving of human life. Noble outposts of humanity and civilisation are these gigantic structures! Would not any one be proud to take part in their organisation and maintenance!

Large lenses and prisms of different shapes for concentrating and sending forth the rays of light from effulgent oil-lamps, constitute a leading feature in the apparatus. Formerly, Great Britain could not produce these lenses in perfection, owing to the obstruction to experiment caused by the glass-duties, and our light-houses were therefore supplied with the needful apparatus by France. Now, the works are of home manufacture, glass, lamps, reflectors, and everything—Chance of Birmingham for lenses, and Milne of Edinburgh for brass and lamp work, being the main producers; the cost of a fully-equipped apparatus is from £800 to £3000, according to the class and character of the light. The outlay in building a light-house varies, according to dimensions and other circumstances, from £4500 to six times that amount; but sometimes the cost is considerably higher. Something, I learn, in the way of sufficiency, depends on the spirit which happens to influence the

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Trinity House of England and Board of Trade, which, by statute, exercise a certain control over the operations of the Northern Commission—the Trinity as regards sites and projects, the Board of Trade as regards plans, revenue, and expenditure. It was not always so; some appear to think that under the new régime the spirit of economy has weighed a little too heavily on the construction and general character of the light-houses lately erected on the dangerous sea-shores of Scotland. A pretty bold attempt was made about sixteen years ago to abolish the Scottish and Irish Boards, and concentrate the entire management in the Trinity House. A recommendation to this effect came, as I think, with a peculiarly bad grace from the Royal Commission employed to look into these affairs; for in drawing a comparison, it had to acknowledge that the 'Scotch light-houses are in the best state of general efficiency, the English next, and the Irish third.' The Northern Commission was accordingly let alone, and continues as effective as ever, under the administration of a vigilant secretary and the body of unpaid officials, who seem to take a surprising degree of interest in its operations. Something of its success is doubtless also due to the Stevensons, a well-known family of engineers, who have done great things for Scottish and colonial light-houses. The late Robert Stevenson, the father, was the eminent constructor of the light-house on the Bell-Rock; and for the Skerryvore we are indebted to his elder son, Alan, recently deceased.

Were I giving a formal history of light-houses, I should specify a number of things which characterise the Scotch establishments, and have led to the foregoing testimony of their marked superiority. I will refer only to what no one can avoid noticing—the respectable appearance of the keepers and their families, the large number of children, the neatness and substantiality of the dwellings, and the air of comfort which universally prevails. One would almost think that a blessing was showered upon the fraternity, in compensation for the exile which all less or more necessarily experience. But it is to be kept in mind that the 'service' is somewhat enviable, and commands a superior class of officers. To the excellent pay of from fifty to seventy guineas a year, are added a uniform, a free furnished house, coal and candle, a garden and a cow's grass if it can be obtained, books and periodicals—changed about for mutual convenience—medical attendance, and lastly, the visits of a missionary, who acts also as schoolmaster during the period of his stay at any station.

When the keepers have to do duty in those light-houses which stand on isolated rocks in the ocean, and must for weeks be absent from their homes, they are, over and above all these various advantages, provided with rations. The Board furnishes the houses of the keepers in every particular, and by means of regular inspectors, preserves the whole in good order. It could not well be

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otherwise. Like soldiers on duty, keepers are moved about from place to place, according to promotion in the service, health, wish for change, and other causes : and when ordered off to some new scene, the family has only to carry away its personal luggage, with perhaps a few fancy articles, such as a favourite canary in a well-wrapped-up cage, a geranium in flower, or a stuffed solan goose, prized as a chimney-piece ornament. Quitting one home, it may be in a wild islet of Shetland, and reaching another possibly on the more genial shores of Mull, the wanderers find it a facsimile of that which they have left—the very eight-day clock, in its burnished mahogany case, that confronts them as they enter the new mansion, presenting, as it were, the face of a well-known friend, and in familiar sounds ticking an accustomed welcome.

Social economists speculate on plans for making life-assurance a matter of compulsion. This is done by the Northern Lights in a way worth describing. From the annual salary of each man who enters the service, the sum of £3 is deducted, and laid out in insuring his life. The insurance is taken in the name of the Commissioners, who, on the decease of the assured, draw and pay the amount to his family. According to the age at commencement, the sum ultimately realised ranges from £100 to £130, and comes as an acceptable boon to the bereaved widow and children. The good effected by this arrangement is incalculable. There are likewise retiring allowances for superannuated and well-behaved officers.

Comparative seclusion, remoteness from friends, at most only one or two neighbours with whom to hold rational converse : Are not these terrible drawbacks on the current sources of happiness of these light-house keepers? Not at all. Instances are not unknown of individuals sinking under the quietude and sameness of their mode of life ; but these are exceptions. As a general rule, the keepers and their families are a happy set of people, well read as to what is going on in the world, and accustomed to make the best of opportunities for bettering their circumstances. The periodical visits of inspectors, and of the *Pharos* or some other vessel with stores, are events of moment. But the greatest event of all during the year is the arrival of the Commissioners, when the flag is hoisted in their honour, and requests are entered in the note-book of the secretary. Some keepers solace their spare hours with handicrafts. One is a good tinsmith ; another amuses himself with a turning-lath and carpenter's bench ; and I heard of a third who is noted among the islands as an excellent bootmaker. Setting aside all such useful recreations to fill up the time, let us again remember that these light-house keepers belong to a class of society who value the importance of an assured income, along with the other substantial benefits and social elevation of the service, above mere sentiment. Neither man nor woman whom I talked to complained of loneliness. No ; it was not there that the shoe pinched. Revealing, as I

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thought, a fine trait in the Scottish character, that which only and really detracted from the happiness of the situation, was the difficulty—often the entire impracticability—of getting proper schooling for the children. 'I have not been at church for four years, and scarcely expect to be ever at one again,' said the wife of a keeper. Another whom I spoke to, gets to church twice a year in a boat, the voyage thither being fourteen miles, along a rugged coast full of sunk rocks. However, the desire to do a duty to offspring goes beyond any such consideration. The want of schools is the subject of constant lament: for without education, how are the children to get on in life? As a make-shift, sometimes an elder girl teaches the younger, or the parents themselves try to take the matter in hand, while the missionary also, as above mentioned, helps in the business of elementary instruction.

I inquired if there was much intercourse between the keepers and the widely scattered families of the Gaelic-speaking natives. Very little, was the reply. As a rule, the Board find it necessary to discourage the visits of these poor people to their establishments, on account of personal habits which are adverse to the scrupulous cleanliness insisted on in the dwellings. Those who are acquainted with the miserable condition of the natives of the more remote Western Islands, will not be surprised at this species of exclusiveness. Wherever placed, the cluster of buildings composing the establishment, with their whitewashed walls, form a kind of oasis in the desert—a bit of civilisation planted and flourishing in the midst of scenes of savage sterility and human degradation.

Mention of these circumstances reminds me that the service has two prizes, to which all keepers with ambitious views properly aspire. These are appointments to the Bell-Rock and Skerryvore, in both of which the keepers reside for weeks in the midst of the ever-surging waves, and only enjoy the society of their families at stated intervals. How do we explain the paradox? Simply enough; higher pay, rations, and chiefly, convenient schooling for children. The Bell-Rock, with a family residence at Arbroath, where schools abound, and employment for children is obtained, was on all hands referred to as the *ne plus ultra* of light-house appointments—a thing sighed for, but not easily obtained, and when quitted, looked back upon as a kind of 'Paradise Lost.'

And now, let us be off for Skerryvore, which some people think, myself for one, is worth travelling a thousand miles to see; but the voyage must be left to another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Yes—off for the Skerryvore, but only after the essential preliminary of spending a day at Oban in coaling. Oban, which may be taken

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to be a kind of metropolis of the Hebrides, is the place set apart for this important particular, and thither the *Pharos* wended its way from Islay and the Sound of Jura. All who are acquainted with the beautiful land-locked bay of Oban, will recollect seeing a strange black hulk composedly anchored near the island of Kerrera, opposite the town, and perhaps they may have wondered why that old and mastless vessel should not be removed and broken up as a useless speck on the scene. That dark mass, however, is not useless, nor is it without a history. It is what remains of the *Enterprise*, a strong-built wooden vessel, which took part in the ill-fated explorations of Sir John Franklin, and which, placed at the disposal of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, is employed by them as a repository for coal and miscellaneous stores. Nor is the mass dull and lifeless. It is inhabited by a keeper and his family, who, as things go, find themselves tolerably well off. The hulk, as a western *dépôt*, is often visited for light-house purposes; the children of the keeper are rowed daily ashore to a school at Kerrera; and if the little dog which feels itself to be installed as a guardian of the old battered craft does not often get across the bay to Oban, it can at least reckon on now and then renewing acquaintance with Milo, when the *Pharos* steers alongside, and a broad gangway for wheel-barrows is temporarily established between the two vessels.

There was a day of this gangway intercommunication, during which loads of coal were wheeled by a band of grimy Calibans from the *Enterprise* to the *Pharos*, and the two dogs paid accustomed visits to each other, and in their own way talked over matters of canine interest. The Commissioners, in the meanwhile thrown off work, went on shore at Oban to look after letters and newspapers, and a number of them, by way of filling up the time, set off on a sauntering pedestrian excursion to Dunstaffnage; but I believe they never reached that historical ruin, for all were anxious to return to the ship in good time for the raising of the anchor, it having been determined that as soon as the coaling was over, the ship should make the best of its way for Tobermory in Mull for the night. With all on board, six o'clock saw the *Pharos* once more pursuing its way among the islands.

Early next morning, we were *en route* round the northern extremity of Mull, and with a slight bend southwards to have a glimpse of Staffa, the vessel held on almost straight west to Tyree, a long unpicturesque island, generally low and grassy, with a high rocky extremity presented to the full sweep of the Atlantic. In a small cove near this headland is the harbour of Hynish, at which, while the *Pharos* remains discreetly in the offing, we land to make our inquiries. Milo, of course, is not forgot; on the back of a sailor, who climbs up the ladder at the pier, he is placed amongst us on solid ground, and makes off over the adjoining knolls. The inner part of the small harbour consists of a wet-dock sufficient for the sailing schooner

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of fifty or sixty tons burden, which is employed in communicating with the Skerryvore light-house, eleven to twelve miles distant.

Hynish, altogether, is but an adjunct of Skerryvore. In the olden time, it may have been a clachan of the Highland type, but now it is nothing more than a settlement of families less or more under the auspices of the Commissioners of Northern Lights ; and only after a little scrutiny do we see, on some distant braes, several poor-looking thatched huts spared from inevitable clearance. Like all the establishments for the residence of light-house keepers, that at Hynish is of a most substantial kind ; it embraces residences for the families of four keepers, along with dwellings for the men who attend to the small sailing tender, and one or two houses for stores—a community larger than usual, and better off than that of most other places as regards a tolerably near neighbourhood to a church and school, and also medical attendance. Though fertile and mild in climate, Tyree seems to be destitute of trees. The Atlantic blasts would probably prevent their growth, but certainly they offer no check to the vegetables and flowering shrubs with which the walled gardens of the keepers are plentifully stocked.

Behind the settlement, on a conspicuous knoll overlooking the sea on the west, stands a tower of observation for holding intercourse by signal with the lone dwellers on the rock. In the upper floor of the building is placed a large telescope, pointed in the direction of Skerryvore, which some of our party declared they could see like a speck on the dim misty horizon ; but this feat was beyond my power of vision. I could see nothing but the great broad ocean, with its long swelling waves, and the sea-birds which wheeled in graceful motion over the coast of the island. Little time was spent in these and other investigations. It was of the utmost importance to reach Skerryvore at low tide, in order to have the best chance of effecting a landing ; the weather, though dull, was also still favourable, but both barometer and sympisometer hinted that there should be no undue delay in taking our departure. Off, accordingly, we went, the whole male population respectfully attending on the quay, and watching till the boat had placed us on board the *Pharos*, which instantly steamed away in the required south-western direction.

Of course, all were anxious to catch the first glimpse of Skerryvore, and in spite of cold and damp, took up positions on the bridge of the steamer, in company with Captain Graham, the commander, who directed attention to the point where the tall structure would be seen emerging from the bosom of the deep. And there, sure enough, at length it made its appearance, looming dimly through the dull haze, solitary amidst the world of waters. As the vessel approached this extraordinary work of art, the feeling of those who had not previously seen it was one of intense pleasure and satisfaction. There are sights of such impressive grandeur as cannot be forgotten, and the recollection of which forms one of the charms of existence.

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Among these I have reckoned the falls of Niagara, the ruins of the Colosseum, and interior of St Peter's, and now am able to add the Skerryvore light-house. Its isolation is paralleled at the Bell-Rock and Eddystone, and one or two other places. So far, there is nothing singular. What enchains the mind of the spectator is the remarkable dimensions and matchless beauty of design of the Skerryvore—its elegant curving taper, from the broad and firm base to the summit, and its great height of a hundred and fifty feet to the top of the lantern, which is double the altitude of the Eddystone, and a third higher than the Bell-Rock. There is however, more to surprise us in the perfection with which the whole is finished, as well as in the depth of thought required in its execution. I believe there is only one loftier light-house in the world. This is the *Tour de Corduan*, situated on a reef of rock at the mouth of the river Garonne, which is a pile rich in architectural details, rising tier above tier to a height of a hundred and ninety-seven feet. Perhaps, after all, the true explanation of the overpowering effect in the Skerryvore is derived from the exceeding simplicity of the structure; for it seems to combine what mechanical science signifies to be the strongest in material, form, and construction, along with what æsthetics would say is most thoroughly simple and tasteful. But it is only on close examination that we learn fully to appreciate the genius of the constructor.

The *Pharos* having dropped anchor, the party, by means of two boats, were rowed to a narrow inlet or gully in the straggling heap of rocks, which at the low state of the tide shewed a variety of protuberances, on the highest and broadest of which the light-house was planted. Our appearance had brought out the three keepers in their uniforms, and, ready to lend assistance, they helped us to step ashore without difficulty. A pathway of ribbed iron, riveted to the rock, and painted red, enabled us at once to walk forward to the foot of the tower under the doorway, which faces the east. Here, looking around, there was apparently at least an acre of rocks in detached masses visible above the water, with a limited smooth space for walking about on all sides of the building. Dry, and free from marine plants, the higher part of the ledge was at the time about fifteen to eighteen feet above the sea-level; and I learned that except during heavy storms, the rock adjoining the light-house, and certain out-lying patches, are never entirely covered. The whole of the ledge, consisting chiefly of a kind of gneiss ploughed into gullies, in which boulders are kept ever rolling about, is but a portion of a long stretch of hard rocks here and there shewing their dangerous presence by the lashing and fretting of the sea, and on which wrecks were of frequent occurrence previous to the completion of the light-house.

As early as 1804, Mr Robert Stevenson paid a visit to the Skerryvore reef, the terror of homeward-bound mariners, and again he made a more special investigation of the rock in 1814, in company

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with a party of Northern Commissioners on their annual tour of inspection. On this occasion Walter Scott accompanied the Commissioners in their sailing yacht, and, in his own easy and humorous way, has given the following account of the visit in his diary :

‘Having crept upon deck about four in the morning, I find we are beating to windward off the island of Tyree, with the determination on the part of Mr Stevenson that his constituents should visit a reef of rocks called *Skerry Vhor*, where he thought it would be essential to have a light-house. Loud remonstrances on the part of the Commissioners, who one and all declare they will subscribe to his opinion, whatever it may be, rather than continue the infernal buffeting. Quiet perseverance on the part of Mr S., and great kicking, bouncing, and squabbling upon that of the yacht, who seems to like the idea of *Skerry Vhor* as little as the Commissioners. At length, by dint of exertion, came in sight of this long ridge of rocks (chiefly under water), on which the tide breaks in tremendous style. There appear a few low broad rocks at one end of the reef, which is about a mile in length. These are never entirely under water, though the surf dashes over them. To go through all the forms, Hamilton, Duff, and I resolve to land upon these bare rocks in company with Mr Stevenson. Pull through a very heavy swell with great difficulty, and approach a tremendous surf dashing over black pointed rocks. Our rowers, however, get the boat into a quiet creek between two rocks, where we contrive to land well wetted. I saw nothing remarkable in my way excepting several seals, which we might have shot, but, in the doubtful circumstances of the landing, we did not care to bring guns. We took possession of the rock in the name of the Commissioners, and generously bestowed our own great names on its crags and creeks. The rock was carefully measured by Mr S. It will be a most desolate position for a light-house—the Bell-Rock and Eddy-stone a joke to it, for the nearest land is the wild island of Tyree. So much for the *Skerry Vhor*.’

Twenty years elapsed after this memorable visit before the Commissioners ordered surveys and plans ; and not until 1838 were operations for the establishment of a light-house commenced by Mr Alan Stevenson, to whom is due the glory of planning and perfecting the undertaking. The works were carried on at three places—at Mull, where the stone, a pale reddish granite, was quarried ; at Hynish, where all the slabs were shaped and arranged to fit their respective positions ; and finally, on the rock. It is scarcely possible to imagine the amount of anxiety and bodily toil endured by the constructor in these varied proceedings. One of the lively episodes in the history of the building was the destruction, by a storm, of a temporary wooden barrack planted on the rock for the use of the operatives. Only by an indomitable degree of courage was the light-house at length completed, after six years of exertion. It says not a little for Mr Stevenson's nicety of calculation, that although the stones had to

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be prepared at Hynish, they did not, on being set in their several courses, vary the sixteenth of an inch, while the building did not exceed half an inch in height over the intended dimension. Nor is it a matter less worthy of note, that throughout the whole of the hazardous undertaking not a single life was lost by accident.

On the 1st of February 1844, the Skerryvore light for the first time sent its brilliant rays over the surrounding seas, and human skill may be said to have achieved a new triumph. What was the entire cost of this wonderful work of art, including the establishment and harbour at Hynish? It was £83,000—not a great sum, all things considered. It is a circumstance to be gratefully borne in mind, that the late Duke of Argyll permitted the stone to be taken free of charge from his quarries. A very few figures give one a notion of the ponderous character of the light-house. With a foundation sunk fifteen inches in the rock, the base of the edifice is forty-two feet in diameter, and is solid for the first twenty-six feet—to which point the mass of masonry weighs two thousand tons. Above this level, the walls are fully nine and a half feet thick, gradually reduced to two feet, and leaving an interior space of twelve feet in diameter. By an adjustment of weight in reference to the height of the building, the centre of gravity is kept comparatively low; and with the additional means which are employed to joint and cement the stones firmly in connection with each other, the whole becomes a species of monolith, which, seemingly, not all the pressure of the sea in its wildest mood is able to disturb.

Let us ascend to the interior. Climbing hand-over-hand up a weather-stained brass ladder attached to the side of the tower, we one by one reach the doorway in the enormously thick wall, and find ourselves in what may be styled the ground-floor of the building. Stone is above, below, and around us, for neither deal flooring nor ceiling enters into the composition. A step-ladder, bent to the interior curve, enables us, by clutching to a brass rail, to reach the next story above; and so on through ten stories we reach the top. In the construction of the stone floor of each story in succession there is much to admire. It consists of an arch, but not of the ordinary kind. From the walls around flat stones are projected and jointed into one central stone, the whole forming a compact mass, level on the top for the floor, and slightly curved on the under side for the ceiling of the story below. These flat stone arches, in which gaps are left for the ladders, are probably of value as regards strengthening the general fabric. The lower stories are used for stores of coal, fresh-water, provisions, and other articles. In one of them were a carpenter's bench and tools. Above are the sitting and sleeping rooms lighted by windows, and fitted up with furnishings of oak. Everything was comfortable and even tasteful; but not more so than was proper for the residence of three men cut off for weeks from intercourse with the outer world. On a window-sole

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stood a geranium in flower, doubtless an importation from the gardens at Hynish. The highest floor of all, as in the other light-houses under the Commissioners, is provided with a table and chair, with writing materials, along with a book for inscribing the names of visitors; we also find a shelf with books and periodicals to wile away the hours during watch, and a framed list of the exact time for lighting up and extinguishing the lamp daily over the whole year. On this last-mentioned particular, the system prevalent at the Scottish light-houses deserves special notice. Instead of lighting up at sunset, and extinguishing at sunrise, as is the practice, I believe, in England and elsewhere, the plan consists in making allowance for the long periods of twilight in northern latitudes, more especially in the summer months, when, although the sun is below the horizon, there is in reality good daylight. Tables are calculated accordingly, from actual observation in the different localities. By adopting this plan of lighting, the Northern Commissioners effect a saving in oil of not less than £1600 a year.

Here, as elsewhere, the arrangement for the keepers is to watch four hours alternately, and on no account whatever is one to leave until another takes his place. The watcher can readily communicate with the apartment of the sleeper who is to succeed, by blowing through a small tube in the wall, which produces the sound of a bell. Sitting on duty in this upper apartment, the keeper has overhead the great blaze of light effected by the central lamp, which, according to the dioptric method, shines through annular lenses; beside him, in the centre of the apartment, is the mechanism, in the form of clock-work, by which the frame of lenses revolves, and causes an alteration of darkness and a bright blaze of light every minute. By a narrow ladder we ascended to the iron gangway around the apparatus of lenses, and had the process of lighting explained. The light, when at the moment of greatest brilliance, can be seen at a distance of eighteen miles on the sea-level. Its appearance is a warning to avoid the foul ground in the neighbourhood, of which Admiralty charts give the fullest intimation. From the floor occupied by the man on duty, there is an outlet by a door to the exterior balcony, on which is placed a bell to be struck as a fog-signal. We examined the bell. By an adaptation of the clock-work, it can be made to sound at regular intervals, but it is doubtful if these signals of danger can be heard at any great distance. My own experience of a fog, on one occasion in crossing the Channel to Calais, where a bell was kept tolling, leads to the supposition that bells can be heard but a short way off during a thick palpable fog, and are of little practical avail.

As the weather had partially cleared, we had a pretty extensive view over the waste of waters from the balcony. The only visible land was that of Tyree at Hynish, with its signal-tower. I was interested in knowing the method of intercourse by signals. Every

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morning between nine and ten o'clock, a ball is to be hoisted at the light-house to signify that all is well at the Skerryvore. Should this signal fail to be given, a ball is raised at Hynish to inquire if anything is wrong. Should no reply be made by the hoisting of the ball, the schooner, hurried from its wet-dock, is put to sea, and steers for the light-house. Three men are constantly on the rock, where each remains six weeks, and then has a fortnight on shore; the shift, which is made at low water of spring tides, occurs for each in succession, and is managed without difficulty by means of the fourth or spare keeper at Hynish, who takes his regular turn of duty. According to these arrangements, the keepers of the Skerryvore are about nine months on the rock, and about three months with their families every year. But this regularity may be deranged by the weather. One of the keepers told me that last winter he was confined to the rock for thirteen weeks, in consequence of the troubled state of the sea preventing personal communication with the shore. I inquired how high the waves washed up the sides of the tower during the most severe storms, and was told that they sometimes rose as high as the first window, or about sixty feet above the level of the rocks; yet, that even in these frightful tumults of winds and waves, the building never shook, and no apprehension of danger was entertained.

When the weather is fine, the keepers are not by any means confined to the building. They may straggle about among the gullies, enjoy the fresh air, and amuse themselves by angling for the smaller kinds of white-fish; any catch of this sort imparting a little relish to the monotony of the daily fare. The visits of seals, which are occasionally seen frisking in the surf, also furnish some amusement, and one can fancy that, to a student of natural history, life at the Skerryvore might furnish some useful memoranda. The keepers, as previously mentioned, do not complain of solitude; the obligations of professional duty, and the periodical return to their families at Hynish, where in fine weather they occupy themselves with their gardens, help materially to banish the sense of loneliness. Besides, as we observed from the visitors' book, yachting-parties sometimes land on the rock, and ascend to the top of the light-house, perhaps leaving behind them the acceptable gift of a few newspapers, to shew what is going on in the outer world. The Commissioners do not object to the visits of respectable parties to this or any other light-house under their charge, for they believe that such visits, when properly conducted, may be in various ways beneficial.

We spent an hour on the rock: more time could have been agreeably occupied, but the Commissioners of Northern Lights act as men of business, and have little to charge themselves with in the way of procrastination. There was other work to be done before night. We had to reach a bay behind Barra-Head, the bold

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southern promontory of that long series of islands and rocks which stretch northwards and terminate in the Butt of Lewis. The *Pharos*, with all safely on board, is therefore to be supposed once more pushing onward in its course. My last look of this giant of the ocean embraced the three keepers standing at gaze on an elevated peak of the rock, but the rising mist and increasing distance soon shut them from our view ; and Skerryvore remained only as one of the pleasing remembrances of my excursion.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving Skerryvore wrapped in the rising mists, the *Pharos* went merrily on its way in a north-westerly direction for Barra-Head, on the small island of Bernera, which may, from its great height, in clear weather be seen from a considerable distance. In present circumstances, it did not become visible till we were within ten miles of its light-house, situated on the summit of the precipitous crag. The value of the Barra-Head light can be easily conjectured, for shipwreck on the cliffs beneath would be instantaneous destruction.

With the headland on our left, the *Pharos* rounded into a sheltered bay, where it dropped anchor for the night. Properly speaking, the bay was a channel between two islands, Bernera and Mingalay ; but intersected as it is with huge rocks near its western extremity, it is impracticable for navigation. Both islands and some others are often collectively styled Barra, from the larger of the group, and hence the terminating point of the most southerly receives the designation Barra-Head. Our business was exclusively with this famed promontory, and to reach it, there was before us a pretty long walk uphill. Overnight, it was resolved in full conclave that the walk should be performed next morning before breakfast, as there was a long day's work afterwards ; but as this was deemed to be exacting in the way of duty—in fact, against all rule, and not to be construed into a precedent—cups of coffee were to be considerably served all round before starting. So fortified, the Commissioners were next morning rowed ashore about seven o'clock, and made their landing on Bernera at an inlet in a long stretch of dry rocks, dotted over with quantities of fish in the process of being cured for export. With Milo as a sort of scout in advance, all sturdily betook themselves to the ascent. The road slanted upward across the open hillside, which was devoted chiefly to the pasturage of a few cattle and sheep. Here and there were small patches of barley and oats, enclosed with fences of turf ; but so meagre were the crops, and so plentifully interspersed with tall dock-weeds, that there was promise of but an insignificant harvest. The tenants of these crofts, as far as I could see, were the dwellers in two or three thatched huts by the wayside. Nearly half-

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way up, I called attention to a phenomenon in these parts—a low building which appeared to be a mill of some kind, with a wheel at one end, movable by a rill of water from the grounds above.

After a stiff pull, we at length reach the light-house establishment, which, with its environing walls and gates, has somewhat the aspect of a fortification. The whole of the buildings are of a beautiful white granite, quarried in the island. As in similar cases, the transition from the rough state of things outside the establishment to the orderly arrangements within, was an abrupt step from medieval to modern times. An interior paved court is environed by the houses of three keepers; and passing them, we reach the tower for the light, with its winding stair, which all immediately ascend, preceded by one of the keepers. What an outlook from the upper story down to the sea, which surges seven hundred feet below; and what myriads of sea-birds screaming and fluttering on ledges of this tremendous precipice! I have seen it stated that these cliffs excel in grandeur anything of the kind in the Hebrides, and can scarcely doubt that such is the case. On a projecting point immediately in front of the light-house, are the ruins of an old castle or keep, once the stronghold of some Hebridean chief. As usual, before departure, we visited the several houses of the keepers, and entered into a little friendly conversation on matters of domestic interest. In one of the dwellings, some information was picked up respecting the water-mill which had excited our curiosity. The mill is entirely the handiwork of an ingenious assistant light-house keeper (a Fife man), who diverted his leisure hours in its construction. He erected the building, covered it with a tarpaulin roof, and fabricated the whole of the grinding apparatus. The most difficult part of the undertaking was accomplished by adapting an old cart-wheel. The idea of erecting a mill was suggested by the absence from the island of all means for grinding except by a primitive species of hand-querns. It turned out to be a grand conception this mill. Glad of the opportunity of so easily transforming their corn into meal, the crofters besought the privilege of using it, which was of course allowed; and as money happens to be a rare article in Bernera, the multure was arranged on the convenient footing of giving a lamb for a grist, be the quantity much or little.

Returning leisurely before the others, I had time to inspect the interior of the mill, which I found to be about eight feet square, and lighted only by the low doorway; adjoining is a kiln, equally diminutive, made, as I was told, from a piece of old sheet-iron, and indispensable for drying the parcels of grain which are taken to this modest establishment to be ground. I afterwards took the liberty of visiting two thatched dwellings of the well-known Western Island type—poor lowly biggings, with no attempt at either neatness or cleanliness in their miserable surroundings. Let me just say a word or two about dwellings of this sort. A leading feature consists in a

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twisted orifice in the roof, to let out the smoke as it ascends from the peat-fire in the middle of the clay-floor—the said twist being adjusted so as to keep the rain from falling directly down over the fire, which would not be pleasant. Two things are obviously disliked in this quarter of the world—chimneys and windows. The great enemy is cold, which would be radiated from windows of ordinary size; and with a chimney constructed in the wall of the house, the family could not sit round the fire. If the smoke does not shoot immediately upwards, so much the better; hovering overhead, it keeps the dwelling warm, and shrouds all in that fine indistinctness which affords play to the imagination. It is, however, not altogether for such reasons that the inmates of these cabins dislike slated roofs. Thatch offers a particular advantage. When sufficiently rotted with damp, and well saturated with soot, it forms an esteemed manure, and is carried away in back-loads to the arable plots in the vicinity; wherefore each house may be said to be a dung-heap in preparation, such as Mr Mechi, I venture to think, has not yet introduced into his marvellously economical systems of husbandry.

I had learned, from various knowing hints and looks of a Commissioner, that it was not advisable to enter any of the dwellings organised on these admired principles, but had no reason to regret having disregarded the well-meant intimations. In the first hut I entered there was an old woman barefooted, who could speak only a few words of English, but seemed anxious to be hospitable, and set a chair for me beside the peat-fire. Though small, smoky, and dingy, the cottage contained a loom in one corner, in which was a web of dark woollen cloth, which the woman made me understand was for the clothing of the family. In the other hut there were an old woman carding wool, and her daughter neatly dressed in tartan, who spoke English tolerably. Here, also, was a loom, at which the daughter wove the family woollen clothing; a circumstance shewing no little thrift and ingenuity. The husband and sons connected with these families, as I understood, occupy their time partly as fishermen, and at certain seasons take cargoes of cured fish in their open boats to Portrush, on the northern coast of Ireland, or sell them to Glasgow traders. What with the hill-pastures, the arable patches, and the sea, there was apparently no deficiency as regards means of living; and if existence in these smoky dens did not seem altogether enviable, I was constrained to remember that I had not long since visited dwellings in the closes of the Old Town of Edinburgh quite as dingy, and infinitely more revolting. In the last of my civic explorations, I had seen a dwelling in Toddrick's Wynd consisting of a single dungeon-looking apartment, without a window, in which ten persons of different sexes habitually lived, but one of whom, by a not unusual casualty, happened at the time to be in prison. After spectacles of this nature

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so near home, and which the world takes very complacently, it would be ridiculous to bear hard on the domiciliary condition of these Bernera crofters.

All on board by half-past nine, and the *Pharos* once more under steam, taking its course along the east side of Barra, South Uist, Benbecula, North Uist, and a number of intermediate islands, and stopping for a short time midway to admit of a visit to the light-house of Ushenish. The programme indicated that the Commissioners were to visit the Monach light, on the western side of the islands, which the vessel was to reach through a navigable channel; but the weather proved too stormy for us to face the Atlantic, or to attempt a landing in that direction; the *Pharos* therefore pursued its way to Lochmaddy, a well-sheltered bay in North Uist, where it was to remain for the night. Cold and gusty as the day happened to be, most of the party kept the deck, and occasionally mounted to the bridge, with field-glass in hand, to catch glimpses of the rugged coast, which appeared a strange combination of rocks, low unpicturesque hills, and inlets of the sea. Some amusement was derived from the notion that part of this ungenial domain was the ancient patrimony of the M'Neills of Barra, who at one time assumed the airs of independent sovereignty, and, according to Carstairs's state-papers, had sent a magniloquent letter offering aid to the Earl of Argyll. The best of the traditions regarding these self-sufficient old chieftains, is that of the daily proclamation, in Gaelic, from the top of their castle of Chisamil: 'Hear, O ye people! and listen, O ye nations! The great M'Neill of Barra having finished his dinner, all the princes of the earth are at liberty to dine!' Seen from the east side, Barra and the other islands we were passing did not seem qualified to furnish a dinner; but that there might be no mistake on this point, Captain Graham let us know that the belt of fertility stretched along the west side, and that there the sea-shores were remarkably rich in cockles and other varieties of mollusks; from which I would infer, that with a reasonable degree of diligence on the part of his caterer, the great M'Neill never wanted for a good dish of lobster at his famous entertainments. Be this as it might, there can be no doubt that the seas hereabouts are not a half nor a tenth part fished. I would almost go the length of saying, that members of the cod, ling, and sethe tribes jostle each other in their anxiety to be caught and eaten; when baited lines were thrown overboard while the vessel was at rest, hauls were rapidly made, of which cooked specimens duly made their appearance in the saloon.

The reverend minister of Barra, writing in 1840, tells us that the great majority of the inhabitants were Roman Catholics; and the same thing is said by the incumbent of South Uist respecting his parishioners; but as we go northwards, Protestantism in the Presbyterian form gains as remarkable a predominance. This

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diversified religious condition of the Western Isles is exceedingly curious. It is historical. From the possessions of certain chiefs, the Reformation was somehow excluded, and three centuries have failed to make any great change in this respect. Not only in language and style of living, but in religious sentiment, people are here seen much as their predecessors were immediately after Columba, in the sixth century, propagated a knowledge of Christianity in these insular Caledonian regions. Any one having a fancy to see what Scotland generally was like a thousand years ago, may go to Barra—that is to say, if he can manage to get to it, which may be no easy matter. The extreme difficulty of visiting this and other outlying islands must have acted detrimentally on their interests. The mere trouble of getting from island to island across narrow sounds is annoying. Through these channels, the tides run with a violence that no ordinary boat can withstand. At low water, a number of the channels are dry, and at such times they become excellent fords for traffic by carts or otherwise, on which account the exact state of the tides is a matter of vital solicitude to the islanders. To wish a wayfarer ‘a pleasant ford’ is something more than an idle compliment; for if he misses the nick of time to make his passage, a delay of twelve hours in his journey may chance to be his fate. From perhaps this as well as other causes, post-letters take a desperately long time to make their way through this part of the Western Isles, which, but for the touching of one of Hutcheson’s Glasgow steamers once a fortnight at Lochmaddy, would still be deprived of nearly all regular means of communication for goods or passengers.

Lochmaddy was to us a desirable haven, for the weather was hourly growing worse, and all were glad when, within the shelter of the bay, two anchors were dropt, to keep all secure till morning. As could be seen through our glasses, there was no town on the shore; only two or three buildings with slated roofs, one of which was said to be the house of the sheriff-substitute; and this resident magistrate, by way of compliment to the Commissioners, politely hoisted his flag as we next morning departed on our assigned course. This day, Saturday, August 4, weather continues cold and boisterous; few keep the deck, but all, with two exceptions, of whom I am one, are able to go off in the boat to visit two light-houses. The last of these establishments was on the point of land on turning into Stornoway Bay; and getting this piece of duty over, the vessel was at its anchorage just in time to allow of dinner being served with some degree of comfort.

Stornoway, I should say, is a good place for finishing off a week’s cruise. It offers a fair choice of churches for Sunday, and in this respect it was fully taken advantage of by our party, as well as by the ship’s officers, for the weather had temporarily calmed, the sun shone, and a walk on dry land was a luxury which no one could despise. Built in a semicircle at the inner end of the bay, Stornoway appeared

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to be a rudimentary kind of Oban ; but in place of the high, picturesque background of that pretty West Highland town, we have, as the only object of interest, the castellated mansion of Sir James Matheson, the munificent improver of the Lewis, and of this seaport in particular. Between ten and eleven o'clock, two boatfuls are set on shore at the slip of quay, and all make off for their respective places of public worship. About an hour too early for the one I am bound for, there is time to look about, and see what is going on. Shops all decently shut, and men and women pouring in streams from different quarters towards a central point, to which they are lugging along chairs or stools as seats for an open-air preaching. Dropping into the concourse, I am led to a grassy field with environing walls, having a wide gateway, at each side of which stands a man gathering halfpence in a dinner-plate. A tent is placed at one end of the area for the preacher, and stretching half-way across the enclosure is a table decorously covered for dispensing the communion. The scene, with its great crowd of worshippers, was solemn, and more than usually interesting ; but as the service was in Gaelic, I listened without edification, and did not remain longer than was necessary to satisfy a reasonable curiosity.

I saw little more of Stornoway. On returning to the ship after attending church, the effects of the last two or three chilly days, and perhaps some over-fatigue, rendered it advisable that I should betake myself to bed ; and greatly to my regret, I was robbed of the opportunity of enjoying the kindly proffered hospitality of Stornoway Castle, and learning something coherent of those physical and social improvements on the Lewis which have far and wide spread the renown of Sir James Matheson. Well pleased I should have been had my brother-Commissioners seen the desirableness of staying at Stornoway over Monday ; but it was resolved otherwise, and in the face of a gale which rendered a visit to the light-house at the Butt of Lewis altogether impracticable, the *Pharos*, as if determined to get into a mischief, was again on its travels. To all appearance, the storm had been reserving itself till we got fairly outside, and then what an uproar of winds and waves ! Nothing for it but to give up, *instantly*, the northerly direction to the Butt, and fly eastward across the Minch to some quiet bay on the coast of Sutherlandshire. Bad as things were, no one had the least fear of the *Pharos* coming to any disaster, for, strongly built, and broad on the beam, it swept on its course in gallant style, and about mid-day took us all safely into Lochinchard. Having properly punished our audacity, the weather, as if by magic, suddenly changed to the brightness of a tranquil summer day. Party go on shore to fish in a small river in the neighbourhood—two of the sheriffs, great in the angling art, bring back a grilse and salmon-trout—I am again on my legs, and able to assist at dinner, at which there is not a little merriment over the day's adventures. A degree of novelty at table was the presence of

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a country doctor, whom the angling party had discovered on his journey to some distant scene of professional duty. This young gentleman let us have an idea of what was a Highland doctor's course of life. His range of practice was over sixty miles in different directions. Sometimes he was on horseback two days at a time, bivouacking at farmhouses and shielings by the way ; and no sooner did he get home after these excursions, than he had to be off somewhere else. The narration of these circumstances reminded me of a saying of Mungo Park, that his toil and distraction during his first travels in Africa were nothing in comparison to what he endured in the ill-requited practice of a Scottish country surgeon.

A light-house keeper with his family from Pladda had made his way as far as Stornoway, *en route* for Cape Wrath. Received on board the *Pharos*, he was landed with his wife, bairns, and boxes at Lochinchard, whence he was directed to proceed by a cart to the place of his destination. To the general surprise, the whole boat-load were brought back to the vessel. The people at the inn had a cart, which was at the man's service ; but the only two horses in the establishment were lame, which was as bad as having no cart at all. Family once more stowed away somewhere on board till next morning, when, if storm do not reappear, they are to be taken on to Cape Wrath. Fortunately, next morning the weather had taken itself up ; by an early start, we were off the Cape by seven o'clock, and saw before us that grand sweep of rugged precipices which constitute the north-western extremity of the island of Great Britain. Here the knocked-about light-house keeper was landed, and installed at his post by the Commissioners ; they bringing back with them a keeper who had been promoted to Skerryvore. So adroit are the arrangements of the service, that the ingoing of one family and the outgoing of another scarcely occupied an hour. An object of special care on the part of this new family, whom we were taking with us as far as Portree, was a hen with a brood of infantile chickens under her wings, the whole very nicely accommodated in a basket, and which, unconscious of the change, are now doubtless picking their way comfortably about at Hynish.

At Cape Wrath, the captain had his suspicions as to the weather. Things did not look well in the north-west ; and when returning southward along the coast of the mainland, the storm resumed its fury. Driving onward before the misty blast, any attempt to land on the island of Rona, to inspect the light-house, was deemed hopeless ; and the vessel did not stop in its course till it arrived in the evening at Portree in Skye. The bay of Portree, land-locked and sheltered like a placid basin from the outer storms, was to us a pleasant haven of rest ; and further, it enabled us to procure some much-needed public intelligence. From the *Clansman*, one of Hutcheson's steamers, without which the social condition of the Western Isles would still cut a sorry figure, we procured Glasgow

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morning newspapers of the day of our arrival ; after perusing which, we sauntered about for an hour on shore, admiring the beauty of the scene from a prominent woody knoll overlooking the town and bay ; and while admiring, remembered that the spot had been visited by James V. of Scotland on his celebrated hydrographic expedition round the coast in 1540.

Next day, resuming our route, the voyage of the *Pharos* was greatly more pleasant through the sinuous channel of Kyleakin—a name ever commemorative of Haco of Norway and his maritime exploits ; after visiting the light-house at that picturesque strait, also one at Isle Oronsay, and another on the bold promontory of Ardnamurchan, night saw us back to our old anchorage at Tobermory.

I have little more to tell. Had I set myself to write a book, instead of a few off-hand sketches, how easy—and perhaps how agreeable—it would have been to scatter in a variety of statistical details and conversational anecdotes, along with a seasoning of territorial and family history ! What could not one say about that marvellous change of ownership in the Highlands—the transference of vast estates from the Mackenzies, Mackays, Macleans, Macdonnells, and a dozen other Macs, with a few Campbells to boot, all high chiefs in their day, to the Mathesons, Baillies, Ellises, Bairds, Dalgleishes, Ramsays, and so on ! And what strange tales about rise of rental in the hands of these men of the modern world ! How could we also expatiate on the character of the natives on mainland and island ; describing with what patience and good-behaviour these poor people have suffered vicissitudes such as few are well acquainted with. And then, how the pen would dilate on the wisdom of their un murmuring submission to lawful authority—how by such propriety of demeanour they have in reality conquered and absorbed the Sassenach, allured him to abide in their wild glens, made him a grateful landlord, furnished him with a following of gillies, put him in kilts, and actually taught him to be fond of the bagpipe, and to dance the Highland fling !

All that and much more must be left to some one with a little more time on his hand than I just now happen to have at my disposal. After visiting the light-house on the point of land near Tobermory, Thursday, the last day of our trip, was devoted to the light-houses of Lismore and Coran Ferry on Linnhe Loch, familiar to all tourists to Glencoe and the Caledonian Canal. At Oban, on the morning of Friday the 10th of August, proceedings were brought to a close ; and respectfully conveyed by boats to the quay, the Northern Commissioners dispersed on their respective routes homeward.

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CHAPTER IV.

I had still two or three days to be absent, and did not need to hurry forward like the others. Oban I have always liked, and gladly accepted the invitation of a friend to be his guest at this pretty West Highland town. I must say something of Oban. Imagine a group of whitewashed houses stretching like a semi-circle round the head of a bay with a sunny western exposure—a background of irregular protuberances rather than hills, which terminate on the right in the woody heights and picturesque ruined castle of Dunolly, and on the left by a similar piece of rugged scenery, amidst which, among embowering trees and shrubs, are placed several neat villas : then imagine that the bay is bounded so completely in front by the island of Kerrera, as to seem enclosed by the land, and you will have a tolerably good idea of the place. A little inquiry makes the stranger aware that Oban is a modern Scoto-Saxon settlement, founded for the purpose of improving the country. Tasteful villas are perching themselves about on the rocky knolls behind the town ; branches of banks, and other commercial establishments are being established ; and hotel and lodging-house accommodation is recently much enlarged. The largest and most splendid of the hotels is the Great Western, but the Caledonian is also most extensive, and the Craig-ard, the King's Arms, and others, are all worthy of commendation. Lately, an Episcopal chapel has been added to the list of places of public worship. The town has some good shops ; and those who want guide-books and photographs connected with the district, will be provided to their taste.

The great centre of attraction is the pier, which juts out from the line of terrace-like street. At this point, morning and evening, steamers are seen to arrive and depart ; while crowds of tourists are pouring in and out, and considerable is the struggle in hurrying to and fro with luggage. In the immediate environs of the town there are several points of interest—Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, and at a greater distance, Kilchurn Castle on Loch Awe, to which there is a charming ride by the 'Banks aboon Bonaw.' Dunolly, which can be seen only by some special arrangement, is within a short walk of the town ; it is an open ivy-clad ruin, with the modern mansion near it among the trees. Few tourists are perhaps aware that the history of Dunolly is associated with the famed Brooch of Lorn—an ornament for the dress, which at one time pertained to Robert Bruce, now belonging to the family of Macdougall of Dunolly.

Tourists usually make a point of spending a day in an excursion from Oban to the islands of Iona and Staffa. On the present occasion, it was not necessary to make this agreeable trip, for to say nothing of my late voyage by the *Pharos*, I had a year or two

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ago made one of a party by the *Mountaineer* to these two interesting islands. Let me give a brief account of this joyous little trip.

Our first destination, of course, was Iona, 'that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.' To reach this classic spot, steamers proceed from Oban according to wind and tide, either round the north or south side of Mull: if by the northern route, Staffa is first visited; if by the southern, Iona—the usual practice, we believe, being to go one way and return another; by which means the tourist circumnavigates Mull, and has an opportunity of seeing, close inshore, various lofty and jagged precipices, and several ruined castles standing in desert loneliness on half-insulated peaks over the white foam which dashes on the iron-bound coast, while far above and beyond these objects he will have a view of huge, misty-topped mountain masses, one of which, the giant of a particular group, attains the height of 3000 feet. The voyage to Iona, by the shortest or southerly passage, ordinarily occupies about four, but on the present occasion, it was effected in three, hours. We left Oban at seven, and at ten were in the Sound, a mile in width, which has the Ross of Mull on the east, and Iona on the west—the isles of Colonsay and Jura being seen far away in the south. At this point, the territory of Mull sinks into tameness, and offers some scope for cultivation, with space on the level shore for a village, whence there is a boat-ferry to Iona, which, at a glance, we perceive to possess the same unpicturesque features as the opposite coast.

Running up within a hundred yards of the island, a boat is seen to put off, manned by two or three natives, the leader of the crew being Alexander Macdonald, an intelligent and obliging Highlander, who speaks English, and acts as guide and interpreter to strangers. Approaching the shore, which is covered with big boulders partially overgrown with sea-ware, and over which, on landing, we pick our way to the dry sward beyond, we perceive that, in the present day, the island of Columba is a simple pastoral bit of land, rising in the middle to a height of two or three hundred feet, and with a slope towards the sea, on which is concentrated within a space of a hundred yards all that is interesting to visitors. But, then, such interest! Standing right in front of this gentle slope we have, first, close on the shore, a row of low huts covered with thatch, a species of roof not seemingly able to encounter of itself the gusts occasionally blowing from Mull, since it is enshrouded in a netting of straw-ropes, held down by big stones, in a manner rather threatening to the heads of the Celtic children, who are sprawling about in their little kilts before the smoky doorways of the clachan.


Let us have a look, however brief, at what distinguishes this otherwise uninteresting island. Partly behind the row of thatched huts, and partly a little to the north, amidst enclosures of low stone

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dikes, are a series of ruins in three detached groups, to which we gain access by a rude kind of pathway, environed by the patches of potatoes and corn of the humble villagers. Guided by Macdonald, we do not reach the ruins in the order of their antiquity, but accordingly as they happen to lie. The more southerly group reached first in the series is a nunnery, of which the chapel, with walls tolerably entire, is the principal remnant. This monastic establishment for females is said to have been founded in the early part of the thirteenth century, a date almost indicated by its finely rounded Saxon arches. Within and around it are some flat tombstones commemorative of prioresses and ladies of rank who were here interred. On one, considerably mutilated, the sculptured figures are exceedingly fine, representing the last prioress; her head supported by angels, and the figure of a little dog on each side—indicating, possibly, that she had been attached to these animals. The date of her death is 1543. Turning round an angle of the building after examining these relics, there stood before us, ranged demurely along a wall, about a dozen little girls, each holding in her hand a small plate of pebbles and shells, which were silently offered for our inspection and purchase.

The next group of ruins to which we are admitted is that of St Oran's Chapel, being apparently a sepulchral chapel in the midst of the burying-ground, which had received the remains of Irish, Scottish, and Norwegian kings for several hundred years, besides those of abbots, bishops, chiefs, and others who had deemed it an honour to be entombed in what, during the middle ages, was one of the most noted resorts of learning and piety in Western Europe. Several rows of flat tombstones, sculptured and in good preservation considering the usage they have received from iconoclasts and fanatical relic-hunters, are pointed out by the guide; the whole being of a durable species of mica slate, but gray, and partially covered with vegetation.

The various names given to Iona can hardly fail to perplex a number of tourists. On the tombstones, it is uniformly called by a word formed of the single letter I or Y—pronounced *E*. Colme's-kill, sometimes written Icolmkill, signifies the cell of Colme. Latinised according to the medieval usage, Colme becomes Columba, and I is euphonised into Iona. The real name of the island therefore is I, or, in pronunciation, *E*. While so called, it became in 563 the chosen residence of a handful of Irish missionaries, who, under the charge of Colme, their gifted superior, introduced the knowledge of Christianity into Scotland. Of St Colme, or Columba, however, the island cannot with certainty shew any trace. The early and simple edifices of the apostolic band were merged in edifices of a more aspiring kind, which sprung up under the ritual of the Church of Rome. The nunnery, as already seen, is a comparatively modern erection, and so is the third or last group of buildings to which we



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are conducted, consisting of the cathedral, which latterly became the seat of the bishops of the Isles. This edifice is the most imposing of all the ruins. Its tall square tower, seen at the distance of several miles, rises from the centre of a cruciform structure, of different ages—to the older Saxon arches there being added the pointed Norman, along with decorations of a still later period. It will be for ever matter of regret that the rage for indiscriminate destruction which marked the Reformation in Scotland, should have been carried the length of pulling in pieces all that was artistically beautiful, all that was consecrated by learning and religion in Iona. Buildings were destroyed, clergy and educators chased away, piles of documents of vast historical value dispersed, and the island allowed to lapse into barbaric rudeness; the only parties benefited, as was usual in such cases, being those singularly disinterested personages who accepted from the crown gifts of the varied patrimony of the colony of Columba. After much dilapidation, some care has been taken by the proprietor, in conjunction with the Iona Club, to secure the ruins from utter demolition; nevertheless, it is painful to say that the whole place is kept in a shabby, ill-assorted condition, and if something be not done to secure by masonry several finely groined vaults, damp and decay will speedily lay them prostrate. Both in going to and walking about the ruins of the cathedral, the visitor sees several upright crosses, consisting of slabs of sculptured slate; such being everything that remains of some hundreds of similar elegant objects with which the island was at one time adorned.

Once more on board, the *Mountaineer* steamed rapidly out of the Sound of Iona, with her bows pointed in a northerly direction to Staffa, which was seen right ahead, at the distance of six or seven miles; the view towards the east disclosing Ulva, with the small island of Gometra, at the opening of a bay on the coast of Mull. As Ulva, like Staffa, is a basaltic formation, we now may be said to have got into an archipelago of a very remarkable kind, geologically; it being far from improbable that the whole is but part of a range which comprehends the Giants' Causeway. Perhaps nothing more strikingly marks the low state of public intelligence which prevailed eighty to ninety years ago respecting the Western Islands, than the fact that Staffa was then unknown as an object of scientific interest. Pennant, who made his journey in 1772, did not land on the islet; he only speaks of seeing it at a short distance. Sir Joseph Banks visited it a month afterwards; spent two days on it, having brought a tent for the purpose; and he was really the first man of science who became acquainted with its wonders. Before either Pennant or Sir Joseph had made any public statement of their discoveries, Johnson and Boswell visited the Hebrides; and, strange to say, they knew nothing, and were told nothing, of either Staffa or Ulva. Boswell observes that when about to quit Col, 'they were informed

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that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva ;' and so they took boat to the small island of Inchkenneth, on their way to Mull. It may be doubted whether these wandering philosophers would have cared much for seeing Staffa, even if they had heard of its natural marvels. Johnson had no regard for scenery, however grand ; he liked to go from one private house to another, conversing about social and political questions ; while, in his peregrinations generally, he was at the mercy of any one who had a boat, and would, as circumstances served, generously send him on from island to island. However this may be, the fact is certain, that not till 1774 did the world know anything of Staffa, of which Sir Joseph Banks, in a burst of enthusiasm, says, ' Compared to this, what are the cathedrals or the palaces built by men ?—mere models or play-things, imitations as diminutive as his works will always be when compared to those of nature.'

Staffa makes no great appearance from the sea. It is only when we get near it that the grandeur of its character becomes apparent. Ordinarily, boatmen with boats from Ulva are in attendance to land passengers from the steamer. When the sea is calm, they conduct their boats to the inner extremity of Fingal's Cave, which penetrates a high precipitous cliff with a southern exposure. On the occasion of our visit, the sea was too turbulent to admit of our taking this liberty. A boat from the steamer landed us on a lower part of the rocky shore near what is called the Clamshell Cave ; and thence we climbed to the grassy surface of the island. We were enabled to make this ascent by means partly of a wooden flight of steps, that forms one of several appliances with which Mr Hutcheson has provided the island for the convenience of passengers by his steamers. To leave nothing in this respect undone, he has leased the island, and sublet it at a loss for feeding sheep, of which we saw a few browsing about. The surface is irregular, shelving generally down in a northerly direction with a kind of ravine in the centre. The only appearance of a human habitation is the open ruin of a hut on the higher grounds ; and besides its sheep, the only inhabitants of the island are various kinds of sea-fowl, which are seen in myriads, hovering and screaming in front of the precipitous headlands. To have a view of Fingal's Cave, the party walked along the tops of a lower range of basaltic columns—not very even footing—which skirts the shore on the east, and in a scrambling fashion got safely round to the cavern. The description of this wondrous recess—70 feet in height and 230 feet inwards—has been so often given, that it would here be superfluous to offer any account of it. By means of a rope, held by iron bolts to the rock, visitors with nerve to do so may walk on the slippery tops of columns some way within the cavern, about half-way from the water to the roof. None of us tried this hazardous experiment. The crested billows rolled angrily inward, dashing themselves on the irregular sides, and surging up in

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masses of foam on the further end of the gulf. The Queen, on her visit to Staffa some years ago, was so fortunate as to be favoured with that degree of calmness in the ocean which enabled her to be rowed in a boat to the innermost recesses of the cave, a feat in which her Majesty shewed her usual intrepidity.—So much for a visit to Iona and Staffa, such as is usually enjoyed by tourists.

After a residence of two days at Oban, I returned home by one of Hutcheson's steamers to Crinan, and so on by Ardrishaig to Glasgow. Need I say who is David Hutcheson? He is one of the remarkable men of his time, who lives to enjoy the reputation of having opened up the Hebrides to a course of modern improvement. Mr Hutcheson's life, like that of Bianconi in Ireland, shews in a particular manner what one thoughtful and energetic man may do to advance the interests of his country. A notice of his projects embraces little else than an account of the existing Hebridean organisation of steamers.

Beginning his commercial life about fifty years ago, he devoted himself to the development of tourist and commercial intercourse with the Hebrides. Associated with his brother and a nephew, he has organised business of a gigantic nature. The present arrangement of his steam-boats is in peculiar adaptation to the nature of the waters to be traversed. Looking at a map of Scotland, we see that the long peninsula terminating in the Mull of Cantire cuts off the lower part of the Clyde from any ready access to the western coast, but that to accommodate the transit of small vessels, the Crinan Canal has been formed across the neck of the peninsula—this very useful canal, about nine miles in length, commencing on the east at a place called Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne. Carrying the eye northward on the map, we perceive that, having got into the western sea and as far as the top of the Linnhe Loch, a transit can be made by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness. Now, independently of sea-going vessels to go round the Mull, here are several kinds of vessels in requisition to sustain the intercourse of a line of route which is awkwardly broken into distinct parts. All, however, is provided for.

The best known of Hutcheson's steamers is the *Iona*, by which, daily in summer, an extraordinary system of tourist traffic is carried on between Glasgow and Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne. So far as my opinion goes, no species of excursioning by public conveyances has so many recommendable qualities as pursued by the *Iona*, and the series of steamers connected with it on the shores of the West Highlands. Those who have not seen these vessels, scarcely imagine to what perfection British river and channel steamers have been brought. All along the south coast of England, the short-trip passenger-steamers are on a comparatively poor scale. The Calais and Boulogne boats are very inferior to what they might be and ought to be, considering the nature of their traffic. As for the boats

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on that very fashionable passage from Portsmouth to Ryde, some of them bear a resemblance to the cast-off steamers of the Forth or Clyde forty years ago. The taste for a large and elegant class of ferry and channel steamers has not been developed on the southern and well-frequented coasts. It is, in short, only on the Clyde that we see this system of locomotion brought to that degree of perfection which may be said to embrace the swiftness, elegance, and comfort—and more than the comfort—of American river-steamers with the security of British sea-going vessels.

Why the Clyde should have taken a lead in the business, it is unnecessary here to inquire very minutely. For one thing, the wonderful aptitude of the river itself—the Scottish Hudson—for this sort of navigation, has had an influence. While the river, however, has stirred up the travelling propensities of the people, they, in turn, have operated on the river. The Clyde of old topographies is not the Clyde of modern times. Such has been the extraordinary activity employed in scooping out, widening, and embanking within the last thirty years, that a narrow and shallow stream has been transformed into an inlet of the sea, sufficient to float large vessels on its surface—very much as if the Thames in all its capacious dimensions at Greenwich were, by engineering processes, to be brought up to Richmond.

Everything great in this world has had some one man to begin it—not a mere talker or speculator, but one who goes to work in right earnest, even if he is laughed at for his pains. The man who saw the right idea in the present instance was David Hutcheson. He perceived what were the aptitudes of the Clyde and Hebridean archipelago for steam-boating, on a scale commensurate with that universal desire to travel which forms so curious a feature in the present age; and commencing about ten years since, and aided by his brother and others, he has contrived to build up a very wonderful organisation for pleasure-excursions, as also for trading purposes, all along the north-west—the picturesque touring-region—of Scotland. When we say that mainly through his persevering ingenuity a person may now visit spots of interest from the Clyde almost to John o' Groat's—Kyles of Bute, Loch Fyne, Oban, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Mull, Skye, and more distant places, even as far as Inverness by way of the Caledonian Canal—with as much certainty and ease as if he were making a trip from London Bridge to Gravesend, some notion will be gained of the system of transit. But besides the varied fleet of steamers, there is a mechanism for public accommodation, without which the organisation would be incomplete. We may just barely allude to the jetties for landing passengers, the covered wharfs for receiving goods, and the many hotels which have sprung up wherever the vessels happen to touch. What a difference from the time—not quite a century ago—when Johnson and Boswell scrambled about in small boats, and were fain, after a supper of

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oat-cakes and whisky, to sleep on a couch of heather in the corner of a smoky Highland bothy!

Modern tourists have a choice of two principal routes—one by railway to Inverness, and thence by steamer on the Caledonian Canal, at the western extremity of which—where stands the excellent inn at Banavie—steamers are ready to take them to the islands; the other by the Clyde to Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne, Crinan Canal, Oban, the Islands, and the Caledonian Canal, being just a reversal of the former route. Latterly, a handsome small steamer has been put on this short canal, and by it passengers are carried from sea to sea, with remarkable ease and celerity. The best way, in our opinion, for those tourists from England who desire to proceed on this 'royal route,' is to take the rail direct to Glasgow, where they need only give themselves the trouble to walk on board the *Iona* any morning at seven o'clock. Fairly in the *Iona*, the first of the series of boats, they will be handed from one vessel to another according as they have a fancy—fed and lodged all the way, be it long or short, in sumptuous style. The present *Iona*, in which the Highland tour begins, is the third of the name, and fine as were its predecessors, this considerably excels them. In 1865, we made a trip with *Iona* the Second, and now, in 1866, having performed the voyage homeward from Ardrishaig with *Iona* the Third (which is said to have cost about £20,000), can speak of it with a certain amount of experience.

The appearance of the *Iona* reminds one of the passenger-steamers on the Hudson and St Lawrence. It is constructed on the American pattern, with a long saloon full of windows on deck, and a railed promenade above, on which in the open air we may enjoy to its full extent the beautiful scenery around. The vessel, however, is three stories in depth. Beneath the saloon, and reached by a broad flight of steps, there is a spacious apartment, well lighted and ventilated, for serving refreshments. The vast length of the vessel will surprise those who have not been on board American river-steamers. It is 260 feet long by a breadth, for the greater part, of nearly 25 feet. The moving force consists of a pair of oscillating engines of 180 horse-power, which work with singular smoothness, and can be instantly reversed or stopped. The waste steam, instead of being allowed to rush with ferocity into the atmosphere along with the smoke, so as to spatter every one with dirt, makes its decorous exit by apertures like two nostrils in front, near the surface of the water—an immense and much-needed improvement in steam-boat building. The *Iona* being a paddle-steamer, moves with a steadiness which seems deficient where the screw, with its horrid grinding noise, is employed for propulsion. When we went aboard this fine vessel at Ardrishaig, the number of passengers might be about a thousand, pretty equally divided between first and second class; yet, from the great space at command, there was no painful crowding. The upper deck, with its sofas, shewed numbers seated

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and promenading or leaning over the bulwarks, with eyes directed towards the far-reaching lochs among the lofty blue hills. Thanks to the cheap press, many were engaged in perusing the morning papers, supplies of which are to be obtained from juvenile traders, who are seen also to do some business in selling maps and guide-books to tourists. Descending to the principal saloon, which occupies the after-part of the vessel, and is sixty feet in length, it was seen, as respects painting, gilding, carpeting, and couches of Utrecht velvet, to possess all the luxury of a drawing-room.

The number of persons for whom dinner can be prepared on board of steam-boats, has always appeared to us a kind of marvel. You hear excellent managing wives insisting on the importance of a good large kitchen, without which it is not possible to get up a dinner for a dozen people; but, strange to say, in places the size of a small closet on board steamers, dinners are daily prepared for hundreds. The thing is a problem, 'which no fellow can understand.' We observe that this miracle in cookery is performed in the *Iona*. 'How many can you dine?' said we to the head-steward. 'Two hundred and fifty; but more if necessary.' And such dinners? Two long tables were equipped in a manner which would not have disgraced the mansion of a nobleman—everything in the best style, with ice at discretion. The breakfasts as well as the dinners are so sumptuous and tempting, and such are the appetising qualities of the voyage, that persons who wish to remain lean and interesting had better abstain from the trip. As we have no desire of that kind, but, on the contrary, would be glad of a little more robustness, notwithstanding its extreme vulgarity, we possess a high relish for these repasts, and think it might not be a bad plan to contract for a summer's board in the *Iona*. There would assuredly be no want of company. Every day a fresh set of people, some of them old acquaintances, would leave no time for *ennui*. We remark that this gregarious quality of the vessel affords an opportunity for amusement to the villa-inhabitants on the Clyde. When they want to see the world—the gentlemen to talk politics, and the ladies to learn the last phase in the crinoline frenzy—they step on board this floating palace, make a circuit of a hundred miles, and come back to their homes to tea, all for a few shillings—having had half a day's delightful exhilaration without any kind of bodily fatigue. Such are some of the triumphs of modern practical science, when directed by an intelligent consideration of human wants and feelings. Great Britain can shew nothing more thoroughly adapted for locomotion in conjunction with health, mental and physical, than Hutcheson's Clyde and West Highland steamers. We know not what steamers may come to. At present, the finest thing of the kind is the *Iona*; by it I was landed at Greenock on the afternoon of Monday, 13th of August, and in a few hours later arrived at home in Edinburgh. So ends a LORD PROVOST'S HOLIDAY.



STORY OF A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

ON the 1st of August 1809, a day I shall ever have cause to remember, I went on a pleasure excursion, in a small vessel belonging to my father, from Marseille to Nice. At this time the coast of France was strictly watched by English cruisers; and to elude these, we kept as much as possible close inshore. This precaution was, unfortunately, useless. When off the isles of Hyeres, we were observed, and chased by an English cutter, which soon came up with us. Resistance was of course useless, and foreseeing the result, we at the first shot yielded ourselves prisoners. Before going on board the enemy's vessel, I concealed about my person as much money and other valuables as I could; and of this property I was not afterwards deprived. We were indeed treated with less severity than we had reason to expect. On the day after our capture, we were removed, with many other prisoners, into another vessel, with orders to make the best of our way to England. What my sensations were on being thus torn from my beloved country, my friends, and relations, may be easily conceived.

In a few days we arrived on the coast of England, and were immediately ordered round to an eastern port—Lynn, in Norfolk—whence we were forwarded, to the number of some hundreds, in lighters and small craft, to the dépôt of prisoners of war at Norman

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Cross—I think about fifty miles inland. Arriving at Peterborough—a respectable-looking town with a handsome cathedral—apparently a gay and thoughtless set, we were marched to our destination. On reaching Norman Cross, we all underwent the usual scrutiny by the inspecting officers; and an exact description was taken of each individual as to his age, size, colour of hair and eyes, &c., which was entered in a book kept for that purpose. All these preparations gave a fearful presentiment of what we were afterwards to expect, and raised emotions in my breast of a nature I cannot define, but which several times, whilst the examination was going on, made me shudder with a kind of convulsive horror, not at all lessened on our admittance into, and review of our prison. The English had here upwards of seven thousand prisoners of war, of one nation or other, but chiefly Frenchmen. I will endeavour to describe a few particulars of the place, as well as I can recollect, which may at the same time also serve to illustrate my escape from it.

The whole of the buildings, including the prison and the barracks for the soldiers who guarded us, were situated on an eminence, and were certainly airy enough, commanding a full and extensive view over the surrounding country, which appeared well cultivated in some parts; but in front of the prison, to the south-east, the prospect terminated in fens and marshes, in the centre of which was Whittlesea Mere, a large lake, of some miles in circumference. The high-road from London to Scotland ran close by the prison, and we could, at all hours of the day, see the stage-coaches and other carriages bounding along the beautiful roads of the country with a rapidity unknown elsewhere; and the contrast afforded by contemplating these scenes of liberty continually before our eyes, only served to render the comparison more harrowing to our feelings.

There was no apparent show about the place of military strength, formed by turreted castles or by embrasured battlements; in fact it was little better than an enclosed camp. The security of the prisoners was effected by the unceasing watch of ever-wakeful sentinels, constantly passing and repassing, who were continually changing; and I have no doubt this mode of security was more effectual than if surrounded by moated walls or by fortified towers. Very few, in comparison of the numbers who attempted it, succeeded in escaping the boundaries, though many ingenious devices were put in practice to accomplish it. However, if once clear of the place, final success was not so difficult.

The space appointed for the reception of the prisoners consisted of four equal divisions or quadrangles; and these again were divided into four parts, each of which was surrounded by a high palisade of wood, and paved for walking on; but the small ground it occupied scarcely left us sufficient room to exercise for our health, and this was a very great privation. In each of these subdivisions was a large wooden building, covered with red tiles, in which we ate our

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meals and dwelt; these also served for our dormitories or sleeping-places, where we were nightly piled in hammocks, tier upon tier, in most horrible regularity. One of these quadrangles was entirely occupied by the hospital and medical department. A division of another quadrangle was allotted to the officers, who were allowed a few trifling indulgences not granted to the common men, amongst whom I unfortunately was included. In another division was a school, the master of which was duly paid for his attendance. It was conducted with great regularity and decorum, and there you might sometimes see several respectable Englishmen, particularly those attached to the duties of the prison, taking their seats with the boys to learn the French language. Another small part was appropriated as a place of closer confinement or punishment to those who broke the rules appointed for our government, or wantonly defaced any part of the buildings, or pawned or lost their clothes; these last were put, I think, upon two-thirds allowance of provisions, till the loss occasioned thereby was made good; and I must confess this part was seldom without its due proportion of inhabitants. The centre of the prison was surrounded by a high brick wall, beyond which were the barracks for the English soldiers, several guard-houses, and some handsome buildings for both the civil and military officers; whilst a circular blockhouse, mounted with swivels or small cannon, pointing to the different divisions, frowned terrifically over us, and completed the *outside* of the picture.

With respect to the interior economy of the prison, we were not treated with any particular degree of harshness or of unnecessary privation, further than the security of so large a number of men required. On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, we had one pound and a half of bread, half a pound of beef, with a proportionate quantity of salt and vegetables; or, if no vegetables could be procured, we had in lieu pearl-barley or oatmeal. On Wednesdays and Fridays we had the usual quantity of bread, one pound of cod-fish or herrings, and one pound of potatoes. No ale or beer was served out to us, but we were allowed to purchase it at the canteen in the prison. To insure to us no fraud or embezzlement, each department or division sent two deputies to inspect the weight and quality of the provisions, which, if not approved by them and the agent to the prison, were invariably rejected and returned; and if any difference of opinion existed between the agent and the deputies, a reference was made to the officers on guard at the time, and their decision was final. A regular daily market was held in the prison, where the country-people brought a variety of articles for sale, and where every luxury could be purchased by those who had money. Our cooks were appointed from amongst ourselves, and paid by the English government, so that, in regard to diet, we had not much to complain of. The hospital or medical department, I have heard—for I was never an inmate of it, except

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to visit a sick comrade—was amply supplied with every necessary and attendance; the nurses being generally selected from the friends of the sick. For our amusement, amongst other things, we had several excellent billiard-tables, very neatly made by the prisoners themselves, which were attended by many English officers, and others off duty; but, unfortunately, these were the sources of frequent quarrels and duels, two of which terminated fatally, whilst I was there, both between Frenchmen. Having no arms, they affixed the blades of knives, properly sharpened and shaped, to sticks formed with handles and hilts, with which they fought as with small-swords. I was a witness to one of these conflicts, and it sank deep in my memory for many months. It appeared, in some instances, as if confinement had deprived us of the usual humanity of our nature, and hardened our hearts; for some shocking scenes of depravity and cruelty would occasionally take place, which even the counsel and presence of the good and venerable Bishop of Moulins, who voluntarily attended to the religious duties of the prison, could not restrain.

The distress of mind occasioned by my imprisonment did not so much arise from any one particular cause, as from a continual recurrence of the scenes of human misery which I daily witnessed, more especially those springing from the men themselves. Many of our people were so lost to all sense of honour and shame, as absolutely to rejoice in the miseries of those whose feelings were not so callous as their own. I suffered much cruelty of this sort from them, particularly in not joining in their gaming, which was carried on amongst them to a most deplorable excess—many of them losing not only their clothes, but their rations of provisions for a week beforehand. When reflection came across me, I was almost distracted; for there was but little hope of an exchange of prisoners, or of the termination of a war now carried on with redoubled animosity on both sides. Here I existed for a year or more; but in that space of time how many did I see carried out to their graves, far from their homes, their parents, and those other dear relatives who could have smoothed and made easy the pillow of death! It is very well to read of these things, but it is very different to experience them one's-self.

I had now been confined about a year and a half, when, seeing no other prospect of release, I determined to attempt an escape; for death itself was to be preferred to the misery of delayed hope which I daily endured. It was not a very easy thing to lay a plan of escape, and it took me many weeks in arranging. The execution was difficult in the extreme. The high-paled enclosures of wood which I have before mentioned were of no great strength, and easily passed; but on the outside of these was a belt of sentinels, at only a few yards' distance from each other; beyond these was the outer fence, or wall of brick, very high, which was to be surmounted by a ladder

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or rope, close to which was another belt of sentinels as before. The fences and wall were not the greatest difficulties to contend with: it was the sentinels, close to each other, who, perpetually on the alert, scarcely left a chance for escape unperceived.

Before anything, however, could be attempted, it was necessary to make a few preparations, and that, too, without giving any room for suspicion, even to my fellow-prisoners. With some difficulty, and by degrees, I exchanged part of my French gold for English money with those of my comrades who, by making toys and fancy-work in straw, which they were allowed to dispose of for their own benefit, had got a little together. Many of our men made large sums of money that way, and, had they been provident, might have returned home with more wealth than they could have gained in the same space of time had they been at large in their own country. One of them, a most ingenious fellow, had absolutely, during the many years of his imprisonment, accumulated the sum of £300 of English money. Of this man I procured, for a louis-d'or, a good and correct map of England of his own drawing, on which was pointed out a line of travelling as offering the best route for escape. The names of the towns, and of many of the villages, with their distances, together with other useful remarks, were all written at length, and I found them exceedingly accurate. He sold several of these maps to many who never attempted their escape, but who, nevertheless, had that hope often in their breasts. For some time after I had the map in my possession, I endeavoured to learn to pronounce the names of the places I was to pass through; but finding all in vain, I gave up the attempt as hopeless, for Russian itself is easy to this unpronounceable language. Well assured, if ever I endeavoured to speak English, I should betray myself, I determined, if once I got clear of the place, *never to speak at all.*

The route pointed out as most preferable was to the eastern coast, a part of Norfolk, and there to bribe some fisherman or smuggler to carry me over to Holland. The name of one of these latter was given me, with ample instructions how to find him out, and to make myself known to him. One thing I was well aware of, and which, in fact, was almost everything in my favour; namely, that in the land of liberty, as they call it—and in this instance deservedly so—no passport was wanted; nor, as I was well informed, had any one a right to inquire whither I was going, or what was my business. To say the truth, they do not seem to require such safeguards in England. The ocean which girds it round acts far more effectually for security than passports or gendarmes.

I got together, I think, about five pounds of English money in silver and a little copper; I had also between twenty and thirty louis-d'ors and other gold coin, and a few guineas, which I concealed in different parts of my clothing. I also procured a small pocket tinder-box, which I hid in the crown of my cap. I do not

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know how I came to think of this last article, as I had never made any use of it. I also concealed, in different parts of my dress, several other things which I thought might be of service to me, particularly a French and English Dictionary; and being thus provided, I only waited for a favourable opportunity to make the attempt.

After waiting day after day and week after week with emotions and impatience indescribable, the moment of liberation at length arrived in a dark and dismal night in the month of February. The rain had poured down in torrents all that day, accompanied with a heavy fall of snow, and the wind blew a most violent storm. Nothing could better answer my purpose, as in darkness lay the only chance I could possibly have of eluding the keen and vigilant eyes of my ever-watchful guards. Being now determined to make the attempt, I took from their places of concealment, where I had arranged all ready for the occasion, a strong knife to cut the wood paling, and a rope, which I had made out of wool, with a hook at the end, to surmount the wall. I also put a biscuit or two in my pocket, with a shirt and pair of stockings (which last I found exceedingly comfortable and refreshing to me), to put on dry when my others were wet and dirty. I had no room for anything else; in short, what I had, filled my pockets, as my dress was only a sailor's jacket and trousers, both of coarse blue cloth, but sound and warm. I had also a good strong pair of shoes on, another great comfort, and which ought always to be particularly attended to by every adventurous wanderer.

My fellow-prisoner of whom I bought the map was the only one I acquainted with my purpose; not that he might accompany me, for he had given up all thoughts of escape himself, but that he might answer to my name if called over, which sometimes was the case, or otherwise assist me as far as lay in his power, without rendering himself liable to suspicion. It was a regular custom in the prison to count us out of our lodging-places in the morning, and in again at night, so that, if any were missing, it was immediately discovered, and the alarm given. This rendered it necessary that the first attempt should be made from within, after we were shut up. As soon, therefore, as it was dark, I began my operations—my friend standing before me as I lay on the ground, and screening me from observation as well as he could by several artful manœuvres, which were much assisted by a long bench and table near us, on which he was apparently very deeply engaged at work. My object was to cut out one of the boards from the bottom of the building, which I had previously prepared for removal. In this I succeeded better than I could possibly have expected; and, creeping out on my hands and knees, silently replaced the board, and, unperceived by any one, concealed myself among a heap of fagots in the yard, which had been brought there during the day for firing. The rain and wind seemed, if possible, to increase as the night approached, and soon shrouded all around me in pitchy darkness. There were here and

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there, at long intervals, and at a great distance from me, regular rows of lamps; but they only served to make the outer darkness more intense. As I crouched up in my hiding-place, wet and almost benumbed with cold—which nothing but the hope of ultimate escape could have enabled me to bear—I could occasionally hear the clang of the arms of the sentinels at their post, notwithstanding the pattering of the rain and the howling of the wind, which had now increased to a perfect hurricane; nay, I could now and then even distinguish their voices. Their proximity did not at all tend to the encouragement of my hopes or the exhilaration of my spirits; but I was gone too far to recede. I continued in this horrid state of suspense till the clock struck eleven, which I had chosen as the most favourable point of time, the sentinels being then, as I thought, more likely to be tired, and not so much on their guard, being changed at nine and twelve. Commending my soul to God, I left my hiding-place, but was at first so stiff and cramped with being so long confined in one posture, that I could scarcely stand; however, this soon went off, and I found my courage rise as my blood circulated more freely.

The wood paling could scarcely be called an impediment; and listening attentively for a moment, and hearing nothing to alarm, I silently cut a part out, and crept through on my hands and knees as far and as quick as I could. I was interrupted by no one, and the sentinels were undoubtedly sheltered in their boxes. My success so far inspired me with great confidence. I knew that I had passed the first line of the guards, and that there were no more obstacles on the inside of the wall. If anything at this moment, the hurricane blew with tenfold violence; and justly thinking that no soldier would face it, but seek shelter, I jerked the hook, with the line attached, on the top of the wall, which, fortunately for me, caught the first time, and with but little noise to alarm. I, however, listened for a moment in great agitation; but all appeared quiet. I then tried the rope with all my strength, and it proving safe, I made the desperate venture; and desperate indeed it was; but what will not a man attempt for his liberty? Well, to proceed. With great difficulty I got to the top, and gently and by degrees peeped my head over. I listened most attentively, but could hear nothing; and had just got my knee upon the wall in the attitude of ascent, when a door opened close by me, and a soldier passed along. In a moment I threw myself flat upon my face on the wall, and very plainly heard his footsteps directly beneath me. I continued in this posture for some minutes, and had almost given myself up to despair, when, after passing and repassing several times—for I could hear him, though not see him—he again retired to his box, and I heard the door close after him. I seized the favourable moment, and pulling up the rope, descended in safety on the other side. I then took off my shoes, and softly walked on tiptoe across the beat of the sentinel, till I had got to some distance, when

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I threw myself on the wet grass, and stopped to take breath. My greatest difficulties were now surmounted; but as no time was to be lost, I soon started off again, and had nearly approached some of the lamps, which I was obliged to pass, when I plainly saw a picket or patrol of five or six men across my very path. It was astonishing they did not see me; but my good star predominated, and I remained unnoticed. The lamps were now, indeed, in my favour, as they shewed me what to avoid, whilst I was myself shrouded in darkness. Choosing the most obscure places, and proceeding step by step with the utmost precaution, I at last reached, unmolested, the boundary ditch, which I soon cleared; and in a moment after found myself free of the prison and on a high-road, with nothing further to obstruct my progress.

Scarcely crediting my good fortune in succeeding thus far, I put on my shoes, and set off in a northerly direction, running with all my speed, notwithstanding the wind and rain continued for about an hour, when I came to a house situated at a point where four roads meet [Kate's Cabin]. Lights were in the windows, and a stage-coach with lamps, and the words 'London and York,' which I well remember, painted on it, was standing at the door. Shunning observation by keeping under the hedge, I took the left-hand road, though totally ignorant to what part I was going. Continuing my flight, I proceeded for two hours more, when my apprehensions of immediate pursuit being somewhat abated, and also beginning to feel fatigued, I slackened my pace. I had passed through two or three villages, but had met with nothing to interrupt me, or indeed to notice. I kept on thus some short time longer, when I came to a toll-gate, situated at the foot of an extraordinary long bridge, which led to Oundle, a town of considerable size. The chimes of the church clock were just playing the hour of three as I seated myself for a moment on the steps of the foot-gate. I was at first in doubt whether or not I should proceed straight on, or seek a by-road, one of which adjoined the bridge on the left hand. I determined, however, on the former, and continued my journey through dark, long, and dirty streets, without stopping or seeing any one, when I came to another bridge, at the farther extremity of the place, almost as long as the one I had before passed, so that the town appeared to be situated on an island. The moon had now got up a little, and afforded me light enough to discern, in a field just beyond the bridge, on the left hand, a small shed or hovel. I was now exceedingly fatigued, and I determined to rest here a short time at least, till I could collect my scattered senses, which had been so long in continual agitation.

The door of the hovel was luckily open, and it afforded me an excellent shelter. I cannot express my mingled feelings of fear and joy, hope and thankfulness, as I now stretched myself on the straw with which the ground was covered. No longer cooped up in what I may call a dungeon, where life itself almost ceased to be worth

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caring for, I now had before me a fair prospect of succeeding in my enterprise; and my energies being thus brought into action, I became a new man, and felt renovated accordingly: my mind, as it were, expanding and adapting itself to the occasion, called forth all its powers.

In the hovel, tied to a manger, was a cow, and her calf was placed in a pen just by her. At first the cow gave tokens of alarm and uneasiness; but humouring her by degrees, and treating her gently, she suffered me to approach her more familiarly, which I took advantage of, by milking her in the crown of my cap. The milk, with part of a biscuit, afforded me a most delicious meal. I had taken off my shoes and wet stockings; and putting on the dry ones which I had in my pocket, I felt inexpressibly refreshed, though my wet clothes and fear of pursuit prevented my sleeping. Indeed it would not have been prudent to have slept, for it was evident the owner of the cow would be there in the morning to milk her; so, contenting myself with the good berth I had obtained, for it still continued raining, I waited very patiently for the first dawn of day, when I intended to start again. Of course I had not yet been able to examine my map, which, being enclosed in a case, was quite dry; but I thought that of little consequence, as, whether the road I had taken was right or not, a few hours would make up the difference.

As the day broke, the weather cleared up a little, so far as to cease raining, but the road was very wet and dirty; however, there was no alternative, and leaving with regret the hovel which had so kindly sheltered me for the night, I continued my journey. My wet clothes made me feel extremely cold and uncomfortable at first, and I kept up a pretty good pace for some time, in order to warm me. It was not my intention to go far, and seeing a haystack in a retired part of a field some distance off on my left, I quitted the high-road, and proceeded to it. It was farther than I expected; but it appeared to be the very spot I should have chosen for concealment, there being no public path or road leading to it. Part of the stack had been cut, so that I easily gathered enough of the hay to make me a soft and dry bed; and here I determined to stop and examine my map, and devise a plan for my future proceedings.

After I had rested some time, the sun, to my infinite delight, suddenly broke forth, and gave every sign of a fine day; and though a February sun in England is very different from a February sun in the south of France, yet the warmth I derived from it gave me great comfort, and refreshed me exceedingly; so much so, that, after several vain attempts to keep my eyes open, I sank into a sound sleep, which must have lasted for some hours, as the height of the sun on my awakening shewed it to be past noon. Having risen and looked around, and finding nothing to interrupt me, I took out my map to see whereabouts I was. This I accomplished with great ease; for the names of the places I had passed being

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painted on the milestones and direction-posts, as I observed when I started in the morning, and corresponding with those on my map, I soon found out that I had come diametrically opposite to the road I had intended to have taken. But this was of no great moment ; and I now determined to pursue a direct easterly course, in as straight a line as I could, and to make for the coast in that direction. I may as well mention here, that, through the whole of my route afterwards, I could at any time find out the exact spot I was in by observing the names of the towns or villages painted on the milestones and direction-posts. This I found of great service to me, as I seldom wandered far from my way, and never had occasion to ask the road, even had I been able or inclined to do so. But to proceed. The clock of a neighbouring church was just striking one when I started again, in high spirits, my clothes being now quite dry, eating my last piece of biscuit as I went. How I was to get a fresh supply of provisions did certainly now and then strike me ; but it made no very deep impression, my chief object being to get on as fast and as far as I could, not doubting but I should make the coast in two or three days more at farthest ; but in that I was woefully out of my reckoning.

The day continued fine, and I walked on at a pretty round pace, in as straight a line as I could, over hedge and ditch, carefully avoiding any house or person passing, for about two or three hours ; and I was congratulating myself on the progress I had made, when, suddenly casting up my eyes, and looking around me, to my utter horror and dismay I saw, but a few fields off, and in the exact path I was taking, the very prison I had left ! I could not be mistaken ; its red tiles and striking appearance, with the numerous holes cut in its wooden walls for air by its unfortunate inmates, were too deeply imprinted on my memory to be forgotten. In short, not having any guide across the open fields, and there being no milestones to direct me, I had wandered back again to within half a mile or less of my former prison. I cannot express what I felt at that moment ; I seemed to have lost the very power of perception ; and, instead of turning back immediately, I absolutely continued for a little time walking on in the same direction—like the squirrel fascinated to its own destruction by the eyes of the rattlesnake.

Fortunately for me, going thus without heed, I tripped and fell, which brought me suddenly to myself, when, turning round, I took to my heels, as if pursued by a whole legion of devils, and never stopped till I once more found myself in the very hovel, near the long bridge I have spoken of at Oundle, where I had before found shelter, and which remained in the same state as I had left it, with the exception that the cow and calf had been removed.

Though nearly dark for the last mile or two, I found my way back without much difficulty ; but I was nearly exhausted by fatigue, and had nothing to refresh myself with ; however, I did not as yet

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feel so much from hunger as from the disappointment I had experienced in being obliged to retrace so many weary steps. On the other hand, I had much to congratulate myself upon, independent of the lucky avoidance of running my head again into the very bars of my prison, which I was certainly in a fair way of doing ; for in a few minutes after my arrival in my old quarters it began to rain, and it continued throughout the night in torrents. Having a good roof over my head, I considered the rain in my favour, as it would doubtless prevent any one from interrupting me in my resting-place. The human mind, particularly in youth, soon reconciles itself to circumstances ; so, making the best of the matter, I nestled myself snugly in the straw, and slept comfortably and undisturbed till morning.

It still continued raining, and the floods had come down in the night with great rapidity, inundating the meadows around me till they looked like a sea. A few qualms at breakfast-time flitted over unheeded, when of a sudden it struck me that my situation was too exposed for the day, as, should any one come into the hovel merely by accident, which was not at all improbable, I must inevitably be discovered ; and I appeared too like what I really was to be passed by unquestioned. I by no means wished to leave till I had laid out some definite plan to act upon, and some other route to follow. Looking, therefore, about me, I found a hurdle or two and an old gate thrown over the beams or rafters which supported the roof. On these I climbed, and with little trouble succeeded in making, in the most obscure corner, a sort of floor or landing-place. On this I carried some straw to lie upon, and was glad to perceive that, when looked up to from below, it by no means appeared calculated to excite suspicion of concealment ; and here I spent the remainder of the day. It was well I took this precaution, as will be seen presently. I had constructed a small hole in the roof, through which I could see everything passing on the high-road, which was not more than a few yards from me. I could also see the town, and the country round me on all sides.

The church clock had just chimed the hour of noon, when, looking through the opening I had made, I plainly saw three soldiers coming over the bridge within a hundred yards of me. They had their bayonets fixed, and I knew, at the first glance of their uniform, that it was the same as that of one of the regiments on duty at the prison. My heart now sank within me, and I gave myself up for lost. They came exactly opposite to the place, as if they had intelligence I was there. I held my breath almost to bursting as they got over the gate which led to the hovel. Two of them came in and looked around ; but seeing it an open stable, and not much like a hiding-place, they walked out again without stopping, but not till one of them had thrust his bayonet twice or thrice through the hurdles and straw upon which I lay ; they then, to my

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inexpressible relief, slowly rejoined their comrade, and continued their journey.

I was disturbed no more after this, but determined to leave so dangerous a situation as soon as possible. I found that, while so near my late prison, it was not so prudent or safe for me to travel by day, and that I should be continually liable to be retaken. I therefore, as soon as it was quite dark, sallied forth once more on my journey. I had studied my map so well as to have in my memory every place through which I was to pass; and my present plan was to go rather a circuitous route, in a northern direction, and endeavour to come into a more direct road by way of a bank bounding a navigable river running to the sea; in fact the very river by which I had, with so many fellow-prisoners, been conveyed from the coast on my first arrival in England. I was aware this would lead me through the town of Peterborough, which there were many reasons for avoiding, as it lay very near our prison, and was full of soldiers. However, there was no alternative, without going through a fenny country, which my instructions told me particularly to avoid. I sallied forth, therefore, from my hovel about nine o'clock, and again passed the long and dreary bridges of the town [Oundle] which I had gone over the first night of my escape. All was dark and gloomy, there being no lamps; and so far it favoured me, as I was obliged to walk through the entire street, which I did as fast as I could, without exciting suspicion. Once, indeed, I stopped at a shop where some loaves of bread seemed inviting a purchaser; but my courage failed me, and I went on without any. I found my way very readily to a village about eight or nine miles distant, with another long and high bridge, for which indeed this part of England appears celebrated. A large hotel, or inn, stood just by the bridge, the sign of which struck me as very curious, but which I could make nothing of, although I could very plainly see it by the light of two lamps just below [the Haycock Inn, Wansford]. However cheering the sight of a well-lighted inn may be to a benighted traveller, to me it afforded but little consolation. It offered no home or comfort to me. I therefore made the best of my way over the bridge, and turned into another road on my right hand, which, after walking a few miles farther, brought me to Peterborough, whose noble cathedral, in its dark mass of shade, rose full before me just as the clock struck three. Wishing by all means to pass the town before light, or I must lose another day, I continued on without stopping, entering the place with great trepidation. It was with much difficulty, and after several times bewildering myself in what appeared to me a complete labyrinth of streets and lanes, that I at length found my way to the bank, and saw the road I was to take running as straight as an arrow before me, as far as my eyes could trace it in the haziness of the morning. On my right, a noble river [the Nene], spreading into a spacious sheet of water, protected

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me from all danger on that side ; whilst on my left, and before me, was an immense tract of fen and level country, where I could for miles see anything to avoid. For the first time since my attempt at escape, I began to feel a consciousness of security. I had left for certain my prison behind me, and there now appeared nothing to interrupt my further progress. Every step I took led me nearer to the haven of my wishes, and I knew full well that the floods below me were rolling along to that ocean which was to waft me home. I felt myself comparatively happy, for the prospect before me was cheering.

I rested myself for some time on a stile which crossed the bank, watching the clouds as they swept along from the west, in heavy and threatening masses, over the wide expanse of waters before me ; and at the same time contemplated my future journey with much satisfaction. But I was aware that I must have something to eat before that journey could be accomplished ; for however heroes and knights-errant of old might wander without food, I found myself in that respect no hero at all. Still, there was no help for it at present ; but I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity, even at a little risk, to supply my wants. I had now been, I may say, eight-and-forty hours without food ; for I had never been fortunate enough to meet with a single turnip, or indeed anything to serve me for a meal. In truth it was a bad time of the year to travel in, as far as related to a supply of food from the fields.

According to the plan I had laid down for myself, of not travelling by day, after proceeding a few miles along the bank, on the first dawn of morning I concealed myself in a barn standing in a field on my left hand, the appearance of which gave every hope of effectual security for the day. Having covered myself with straw, I composed myself to rest, and slept uninterruptedly till the day was far advanced. Seeing no appearance of danger, I got up, and amused myself by walking to and fro in the barn, and occasionally chewing the straw for want of something better. In the course of the day an incident occurred which led me to fear that I was discovered by one of the people on the farm, and I felt that it would be necessary for me to shift my quarters ; therefore, after deliberating a few minutes, I continued my journey, keeping a good look-out, and carefully avoiding too near an approximation to the few houses scattered along the bank. In truth I scarcely met with anything but the lighters or craft which navigated the river, drawn by horses. The extraordinary noise which the navigators made, always gave me notice of their approach, and time to avoid them ; for I could hear their hallooing, which was a kind of loud singing peculiar to these people, at more than a mile distant. This part of England has much the appearance of Holland, with its high banks and causeways, intersected with numerous drains and canals ; and, as far as the eye could reach, it was a perfect level of fens and marshes on

one side, and water on the other. I particularly noticed the beauty of the church steeples, which stood towering majestically over the floods in different directions around me. The distance I had to travel to Wisbeach, another large town, and which I must of necessity pass through, was about sixteen miles; and I managed so well as to get there about dark. This is a small shipping-town, though at some distance from the coast; and as I passed over the bridge, I got a glimpse of some vessels, which set my heart in motion at the idea that I was approaching the sea. Several sailors, dressed much as myself, were passing through the streets, and I thought they more than once looked suspiciously after me; but it might be only imagination. I had been flattering myself, as I walked thither, that I should be enabled to procure something to eat in the neighbourhood; but I soon discovered that the best thing I could do was to get through the town as quickly as possible. Had I had the least idea the place had been so large and populous, I should by no means have ventured into it at that early hour. By the light of the lamps I saw several soldiers, and began to be very seriously alarmed at finding myself near them. My instructions for passing through the streets were, however, so very accurately laid down, that in a little time I found myself clear of immediate danger, on an excellent road, and in the direction I was ordered to take. My fear, nevertheless, still continued; and as soon as I had passed the toll-gate, which is placed at the extremity of the town, I ran on for some miles, till, what with fatigue, and what with hunger, I was obliged to slacken my pace, being unable to proceed much further. I had now again, after passing several large villages, arrived at another bank, similar to the one I had travelled on from Peterborough, and bounded, as that was, on my right by a navigable river or canal, and on my left by fens and level country.

It might be, I suppose, about nine or ten o'clock when I came to a small house, seemingly built on the acclivity of the bank on my left hand, so that the road was close to, and almost touched the chamber windows. It was the last house in the village, and stood at some distance from any other; but I did not so much admire it for its curious construction, as from its being a shop where candles, bread, and cheese, and other useful articles were kept for sale—chiefly, I believe, for the watermen who frequented the place. A light was in the shop, and I stood for some minutes looking in at the window, and at the, to me, tempting things spread upon the counter, and in devising some plan to appropriate a part of them to my own use; for I would most willingly at that moment have given a louis-d'or for a loaf of bread. Whilst I was deliberating with myself how to act, a waterman, as I judged from his dress, passed by me in at the door, and throwing himself on a chair, made a sign to the person within, by drawing his hand across his face and chin, as if he wanted shaving. He never spoke a word; but the shopkeeper

appeared perfectly to understand his meaning, and placing a cloth, which was none of the cleanest, over the fellow's shoulders, made preparations for performing that very necessary operation. By this I understood that the shopkeeper was a barber also ; and as I had a very suspicious beard myself, which I was particularly anxious to be rid of, I viewed all their actions with great interest. This tonsor was a little, thin, spare bodkin of a man—I think I see him now standing before me—about seventy years of age, with a most antique cast of countenance, and a face, when taken in profile, exactly like a half-moon, his nose and chin forming the horns. There could not possibly be a finer specimen of the taciturnity of the English nation than in the scene before me, exemplified as it was both in the operator and him operated upon. As to the former, he took no more notice of the automaton whom he was shaving than if he had been scraping a marble block ; and for the latter, he was as immovable as the marble block under the chisel of the statuary, and with much about the same degree of feeling. I kept my eyes upon them both, with the hope of profiting by what I saw, and carefully noted that, after being shaved, the man threw two copper coins upon the counter. He then walked to the window, took down a loaf of bread and two or three red herrings, then drawing a mark with his fingers across a piece of cheese, it was cut off, and weighed out to him. For these he threw down a silver coin, a half-crown, receiving some small change in return ; and, tying up his purchase in an old handkerchief, departed in the same silent surly mood he entered. I thought I could never have a better opportunity ; for I certainly was more than a match for the shopkeeper, should he give any alarm ; and I determined also to make good use of my heels if necessary. Summoning, therefore, all my resolution to my aid, I marched boldly into the shop, threw myself into the same chair, and made the same signs as my predecessor had done ; and, as I anticipated, the same silent scene followed exactly. The same cloth was put round my neck, I was lathered the same, and shaved the same, and the same sum of two copper coins was thrown by me upon the counter. I now began to feel very courageous, and went up to the window to lay in a stock of provisions, which I intended should last me the whole of my journey. Bread alone would not now serve me, and I looked about for a few minutes to see what I should take—spreading, however, some silver ostentatiously before me, that the good man might not be alarmed. At the same time I found out that my friend was not dumb, which I had seriously begun to suspect ; for, on my taking down some different articles from a shelf, he did speak, or rather made an attempt to speak. What he said, I know not ; but on my continuing whistling, which I had been doing for some time—and which I did not from any want of respect to the old gentleman, but truly because I was unable to give him an answer—he withdrew his eyes from my face, and very resignedly turned back to

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the counter, holding the loaf I had reached down to him with both hands across his chest. Well, imagine my ecstasy on leaving the shop, which I did completely unsuspected, with two loaves of beautiful white bread, some excellent cheese, and three or four herrings—for in this last I had the same taste as the waterman; and, to crown all, some tobacco and a pipe. I do not exactly recollect what I paid, but I had some change out of two half-crowns, which I threw down. No mother ever hugged her first-born to her bosom with more exquisite delight than I did the handkerchief which held all these good things. I kept eating as I walked; but that was no farther than to the first shelter I could find, which was, as usual, a barn or stable, where I made amends for my long fasting in a supper in which nearly one whole loaf, two of my herrings, and a proportionate quantity of cheese entirely disappeared.

It was Saturday night when I thus provided myself, and I determined to stop where I had been so fortunate the whole of the next day, Sunday, and rest my legs. The building in which I was being, however, as I thought, too near the bank, after I had eaten my supper I sought out another lodging, in a hovel which stood a little distance off, more in the fields, and which, having neither hay nor straw, nor anything else of the kind liable to occasion interruption, appeared admirably adapted for the purpose—it being about a quarter of a mile from the bank or road, and a mile at least from any house. Here, then, I removed with all my stores, and scraping together what little straw and rushes I could find, made myself a couch or bed. But I had another luxury yet to enjoy in my pipe and tobacco, the means of lighting which I was furnished with in a small pocket tinder-box, which I had concealed about my person for more important purposes, and which I have already mentioned. My sleep this night was indeed invigorating and refreshing, and I awoke the next morning a completely new man, with the additional happy prospect of a good breakfast before me. The day was remarkably fine for the season, and the bells from the different churches, some of which I could hear a most astonishing distance, were quite in unison with my feelings. It might be called the first fine day of spring, as the sun had really much warmth, and the birds, such as the pewit or lapwing, and others of the same kind, were dashing in playful evolutions about me. I took more notice of these things, perhaps, from being so long deprived of the enjoyment of them; but, though trivial in themselves, they diffused a kindly feeling through my whole frame, and cheered my spirits wonderfully. Nor could I help contrasting my present situation with that of the preceding Sunday, when, at the same hour, I was breathing the tainted and noxious atmosphere of an over-peopled prison-house; and now inhaling the pure and animating breezes of a fine spring morning in the fields. A man must be confined as many months as I was, in the space of only *a few square yards*, to enjoy in an adequate degree the happiness

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I felt. I had no one to interrupt me, for the population of this part of the country appeared very contracted; and I do not think, notwithstanding I kept a good look-out, that I saw during the whole of the day more than two or three persons, and these appeared a different race of beings to those I had before met with. The villages, too, were at a great distance from each other, with a farm-house now and then to be seen peering out amongst rushes and willow-trees: as to other trees, I do not recollect seeing any. In short, it appeared, on the whole, a wild and desolate district, more like an American morass than what I had supposed any part of England to be; and this district, I have reason to believe, extends for many miles each way into the interior of the kingdom. I am sure I could see for thirty miles around me. But to my story. I took the opportunity, during the day, of washing a pair of stockings, which I hung in the sun to dry, and of cleaning myself, and making myself comfortable; indeed, having a clean-shaved face, clean shirt, shoes, and stockings, and brushing myself up a little, which every Frenchman knows how to do, I by no means looked the suspicious character I otherwise should have done; and this was now particularly to be attended to as I drew near the end of my journey. My map pointed out two routes to the coast, after arriving at Downham, a town which was situated at the end of the bank on which I was travelling—one by way of Lynn, which was represented as a considerable seaport town, which was by all means to be avoided, if possible; and the other more in the interior of the country, through some smaller towns, Swaffham and Fakenham. Of course I selected the latter—with what success, the reader will learn.

Having passed the day with much comfort and satisfaction, I resumed my journey about nine o'clock, and, without any interruption worth mentioning, arrived at Downham about midnight. The weather turned out bad at this time, and it began to rain as I got to the bridge. I nevertheless continued on through the town, although so dark that I was obliged to grope my way, taking the different windings as correctly as I could remember from my map; which instructed me, on getting through the place, to turn to my left, and afterwards to my right, and then to take the first road, and continue straight on. All this I did, as I presumed, very exactly, and prosecuted my journey with great spirit; and was rewarded for it, on the day breaking, by finding myself within a little distance of what appeared to me a fortified town. In short, I had taken the wrong turn of the road at Downham, and had got to the very place I was particularly cautioned to avoid—Lynn in Norfolk.

From the success I had hitherto met with—although, it must be owned, checkered with trifling disappointments—I had become over-confident; and so far from feeling this wandering from my direct road of any consequence, I rather rejoiced at it, and foolishly resolved to endeavour to get a passage to Holland at this place, without going

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any farther. Perhaps I was encouraged in this resolution by the sight of the harbour and shipping, now gilded by the rays of the morning sun, and the knowledge that it was the port we were brought prisoners to on our first arrival in England; nay, the very smell of the pitch and tar, which was wafted to me by the wind, contributed, I think, not a little to confirm me in my purpose. Leaving the direct road I was on, after crossing several fields, I took up my abode for the day—for I still had sense enough not to think of doing anything till night—in a haystack which stood on a bank about a mile from the place.

I passed the time rather impatiently till the hour of action arrived. The plan I proposed to myself was, the first night merely to go and reconnoitre the place, and see what prospect of success was afforded. I therefore kept close till midnight, at which time, or a little before, I arrived at the gates, which presented no obstacle whatever, no sentinel or guard of any description being at that post; indeed, I believe, from their appearance, the gates were never shut. The inhabitants were all wrapt in sleep, in the most perfect security; and this was the more extraordinary, as it by no means seemed difficult for a single privateer to have sailed up the harbour and burned not only the shipping, but the town itself, for I could see nothing to prevent it. I walked from one end of the place to the other several times, and, with the exception of a few old watchmen, who cried the hour, saw only one soldier, who stood sentinel at a hotel in the square or market-place, and who, I supposed, was merely the guard on duty at headquarters, as is usual in other towns; and this, too, was during the most sanguinary period of the war. There was indeed a platform or fort at the entrance of the harbour, but it could have offered no effectual resistance. I was encouraged by this show of apparent negligence, and, keeping as near as I could to the seaward part, I found myself, after several windings and turnings, at the northern extremity of the town. Here the fishing-smacks and boats were collected together, many of them aground, in a sort of creek running up between the houses. No one was stirring, and the fishermen were undoubtedly as fast asleep in the low and miserable hovels (I cannot call them dwellings) which bounded one side of the creek, as were their more fortunate fellow-townsmen in the nobler mansions I had passed in the streets. I could, with the greatest ease, have cut a vessel out; but the risk was too great. I was no sailor, nor had I compass, sails, or oars; the river, too, cut a very different appearance to what it did at high water, being full of sands and shoals; so I very wisely gave up the idea.

Nothing particular occurred during the following day. I ate but sparingly; and my stock of provisions being now reduced to a compass not requiring the aid of a handkerchief, I thought it best to divide it into portions adapted to the size of my pockets. I had *enough to last me, on a moderate allowance, for two or three days;*

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and if I did not succeed in my attempt to get away from where I was, it was sufficient to carry me to my original destination—I mean to that part of the coast pointed out to me on the map, and from which route I ought never to have deviated.

I did not wait so long this night as the preceding one, but got into the town about ten o'clock, many of the shops being still open. What infatuation led me on I know not, but I wandered to the quay adjoining the square, in the centre of the town, though several people were walking about, and seated myself on a bench affixed to a building overlooking the harbour. By degrees the people dropped away, and left me to myself. I had not, however, enjoyed my own reflections many minutes in solitude, when six or seven men in sailors' dresses, with large sticks in their hands, headed by an officer in naval uniform and sword, passed close by me. They looked very earnestly in my face, and went on. The next minute they returned; and one of them, tapping me on the shoulder, said something, of which I could make out no more but that I must follow them; for I understood a little English, though I could not speak it. My heart sank within me at the sound of their voices. I knew all was over, and that I was inevitably lost. Seeing me hesitate to accompany them, one of the most ruffianly looking of the set seized me by the collar of my jacket to pull me along, which so irritated me, that, regardless of consequences and the disparity between us, I struck right and left with a stout stick I had in my hand, and sent two of them on their knees; at the same time receiving a blow myself on my hand, which twirled my stick into the air, and another on my head, which felled me to the ground. Seeing, therefore, resistance of no avail, I sullenly submitted to my fate, and suffered myself to be raised on my feet, the whole party abusing me all the way we went.

Whether these men were police-officers, appointed for the apprehension of runaway prisoners of war, as I suspected, or whatever other description of guards they might be, they were the most brutal set of fellows I ever met with—the officer who commanded being little better than his men. All the time this scene passed I never opened my lips, which seemed to enrage the officer much, as he several times, on not receiving any answer from me, flourished his cutlass over my head, as if he would cut me down. However, I will do him the credit to say that he never struck me with it. After we had passed through two or three streets, we came to a small inn, when the officer said something to one of the men, who beckoned me to follow him into the house, which I very quietly did, whilst the officer and the other men set off in another direction. I was rather surprised at being taken to a decent inn instead of a jail; but I thought that part of the tragedy was yet to come. As far as I could judge from the manner and behaviour of the fellow who was with me, he took my silence for a fit of the sullen, as he several times addressed me with the words: 'Cheer up, my lad! Cheer up, my hearty!'

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words I had often heard aboard ship, and which I knew the meaning of. I also very well understood I was his prisoner; and, seeing no alternative, I sat myself down, though in a very melancholy mood, by the fire, in a little room he took me into, he seating himself on the opposite side.

My companion, after several ineffectual efforts to draw me into conversation, at last gave up the attempt, and left me to my own thoughts, at the same time ordering some grog and a pipe to comfort himself with. Occasionally he would deign me a sour look, and now and then, eyeing me at the same time very contemptuously from head to foot, would mutter something between his teeth, of which I could make out nothing.

My reflections, as may be supposed, were not of the most consolingly kind. I every minute expected to be led in chains to some dungeon, preparatory to my final removal and return to my old prison; and I started at every sound, imagining I heard the guards coming to convey me away. I leant my elbow on the table, and rested my cheek on my hand, absorbed in the most bitter recollections. My head ached dreadfully from the blow I had received, and I felt my heart, as it were, almost bursting with vexation and disappointment. After being so near the accomplishment of my wishes, to be thus in a moment again doomed to imprisonment and sorrow, and perhaps punishment, almost drove me mad.

The room in which we were had no other furniture but the two chairs on which we were seated, and a large oak table, with leaves reaching to the ground. In observing this I also saw that the window—which was a sashed one, and which opened into the street—was not fastened. The idea of escape had never left me, and I thought, could I but get to that window, something might be attempted. My heart sprang to my lips at the bare suggestion, and hope, when I imagined it most distant, suddenly reappeared. I watched my companion for some time after this, with the expectation of his going to sleep; but he knew his duty too well for that; when a loud noise and quarrelling in an adjoining room gave me the opportunity I wished. There appeared to be a violent scuffle going on; and my guard, after being repeatedly called upon by name, looking round to see that all was safe, and saying something to me, snatched up his stick and rushed out of the door, taking care, however, to shut it after him. Now was the time to venture, or never. I flew to the window, and threw up the sash, which offered no impediment, and was just on the point of getting out, when I heard him returning. It was of no use attempting any farther, and I immediately, and with a heavy heart, drew back; but, fearful of the first vent of his anger, before he entered, and unperceived by him, I crept under the table, the large leaves of which concealed me from his view. He shut the door after him, and looked round for me; *when, finding the window open, and I nowhere to be seen, he*

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jumped out of the window, and set off in the imaginary pursuit of me. I could scarcely credit this wonderful instance of good fortune in my behalf, and hastening from my hiding-place to the window, kept my eyes on him till I saw him turn the corner of the street, when I leaped out also, running with all my speed in a contrary direction. I had continued thus for some time through several streets, without in the least knowing where I was going, but with the hope of somehow or other finding my way to the gates of the town, and once more taking refuge in the haystack which I had so unfortunately left, when, turning the corner of a lane, I of a sudden, and most unexpectedly, came in sight of my guards again, all of whom were together. They at once discovered me, and, inflamed with rage and revenge, immediately gave chase. I must inevitably have been retaken, for I could have run but little farther, if, providentially for me, I had not observed, as I was running along, the door of a small house standing a little open. Unperceived by any one, I entered the house, and safely closed the door, holding, with breathless suspense, the latch in my hand. In a few minutes I heard my pursuers passing in full cry after me, clattering and shouting most terrifically. It was the last time I either saw or heard them; and happily it proved for me that it was the last time; for I verily believe, had I then been taken, it would have broken my heart: as it was, I sank exhausted upon my knees, almost fainting with agitation and terror.

An aged female, of most prepossessing appearance, with a cat in her lap, was sitting at work by the fire when I entered. At first she seemed rather frightened at my intrusion, and had her hand on the wire of a bell which communicated with the adjoining house to give the alarm; but the next moment, from my action and manner, she appeared in part to comprehend my situation, particularly when she heard my pursuers after me; for she held up her forefinger in the attitude of listening, and said very softly: 'Hush—hush!' two or three times. After waiting thus a little while, till she was convinced they were gone by, she came closer to me, and looked in my face. I was pale as death, and so spent with running that I could scarcely draw my breath. She spoke to me in the most soothing accents of kindness and compassion, and made signs for me to rise and take a chair, for I was still on my knees. The voice of compassion, let it be spoken in what language it will, is intelligible to all men and to all nations. I comprehended her accordingly, and looked thanks, for I could not speak them. However, she made amends for my want of tongue by running on with great volubility, doubling her little withered fists in the direction my pursuers had taken, as if she spoke of them, as she doubtless did, and repeating the word 'press-gang' several times with great emphasis and anger. As she seemed waiting to hear me speak, and not knowing what else to say, I faintly answered: 'Pressgang, madame; pressgang!' as well as I could,
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without in the least understanding what it meant. But this was quite enough for the old lady, who continued venting her anger against them for some minutes longer. It appeared afterwards that my kind protector took me for a sailor, who had escaped from a set of men denominated a 'pressgang,' who are employed by the British government to procure seamen for their navy, in which service many cruel and oppressive measures are resorted to.

I was, as I have said, quite exhausted with the variety of sufferings I had undergone for the last few hours. The benevolent woman on whose protection I had been so unaccountably thrown soon saw this, and poured me out a glass of brandy; but ere I could receive it from her hand, a film came over my eyes, the room appeared to swim round me, and I thought myself dying. I had only time to take off my cap and point to my wounded head, which she had not before perceived, when I fainted away. I know not how long I remained in this state, but when I came to myself, my head was reclining on a pillow placed by her on the table for me, and she was bathing the contusion in the tenderest manner with some sweet-scented embrocation. Seeing me revive, she gave me the brandy, which I had scarcely strength to hold to my lips, so much was I reduced by pain and fatigue; but after I had swallowed it, I felt immediately relieved, and heaving a deep sigh, lifted up my head. She appeared greatly rejoiced at my recovery, which was, however, very transient and fleeting; for, unable to hold myself up, my head sank again upon the pillow, when, as considerate as she was good, she made signs for me to keep my head down and hold my tongue. I found no difficulty in complying with this, and in a few minutes was fast asleep upon the table.

I never awoke till next morning, when for some minutes my head was so confused, I neither knew where I was nor what had happened; but my recollection soon returned, and with it came a train of hopes and fears. Although much revived, I was still in great pain from the blow on my head, and otherwise feverish and unwell. My guardian angel, as I must always call the excellent creature who thus sheltered and nursed me, was at my side as soon as she saw that I was awake. She had sat up all night to watch me, and the Bible, which she had been reading to beguile the time, was still lying on the table. She did not appear by any means fatigued, but busied herself in getting breakfast ready, for it was past eight o'clock; and in a few minutes more placed before me a basin of excellent tea, and some bread and butter. At these repeated instances of kindness and benevolence from a stranger, and at such a time, I could no longer restrain myself, but burst into a passionate flood of tears, which seemed to have a sympathetic effect upon the good woman's heart, for she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron several times. I now found it to be both proper and prudent *to say something*, as she seemed surprised at my continued silence,

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which she expressed by several intelligent signs; and as I felt myself too ill to continue my journey, it was necessary for me to endeavour to raise an interest in her feelings, that she might not withdraw her protection from me. I therefore, after many struggles between hope and apprehension, summoned up resolution to throw myself entirely upon her compassion; and I had no reason to repent my determination. In the best English I was master of, I told her I was 'un foreigner, un stranger. Ah, madame, good madame,' I said with tears in my eyes, 'a-ve pitie on me!' At the first word I spoke, she discovered I was not an Englishman, but took me to be a foreign sailor from one of the vessels in the harbour, who, she supposed, from what had happened on the preceding night, had escaped from a 'pressgang,' as I have already mentioned. She had seen much and heard a great deal of the cruelty of these men; and that it was which made her so inveterate against them, and prompted her so readily to conceal me. But when I told her that I was 'un pauvre Frenchman—un prisonnier François,' she started, and her countenance fell; but it was but for a moment, the natural benevolence of her disposition getting the better of that national antipathy which even existed in this good woman's breast. I took my dictionary from my pocket, and with its aid, and partly by signs, soon made her comprehend my situation and hopes. I also emptied my money on the table, and made signs for her to take it; and, throwing myself on my knees, concluded by begging her not to betray me. The worthy creature caught my meaning much more readily than I could have expected, and at the same time, weeping as she spoke, made me understand that she had a grandson, an only child left of many, now a prisoner of war in France; she likewise told me, with great emotion, that she would not betray me. 'God forbid that I should!' she said; and added, that if I got away safe, all the return she asked was, that I would assist the escape of her grandson, who, the last time she had heard from him, was at Verdun. As to my money, she insisted upon my taking it back again, and would by no means receive it.

An intercourse being now established between us, I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my breast; and as there was some danger to be apprehended to my kind hostess should it be known that she had assisted in the escape of a French prisoner, I was removed into a little back parlour, which opened into a small garden or yard about twelve feet square, surrounded by high walls, and where none could oversee me. For the time I was concealed there, I was nursed with the same care and attention that a mother would pay to an only son. My health and strength returned but slowly, the blow on my head having deranged my whole system, and it was some days before I could call myself completely restored; but she managed everything with so much discretion, that none, not even her nearest neighbours, had any suspicion of her having an

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inmate. I always kept the door of the room locked, and could often hear her talking with her acquaintance, whom she made a rule of getting rid of as soon as possible. It would have amused any one to have witnessed our conversation of an evening. After she had made the doors and windows of the house fast for the night, which she generally did about six o'clock, she would come and sit with me, bringing her work, and make the tea and toast—which, I perfectly agree with the English people, is certainly a most refreshing meal, or *comfortable*, as they call it. If she said anything which I did not understand, I would write it down, and translate it, word for word; and the same by what I said to her; and it is surprising with what readiness we comprehended each other's meaning. Often have the tears run down the good creature's eyes as I told her of my sufferings in the prison; and as often would she rejoice with me in the anticipation of my once more seeing my parents.

My kind hostess—whose name, for prudential reasons, I shall omit—was, as she told me, in her seventieth year. She was the widow of a captain or master of one of the vessels which sailed from Lynn, I think she said in the Baltic trade. Her husband had been dead some years; and she told me, with some pride, that he had left her a comfortable competency, the fruits of his industry and economy, to maintain her in her old age. All her children and grandchildren, she said, were dead but one, who, as I have before mentioned, was a prisoner in France; having been captured in a voyage to St Petersburg in a ship in which he was mate, and from whom she had received no account for upwards of two years, which afflicted the old lady grievously. I promised her, should I succeed in reaching France, I would use all the interest of my family, which I assured her was not small, in effecting his exchange; and if I did not succeed in that, I would make him as comfortable as money could make him. We also talked, as you may suppose, of my future proceedings; and as a first step towards their successful termination, she provided me with a complete dress of coloured clothes which had belonged to her deceased son; and also with two fine linen shirts—my own being checked cotton, such as seamen wear—and a hat, and stockings, and other useful articles; nor would she receive any payment whatever for them, but bade me place them to the account of 'her dear grandson, and do the same for him.' The next morning, according to her wish, having discarded my old clothes, I put on my new ones, which fitted me exceedingly well; and I felt the change, as it were, through my whole frame. I appeared to myself at once, and most unexpectedly, restored to that station in life to which I had been so long a stranger, and to which I at one time thought I should never return. I had also the satisfaction of knowing that I might now pass from one end of the kingdom to the other without being suspected or interrupted—no small comfort to a man in my situation. My kind hostess, at first seeing me in my new dress, was visibly

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affected; the remembrance of her son rose in her bosom, and she sank on a chair overwhelmed with her feelings. After a few minutes given to silent sorrow, in which I felt for her as if she had been my own mother, she wiped away her tears, and taking my hand very affectionately, prayed God 'to restore me to my family again, and not leave my parents childless.' I recollect her words well; for the tone and manner in which they were delivered made an impression upon me I shall never forget.

Being now perfectly recovered, and well aware of the inconvenience I must be putting my inestimable friend to, I prepared for my departure. I had been her guest a week; and having told her my determination to start next morning, once more requested her to allow me at least to repay her the expenses she had been put to on my account. But I could by no means prevail upon her to take a single farthing; her constant reply to everything I advanced upon that subject was 'to give it to her grandson one way or other.' All I could induce her to accept was a ring of little value, but esteemed by me as given me by my mother, and having my name, age, and place of birth engraven on it. I had concealed it about my person on being first captured by the English vessel, and had worn it round my neck by a ribbon ever since. I thought I could not do better than to present it to this, as I called her, my second mother; and she received it with great pleasure, and promised always to wear it in remembrance of me. This, with four small Spanish coins as counters for whist, which I had seen her admire, was all I could get her to accept.

The next morning, after partaking of a good breakfast, about eight o'clock I rose to depart; when, with tears in her eyes, which she in vain attempted to conceal, she gave me a letter for her grandson, enclosing a bill of exchange. I endeavoured to smile, and told her 'I trusted we should yet meet again in happier circumstances, her grandson with us.' But she shook her head, and said: 'No, no; not in this world; never, never!' I then took her hand, and kissed it with great devotion several times, and thanked her repeatedly for the kind protection she had afforded me. But the good creature had not yet done. She brought me some provisions of bread and meat, neatly done up, to put in my pocket, with a small bottle of brandy; and once more bidding me not forget 'her poor boy,' we parted—and for ever!

The very mention, even after a lapse of so many years, of all this kindness and unexampled liberality, brings tears of grateful recollection to my eyes; and think not, reader (and I may as well mention it here), that her goodness was forgotten by me. Immediately on the restoration of peace, I commissioned a friend to go to England to seek out this excellent woman, bearing letters from my mother and myself, saying all that grateful hearts could say; and offering her, if she chose to accept it, an asylum with us in France for life.

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or should she, as was more natural, prefer staying in her native country, we remitted the necessary funds for securing to her the payment of an annuity of £50. We also sent several presents, such as we thought might be acceptable to her. But alas! to our unspeakable sorrow, on our correspondent's arrival at Lynn, he found she had been dead some years—an event, I have no doubt, hastened by the melancholy end of her grandson; of whom I was obliged to write her the distressing account—which I did immediately after I had ascertained the fact—that he had been wounded in an attempt, with many others, to escape, and that he had died of his wounds.

I had been fully instructed by my kind hostess how to get out of the town, and the route I was afterwards to take. It being market-day, the streets were full of people, whom I passed with much apparent unconcern; and it gave me great confidence to see myself so unnoticed, as it more fully convinced me of my personal security. Having walked across the great square or market-place, beset with numbers of busy faces, I discovered I had come a little out of my way, but it was of no consequence; and in a few more turns I found myself in the street I had been directed to, leading to the eastern entrance of the town. In a few minutes more I was clear of the place, and on an excellent road in the direct line to the coast. Everything conspired to make this part of my journey pleasant. The day was very fine, the sun shining bright, and the birds whistling around me in all directions; nor was it the least pleasing part of my reflections that I was travelling by day instead of night; in short, I was in great spirits, which, though they had been for the moment damped by the parting with my kind old friend, revived at the scene around me, and the animating thought of my approaching deliverance, to which every step I took drew me nearer.

I passed through the pleasant village of Gaywood, and continued my course at a gentle pace—for I had no occasion for haste—for three or four miles farther, where, on the top of a high hill, I seated myself on a milestone, and, turning my head back, took a final farewell of the town of Lynn, which I had so many reasons to remember, and where I had met with such a wonderful variety of adventures.

But it is not my intention to relate every little incident of the remainder of my journey, which passed without any material interruption. I arrived at the neat market-town of Fakenham about six o'clock in the evening. I had walked leisurely along, occasionally stopping and refreshing myself, or I might have got there much sooner. Having found out a retired spot, about a mile beyond the place, I took up my abode for the night in a stable, and endeavoured to make myself as comfortable as I could—not forgetting, as may be supposed, my provisions and brandy bottle. The next morning at sunrise, or a little after, I started on my last day's journey; for I *had now, as my map informed me, only twenty-five miles farther to*

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go, and in the track originally pointed out for me. My intention was to get to the part of the coast I was bound to before dark, and to regulate my proceedings afterwards as might seem most advisable. A thousand fears now began to haunt me, that something or other might interfere and blast all my hopes at the very moment of their completion. Sometimes I thought the man I was directed to might betray me, or refuse to assist me—or he might be dead, or out of the way; in the last instance (and which, indeed, was very probable to be the case), I had nothing left to guide me but my own discretion. These, with many other reflections of a like nature, threw a damp upon my thoughts, which I could not at first shake off; but as the day advanced, I felt a renewed confidence in my own powers, strengthened not a little by the good-luck which had hitherto befriended me, and which I trusted would not forsake me; and I continued my journey in tolerable spirits accordingly.

Without meeting any circumstance worth relating, after travelling for some hours over long and dreary sandy heaths, apparently barren and worthless, but abounding in game and rabbits, and occasionally pursuing my way through a finely cultivated country, interspersed with some handsome seats of the nobility and gentry, I came at noon, though not without some little difficulty in finding my way, to Langham, a well-built, interesting village, the houses of which, from the neatness, not to say elegance, of their structure, and conveniences of their farm-yards and offices, gave a very flattering picture of the condition of English farmers as contrasted with those of other nations. Here it was, in passing through the place, I again, and unexpectedly, came in sight of the German Ocean, a few miles below me. It burst upon my view at once, and so suddenly as almost to overpower my feelings. Several fine ships, with their topsails set, were in the offing; and the fishing-smacks and other vessels were tacking about in various directions. I stood for some minutes contemplating this sublime scene, marking the billows as they rolled along, curling with foam, and, as it were, chasing each other to the shore; and listening to the hollow and lengthened roar of the waves breaking over a bar forming the entrance of a harbour about two or three miles distant. I was always fond of the sea, and my emotions now were undoubtedly heightened by a perfect recollection of the coast—the same we passed in our voyage as prisoners to Lynn.

Being arrived within a few miles of my destination, my hopes and fears again returned. I continued my journey slowly and thoughtfully, revolving in my mind everything I was directed to do and say. I had a pass-word for the person I was to commit myself to, with a full description of his house, and indeed of every particular likely to be of service. I was also assured I might confide in him with safety; nevertheless it was with a beating heart that I once more arrived in view of the ocean, which, from the direction the road took, I had for a few miles lost sight of. I was on the brow of a high

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cliff, which towered over a few fishermen's cottages on the beach; amongst which, but standing more by itself, at the entrance of a small creek, to which a boat was moored, stood the ultimate object of my hopes at present—namely, the house I was to go to. I knew it immediately, from the description I had of it, and could not be mistaken; but how to arrive at it was a subject of some deliberation; for I could see no road, and nothing but a sea-mew or gull could get to it by the cliffs.

I continued, therefore, my walk for nearly half a mile, keeping close to the edge of the cliffs, and had begun to despair of finding a way, when, on a sudden, to my left appeared a small opening, as if part of the cliff had fallen in, carrying with it an immense body of earth and sand, in gradual slope till it reached the beach; and such, indeed, there is no doubt had been the original formation of the road, which I now began to descend, and which I immediately saw was the one I wanted. The road, if such it could be called, was not more than five feet wide, of a fine white sand, in which I sank over the ankles every step I took. In some parts it was extremely steep and dangerous, and the high banks on each side being shadowed with stunted bramble and alder bushes, mingled with furze and ling, which almost met over my head, gave a sombre appearance to the whole, heightened as it was by the dusk of evening—congenial, perhaps, to the feelings of a *Salvator Rosa*, but certainly not to mine. After proceeding about half-way down—for the road, from its windings, must have been a quarter of a mile at least—I began to perceive signs of approaching habitations. The sand on each side was scooped into little caverns, and betrayed where children had been at play; and a half-starved ass, which I had some difficulty in making get out of my way, was picking a scanty meal from the short grass which here and there peeped out from the sides of the bank. I remember all these little occurrences well, and they helped to connect in my memory others of more importance. From a small projecting eminence at a turn of the road, I discovered immediately below me the place I was looking for. It was merely a collection of a few scattered houses, or rather huts, to the number of five or six, inhabited by fishermen, and partly built at the foot of the cliffs, a little above high-water mark. At a small distance from these houses, more to the right, stood the one I was in search of. It was situated on the edge of a creek, about four yards from the cliff, which here was quite perpendicular, and between which and the house was a vacant space where the road passed. A shrimp-net was hung on posts before the door, and a coble was moored within a few yards of it, as I had observed on first approaching the cliff. This struck me as a fortunate circumstance, and led me to hope the owner was at home. The house, though of much the same size as the others, had a cleaner and better appearance, and was evidently occupied by a different sort of inhabitant. This also was, I thought, another circumstance

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in my favour ; and I waited very patiently, concealed behind a projecting part of the cliff, till dark. I had as yet been seen by no one ; nor, indeed, as far as I could judge, was I likely to be disturbed, for all seemed still and quiet. I kept my eyes fixed upon the window of the house, from which I was not far distant, till I saw a candle lighted and the shutter closed ; and it being now quite dark, with a palpitating heart and high expectations, but allayed, as may be supposed, by corresponding fears, I approached the door. The well-remembered sign of three oyster-shells over the window assured me I was correct as to the house ; and a mark over the door, of which I had been particularly cautioned to take heed, told me the master was at home. Indeed, had not this mark appeared, I was to have turned away, and waited for a more propitious opportunity. Encouraged by all these signs in my favour, I lifted the latch, and, as I was instructed, stepped boldly in, and closed the door after me. A man in sailor's dress, with a hair cap on his head, and huge boots turned over his knees, was sitting at a small round table smoking his pipe, with a can of grog before him. A woman, apparently superannuated by age and infirmity, was spinning flax with a spindle by the fire ; and close by her, on a stool, half-asleep, sat an arch-looking boy, about twelve years of age, also in a sailor's jacket and trousers and cap. I threw a hasty glance over them all, and, fixing my eyes on the man, was convinced all was right as to him ; for he had a scar, as I had been previously informed, reaching from right to left, deeply imprinted on his forehead ; and he also wore a silver ring on his thumb, through some superstitious notion prevalent among seafaring people. As to the other inmates, I was not quite so certain. On my entrance, he eyed me very suspiciously from head to foot. I approached the table, and holding up two fingers of my left hand over my head, made a sign, clearly seen and understood by him to whom it was addressed, though unperceived by his companions. He immediately gave me the countersign, and said : 'All's right.' 'I replied boldly in words I had been taught, and which I had conned over so often as to have completely by rote. He understood me perfectly well, and told me in French, which he spoke very fluently, to sit down and make myself easy. He then went to the door and window, which he bolted with strong bars of iron. 'There now,' says he ; 'we are safe from all disturbance ; yet it's as well to be secure. Cant that into your hold,' continued he, pouring me out a glass of excellent hollands as he spoke, 'whilst I get something for the bread-room.—Ah,' added he, with a knowing wink, as I took his advice, and drank off the very acceptable gift, 'it's genuine, I warrant it.' He then placed on the table some beef and bread and other eatables, and seating himself by me, filled a fresh pipe, and bade me tell him all about it. I told him, in as few words as I could, the heads of my story, and that I would reward him with any sum to furnish me with the means, as I was well aware he had done

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for others, of escaping to Holland. He heard me very patiently to the end—during which time I think he smoked half-a-dozen pipes of tobacco, and drank as many glasses of grog—never speaking or interrupting me the whole time; but evinced the interest he took in my tale by sending forth from his mouth a denser column of smoke, according as the various incidents excited his feelings. After I had concluded, he shook me heartily by the hand, and told me again all was right. He would do what he could; but that we must act with caution, as ‘hawks were abroad.’

My host, whom I shall call Jack, a name he was usually designated by among his comrades, was about forty-five years of age; and, notwithstanding the scar across his forehead—which, by-the-bye, he told me he had received from one of my own countrymen—might be called a fine-looking fellow. His complexion was deeply embrowned by the service he had seen, and the winds and weathers he had encountered, as he had been, he said, a sailor from the time he was no higher than a marline-spike. I need not say he was a smuggler; but he carried on the ‘free trade,’ as he called it, in a manner peculiar to himself, and never ran a cargo within a certain distance of his home. He was, he informed me, the sole agent of a house in Holland, connected with certain people in England, who placed implicit trust in him. While telling me this, he was tossing off glasses of grog one after another. The dose was repeated so often that I began to find it was high time to go to rest. With some demur, on account of my refusing to take ‘just another drop,’ Jack shewed me to my apartment—a curious concealed place, which had defied discovery on divers occasions. Pointing out a strong iron bar, he directed me how to place it across the door, and which, for my further security, he told me not to open without a password. At the same time he shewed me a small and almost imperceptible hole in the wall, by which I could reconnoitre every comer. Next morning he was with me betimes, and we entered into conversation about our future proceedings. He bade me remain in my room all day, and not shew myself at the window, which faced the ocean, lest I should be seen from the beach; and to be sure to close the shutter as soon as evening fell, so that no light might be seen from without. At night, if I wished it, I might join them below, but I was not by any means to go out of the house. He assured me that these precautions were all necessary, both for his and my own security. The old woman, he said, was always on the watch to give notice of the least alarm; and that, under the appearance of being half-crazed and superannuated, she concealed the greatest cunning and vigour of mind. At the same time he shewed me another small aperture, through which I could see whatever passed in the room below. ‘For the last assurance of your safety,’ said he, ‘see this;’ and, as he spoke, he discovered to me a recess in the wall, so artfully contrived as to elude the closest inspection. ‘If need be,’ continued he,

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'conceal yourself there. One of your generals knows its dimensions well, for he was in it when every house in the hamlet was filled with red-coats in search of him. They were within two inches of him,' added he, laughing heartily as he spoke, 'and the old woman held the candle; but they might as well have been on the top of Cromer light-house.' He then left me. I remained in my hiding-place several days. Notwithstanding every attention was paid to my wants, and even wishes, by the whole household, my time passed very heavily. I had no books, nor anything to divert my thoughts by day, and I would sit for hours contemplating that ocean on which all my hopes were now centered. At night, indeed, I generally joined the party below, or my friend would come and spend it with me. During these times he would amuse me by relating several tales of daring hardihood and of extraordinary escapes in which he had been a party; and of the incredible subtlety and invention with which he and his companions had circumvented the officers of the English customs. These last stories he always told with great glee, as if the very remembrance of them diverted him.

At length the period of departure arrived. It was about twelve o'clock on a fine starlight night that, looking out of my window previously to undressing and going to bed, I saw a boat approaching the shore. I knew it in a moment to be the coble usually moored at the creek. Two men and a boy were in it. The boy, whose face was towards me, was steering, and I immediately knew him, notwithstanding the distance, to be my host's son. They approached with great precaution and silence, and I scarcely breathed with hope and expectation; but in a few minutes all was lulled into certainty by the appearance of Jack himself, who, without allowing me time to speak a word, which I much wished, to the old woman, hurried me to the boat, and jumping in after me, pulled away with all his strength, seconded by the other man, as if life depended on it. In about two hours or more we arrived on board a small sloop, which had lain-to for us; and the skipper, a Dutchman, who spoke good French, received me with much civility, bidding me, however, be quick. Jack accompanied me into the cabin, and in a few words—for no time was to be lost—acquainted me the vessel was one in which he was concerned, and had run a valuable cargo not far off; that the skipper readily consented to receive me on board, and had watched a favourable moment—communicated by signals from the shore—to run in and take me off. The master of the vessel having several times called to us to make haste, I satisfied the faithful fellow for his services to the utmost of his wishes, to which I added a guinea for the old woman, and another for his son; and going upon deck, shook him heartily by the hand, and bade him farewell—he and his boy waving their caps several times to me as they pulled away to the shore. We immediately put the vessel about; and having the advantage of a favourable breeze, we soon lost sight of the cliffs

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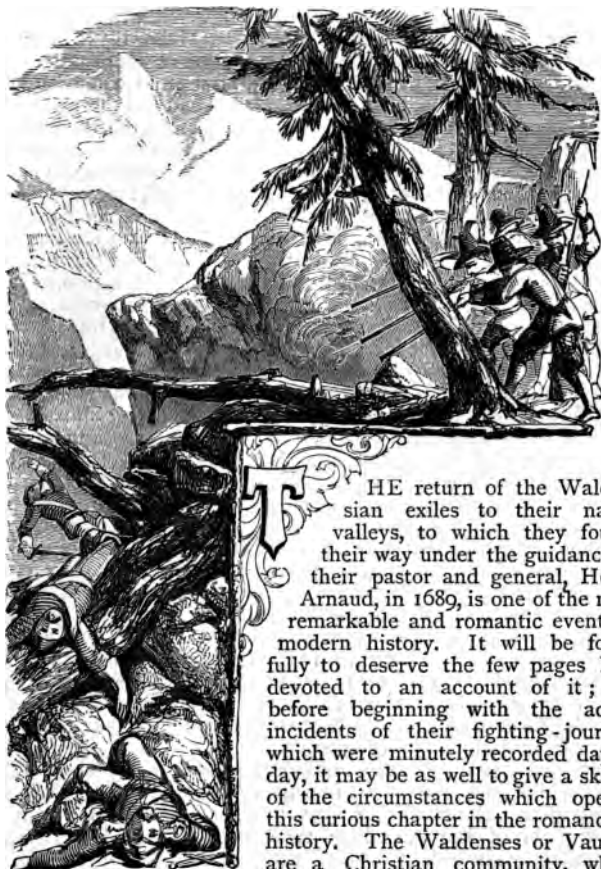
and coast of Norfolk—the last object in England which struck my sight being the fluttering and revolving blaze of Cromer light-house ; and this, too, having faded in the distance, I retired to the cabin, where the skipper was sitting with his mate over a good and capacious can of grog, of which they invited me to partake. At their request I related the heads of my escape, and they flattered me with the hopes of soon being at home. Notwithstanding the perilous voyage of a smuggling cutter, we met with nothing worth narrating, except being several times chased by English vessels, and having once narrowly escaped running aground by keeping too close in-shore, to avoid the smaller cruisers of the enemy. On the evening of the second day we arrived in safety in the *Texel*, when I paid my friend the skipper ten louis-d'ors for my passage, and gave five more to be divided amongst the crew.

Little more now remains for me to say. Immediately on landing, I wrote home the news of my escape ; and the next morning started for Paris, where I was detained a day by the commands of the Minister of the Marine, to whom I rendered all the information in my power ; and without losing another moment, took my place in the diligence for Marseille, where I arrived in safety, and the next minute was in the embraces of my dear and beloved parents.*

* The above narrative, which is a translation from the French, appeared a number of years ago, and has been obligingly placed at our disposal by the proprietor. We believe we are warranted in saying that it is in every particular true.



HENRY ARNAUD AND THE WALDENSES.



THE return of the Waldensian exiles to their native valleys, to which they fought their way under the guidance of their pastor and general, Henry Arnaud, in 1689, is one of the most remarkable and romantic events in modern history. It will be found fully to deserve the few pages here devoted to an account of it; but before beginning with the actual incidents of their fighting-journey, which were minutely recorded day by day, it may be as well to give a sketch of the circumstances which opened this curious chapter in the romance of history. The Waldenses or Vaudois are a Christian community, whose

doctrines and forms of worship are, now at least, similar to those of the Reformed churches. Much has been said about the origin of the sect. Their own historians assert that the community has remained from apostolic times independent of the Church of Rome, and boast that they can shew a regular apostolic succession of bishops from

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the earliest period of Christianity till that of the Reformation. This statement has been very generally admitted by uncritical writers ; but in the light of recent investigations, it would seem to be no longer tenable. Dieckhoff (*Die Waldenser im Mittelalter*, Gött. 1851) and Herzog (*Die romanischen Waldenser*, Halle, 1853) have submitted the early history of the Waldenses to a critical examination ; and the result to which they have come, after an examination of the manuscript records, is, that the Waldenses had not the early origin claimed for them, and were not Protestant before the Reformation ; although they entertained some opinions which, so far, were in anticipation of those held by the Reformers. They are also of the opinion that the Waldenses do not take their name from *val*, *vallis*, a valley, as has been assumed, but from Peter Waldo of Lyon, a merchant of the twelfth century, who was less the founder of a sect than the representative and leader of a wide-spread struggle against the corruptions of the clergy. The church would have tolerated Peter Waldo, as it had tolerated St Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscans, and perhaps have allowed him to form a new order, had he not trenched upon ground dangerous to the hierarchy. But he had the four gospels translated, and maintained that laymen had a right to read them to the people. He exposed in this way the prevalent ignorance and immorality of the clergy, and brought down their wrath upon himself. His opinions were condemned by a general council in 1179, and he retired to the valleys of the Cottian Alps. A long series of persecutions followed, but Waldo's followers could not be forced to abandon their opinions. They continued to be known as the *Leonisti*, from the place of their origin—the Poor People of Lyon, from their voluntary penury—*Sabotati*, from the wooden shoes they wore—and *Humilitati*, on account of their humility. It was natural that a body cruelly persecuted should stand aloof from the church, and even offer armed resistance ; yet we have no evidence of the manner in which the Waldenses first became a separate community. They are now shewn to have been identical with the followers of Waldo, but they must not be confounded with the Albigenses, who were persecuted at the same period. The protest of the Waldenses against the Church of Rome only related to practical questions, that of the Albigenses related to matters of doctrine.

The Waldenses at first seem to have spread in the upper valleys of Dauphiné and Piedmont, to which Waldo retired. They were subjected to persecutions in 1332, 1400, and 1478, and driven into many parts of Europe, where their industry and integrity were universally remarked. So widely had the sect been scattered, that it was said a traveller from Antwerp to Rome could sleep every night at the house of one of the brethren. In Bohemia many of them had settled, and they, without forsaking their own community, joined the Hussites, Taborites, and Bohemian Brethren—a connection which led to a change in the principles of the Waldenses. They adopted

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the doctrines of the Reformers, and this led to more serious persecutions than any they had previously undergone. Francis I. of France, in possession of Piedmont in 1541, ordered them to be extirpated. They were massacred at various places in Dauphiné and in the valleys they still occupy, more especially at Merindol and Cabrière. Several persons who refused to abandon their faith were burned alive, yet the sect continued to exist. In 1560, the Duke of Savoy, who had recovered possession of Piedmont, urged by Pope Paul IV., forbade the Waldenses to exercise their faith, under the penalty of being sent to the galleys for life. The Waldenses sent him a petition and apology for their creed, which appeared to him so plausible, that he suggested that a conference should take place between the Waldensian and Romanist divines. He was, of course, told that the proposition was monstrous, and was bullied by the pope and the courts of Spain and France so effectually, that he despatched 7000 men into the valleys, who were joined by two French regiments. The Waldenses offered a gallant resistance, but were overwhelmed by superior force. Many prisoners were burned alive, and women and children were ruthlessly slaughtered. The duke was disgusted with these atrocities, and although denounced as no better than a heretic at Rome, granted the Waldenses an amnesty on condition that their service should only be performed at certain places in the valleys of Lucerna and San Martino. The Waldenses in the other districts, and especially the marquisate of Saluzzo, were then persecuted by the Jesuits. Charles I. of England sent two embassies to the Duke of Savoy to intercede in their behalf, but without avail. Victor Amadeus I., not long after, ordered the Waldenses of Saluzzo, under penalty of confiscation of property and death, to become Catholics; and the edict was so rigorously carried out that, in a few years, none of the sect remained in the district. Charles Emmanuel II., in 1655, directed a fresh persecution against the Waldenses. Some time before, the people of Lucerna, inflamed, it is said, by the discourses of Jean Leger, a popular preacher, set fire to a convent of Capuchins, and committed other excesses. An inquiry was made, and it was found that the Waldenses had purchased property and built churches and schools in districts where no concessions had been granted them. They were ordered within twenty days to sell their property, or profess Catholicism. They resisted under leaders named Jayer and Janavel, but they could not oppose the forces sent against them. No quarter was shewn to women and children, and atrocities were committed—more especially by the French and Irish mercenaries in the service of the duke—which, recorded by Jean Leger, were heard of with indignation in all Protestant countries. Subscriptions were made in England for those who had survived the massacre. The Swiss cantons and the states of Holland sent envoys to the duke. Cromwell addressed Latin letters to him, written by Milton, and also sent Sir Samuel Morland, who collected

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numerous manuscripts connected with the history of the Waldenses, and brought them to England with him. A convention was concluded, by which the Waldenses were allowed again to exercise their worship.

After the powerful intervention of Oliver Cromwell on the behalf of the Waldenses, seconded by the good wishes of other European potentates, they appeared to be entering upon a career of peace and independence. This lasted for some years: but in 1685 they were, with too much justice, alarmed when Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had been passed for the toleration of the French Protestants. The many fugitives who on that occasion were dispersed throughout Europe, carried the melancholy news of the growing despotism of the great French monarch. It soon became clear that he would exert his power against a small body like the Waldenses, who assailed his pride by giving sympathy and protection to his fugitive subjects so close to his own dominions. Many threatening hints were made to the Duke of Savoy on the subject. He was told that he must either compel his subjects to conform to the Church of Rome, or drive them out of their valleys. At last he was informed, that if he would not set himself heartily to this task, the king of France would do it himself with 14,000 men, and would then consider the territory a conquest, and take possession of it.

Urged by this threat, which imported no less than a partition of his territory, the duke gave the Waldenses the alternative of submitting, or being driven forth by an armed force. This was not, however, destined to be easily accomplished. The men of the valleys gave an uncompromising refusal to the proposal, and prepared for resistance. In their many series of persecutions, they had acquired a capacity for warfare, which descended from generation to generation; and their swords were the terror of the enemy wherever they appeared. They set at effectual defiance the feeble efforts of the ducal monarch of Savoy; and he required to call in the assistance of the French troops. At that period, owing to the stiff and uniform system of campaigning which had been adopted, regular troops never met the warlike mountaineers, especially on their own rough and dangerous ground, without suffering severely. The Waldenses, acting on the defensive, beat off their foes on both sides—the French on the one, and their Savoyard neighbours on the other: their successes were remarkable; and, carried away by the preternatural fervour which seems ever to have possessed them, they followed up their victories with ruthless determination, instead of seeking, by moderation, to secure for themselves terms of accommodation.

A very strange and unaccountable result, however, followed these victories, and the use so made of them. All at once, as if driven by some fatality, the Waldenses, in the moment of victory, and when they had by no means shewn themselves to be clement conquerors, threw down their arms, and made an entire submission. To account for

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this singular incident, it has been said that they acted under a secret promise of pardon and protection, which was basely broken; and the solution seems to be a probable one, although it is proper to say that no sufficient evidence of the fact has been adduced. They were committed to prison in great multitudes; but it is impossible to believe what their own authorities relate, that more than two-thirds of their grown men perished in dungeons. Many certainly did so; and the number of the captives was much thinned ere a resolution was taken to release them and send them out of the country.

This resolution was adopted in consequence of the remonstrances of the Protestant cantons, and their offer to provide for the unfortunate Waldenses. In 1687, these set out to join their kind neighbours, to the number, it is said, of 3000. To reach their destination, it was necessary to cross the great chain of the Alps, where a few passes only, and these proverbially formidable, occur at distances of many miles. The fugitives, unacquainted with the route, should have had guides and a plentiful supply of provisions—but they had neither; and the hardships they suffered would have exterminated them, if they had not possessed mountain constitutions. Leaving behind them the great mass of glaciers and precipices over which Mont Blanc reigns supreme, they descended along the lovely valleys, reminding them of their homes, which slope towards the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva. Here, exhausted, attenuated, and ragged—like spectres rather than living beings—they met a warm reception from their sympathising friends. They were now dispersed chiefly among the towns and villages of the canton of Bern, and were gradually introduced to the means of gaining a livelihood.

But mountaineers seem to have ever a strong yearning after their native valleys, which, in peculiar circumstances, becomes an ungovernable passion. The continued sight of the snowy mountains, beyond which lay their own green pastures, seems to have excited them beyond endurance, and they resolved at all hazards to return. Their first attempt was discovered and defeated. Their second was not more successful as to immediate results, but the preparations made for it were of service afterwards. Three of their number had been sent to examine the passes among the mountains, to ascertain which could be crossed with least risk of detection, and to lay down a plan of operations for the whole body. At that time, there was much less habitual wandering from place to place, in any class of the community, than at present. Gentlemen did not make tours of pleasure, and common people did not go about seeking work. In fact, the latter class were in general slaves, who dared not leave the fields to which they were attached or restricted. Besides the liability of being questioned and examined at every city gate, the bridges had each a warden living in a tower, whose duty it was to look after all suspicious wanderers. Commerce was the only legitimate excuse

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for travelling; and those who could not prove that they were merchants, were generally presumed, when found away from their places of residence, to be robbers or political spies. The three messengers or spies of the Waldenses had thus to proceed with extreme caution. They succeeded in reaching the valleys, and acquiring a knowledge of the safest routes through which an expedition might penetrate secretly towards them. In their return they were arrested and imprisoned for a time; but they were ultimately released, and went to their brethren with the information they had collected. The body at large resolved to make the venture, and managed secretly to collect hard-baked bread for their subsistence, and make other arrangements.

The route they proposed to take was a very formidable one. They were to creep by night-journeys from their several places of abode, dispersed among different cantons, to Bex, as a general place of rendezvous; and thence passing the Rhône at the neighbouring bridge of St Maurice, they were to cross the Great St Bernard—a perilous route, even to those who have every appliance of the traveller, and are not afraid of pursuit. The plan, however, was nipped in the bud. Some of the Waldenses who had taken service in the garrison of Geneva deserting to take part in the adventure, created suspicion, and their motions were watched. A powerful guard was placed at the bridge of St Maurice, to dispute their passage. In fact, their friends of the Protestant cantons, although readily affording them a hospitable retreat, were extremely anxious not to be committed by any line of conduct they might pursue calculated to offend the neighbouring states. They would rather be at the expense of supporting the exiles among themselves, than be suspected of encouraging them in an aggressive movement. Hence, they not only let it be known to the Piedmontese government that there were suspicious movements among the Waldenses, but traced their proceedings, and persuaded them to abandon their project. About 700 of them found themselves on the way to the bridge, with the unpleasant certainty that it could not be crossed. Being near the town of Aigle, the bailiff, or chief-magistrate, assembled them in the church, and preached to them an exhortation to patience. He chose the text, 'Fear not, little flock;' and told them that they had but to be patient, and abide the right time, for they were predestined to return to their beloved valleys. This kind magistrate gave them 200 crowns, to enable them to return to the places they had left. In their own account of the affair afterwards, they contrasted his conduct with that of the town of Vevay, which not only refused to admit them within its walls, but to allow them to purchase provisions. A courageous and zealous widow of that town, however, at much risk, went forth to them, and gave them comfort and aid. They tell us, that afterwards, when the rest of Vevay *was* burned down, this widow's house was spared in the general

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conflagration ; and of course, after the fashion of those times, it was impossible to avoid connecting the one circumstance with the other.

The failure of this attempt brought additional gloom over the prospects of the wanderers. The very success with which they had conducted it so far, in making their arrangements, and in marching silently to a common centre, shewed how formidable they could make themselves. The Duke of Savoy greatly increased the frontier forces, to intercept them in any future adventure. But what promised to be more calamitous, their friends of the Protestant cantons were strongly urged to abandon their cause, and were even told, that unless they did so, they must stand under an accusation of having connived at their late attempt. The authorities of the cantons felt that, in the conduct of the Waldenses, they had a sufficiently good excuse for compliance with these demands. They assumed the tone of persons who had been injured by the reckless conduct of the refugees whom they had hospitably received ; and orders were issued that they should no longer have a shelter so near their native mountains. The Waldenses marched in a body through the town of Bern ; and the interesting spectacle of so many exiles again wandering in search of a home, drew tears from the spectators, and gave them at least the consolation of knowing that they did not depart without the sympathy of the people who were obliged to cast them forth. They went first to the cantons of Zürich and Schaffhausen—the parts of Switzerland most distant from Savoy. When there, however, it was intimated to them, that they were only to have a temporary asylum, and must seek a permanent resting-place elsewhere. They looked to the neighbouring dukedom of Würtemberg, where the soil and method of cultivation in some measure resembled those of their own valleys : but though the duke treated them with consideration, he was afraid to make arrangements for the settlement of so large a body. Meanwhile, their Swiss neighbours, from hints and intimations, proceeded to specific measures for getting rid of them. An arrangement was made for their reception as permanent settlers in the distant state of Brandenburg, where they would be too far from their native valleys to be troublesome. Some of their number went as a deputation to inspect the country, but brought back an unfavourable account of it. While it contained no lofty mountains like those among which they had been reared, there was the more substantial disadvantage, that the soil was uniformly of a sterile character, and contained none of the rich patches of alluvium which they were accustomed to cultivate. The habits of the people, the method of agriculture, and many other characteristics of the country, were so displeasing to them, that they sternly refused the overture. It cannot be surprising that this fastidiousness laid them open to a charge of caprice. The exile who seeks a resting-place to be provided by the charity of his neighbours

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should be content with the fate he finds awarded to others of his species. The Waldenses, however, were not philosophers, nor did they know the world : they were full of prejudices and predilections, with which it was in vain to argue. The Swiss clergy preached against their unreasonableness from the pulpits ; and all classes, partly by persuasion, and partly by threats and churlishness, tried to make them adopt the plan arranged for their settlement, but for a long time in vain. At length, a colony of 800 agreed to depart for Brandenburg, and were thus separated from their brethren.

Those who remained were for the most part received into the Palatinate and Württemberg, where they obtained privileges and grants of land. In fact, in these territories, lately desolated by war, their industrious moral habits, and their knowledge of agriculture, made them valuable citizens. It now seemed as if their troubles were at an end. One detachment was settled in distant Brandenburg—the others, though nearer their old homes, were too far dispersed to join in any common movement. Again, however, the calamities of war drove them forth. The progress of the French arms threatened an immediate sweep of the Palatinate and its neighbourhood by the insatiable enemies of the Waldenses. They were obliged to leave the grain they had sown to be reaped by other sickles, take what they could carry on their backs, and again seek an asylum wherever they might find a friendly door opened to them. They could find none but among the Swiss, with whom they had in a manner quarrelled. It was not caprice, however, but dire necessity which now actuated them ; and the generous Swiss forgot their cause of complaint, and received the friendless wanderers open-armed as before. The Waldenses afterwards said that the approach of the French was providential, as it drove them to have recourse to the step in which they were so signally successful.

It must be mentioned that, in the meantime, their movements attracted the attention of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. It was the great policy of that monarch to use every practicable means for checking the aggrandisement of France ; and throughout the whole of his busy life, he never omitted any opportunity, great or small, which held out a hope of contributing to this end. He liked the firmness of the Waldenses, and thought it would be useful to the cause he had at heart, if their separate existence could be preserved as near as might be to their native place, which lay in that south-eastern direction in which French aggrandisement was pressing. He sent them a considerable sum of money ; and it was probably through his influence that they obtained similar pecuniary aid from England. They sent deputies to the prince, who recommended them to keep in a compact body. They had been for a short time settled as a component part of the Swiss population, when the news of the British Revolution of 1688,

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which had elevated their friend to the throne of a great empire, rung joyfully in their ears. They ascertained also that the Duke of Savoy had removed the frontier army, established to prevent their return, if they should attempt it. New explorers, too, sent to repeat the former inquiries, brought them more distinct information about the passes. It was then they said one to another: 'Let us return to our valleys;' and a simultaneous feeling seemed to possess them that there only were they to find rest for the sole of their foot.

It is now time, however, to give some account of the remarkable leader under whose guidance the scattered Waldenses were concentrated and organised, and who conducted them through the adventurous campaign to be presently described. This leader was Henry Arnaud, one of their clergymen. It would not be easy to decide at the present day how far he was a skilful and faithful pastor, or to discover the extent of his learning as a divine. Of one thing, however, he has left us unquestionable evidence, and that is, of his skill and daring as a military leader. The most trustworthy authorities say that he was born at La Tour, in Savoy, in the year 1641. If so, he must have been in his forty-ninth year when he commanded the expedition. Inquiries have naturally been made as to the early history of so remarkable a man, but without success. It is not known at what time he became one of the pastors of the Waldenses. It is believed, and indeed seems almost certain, that he had some military training before he undertook his expedition; and it has been said that he was a soldier under William III. while he was Prince of Orange—a circumstance probable, but not authenticated. The history we have now to tell of the return of the wanderers is, in a manner, from Arnaud's own lips. The curious old French work known to book-collectors as the *Glorieuse Rentrée*—the Glorious Return of the Waldenses to their Valleys—is generally attributed to him. The title-page, indeed, bears his name, apparently as author; but it is said by some critics that this is an erroneous interpretation, and that it is merely meant to intimate that the return or march of which the book gives an account was conducted by Arnaud. We need not take any part in this inquiry. It may be sufficient to state that we believe Arnaud wrote the substance of the book, while it seems likely that it was touched and edited by some other person. It is thus, somewhat after the example of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, a history of its author's own exploits: and it has all the truthfulness of its prototype, and more. In fact, Arnaud's heroic merits are not told by himself—they are only to be inferred. His *Glorieuse Rentrée* is faithfully devoted to a history of the endurance and heroism of the ordinary followers, whether we call them army or congregation; and it is only from the compact order in which they proceeded, their constant state of preparation for the strange difficulties of the route, and the skill with which they fought their

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enemies, that we become aware of the great capacity of their commander—a capacity which was afterwards discovered by the discernment of Marlborough, and became serviceable in the most memorable of his battles.

The first object to be accomplished was the general assemblage of those who were to participate in the expedition at some place well suited for making a sudden movement. There were several conditions necessary for such a spot. It must be on the way to Savoy—it must be a place where they could be easily concealed—and yet it must be in the midst of population, that they might obtain provisions without becoming too conspicuous. The selected spot was near the town of Nyon, on the north bank of the Lake of Geneva, and about twenty miles south-west of Lausanne. There, at the period of the Revolution of 1688, a dense forest existed, in which above 1000 people could conceal themselves, gathering their supplies from the fruitful country around, without exciting a degree of attention which, by arousing the suspicion of the representatives of the despotic powers, might be fatal to their project. Of course, it was quite well known to the neighbours in the canton of Vaud that the Waldenses, whose history was so strange and romantic, were lurking in the wood of Nyon. The news spread, indeed, so far among the Swiss, that many of them sailed across the Lake of Geneva to see the adventurers—a circumstance which, as we shall presently see, was of great importance. But their proceedings were not watched solely by friends. A young gentleman named Prangin, who had but lately acquired an estate in the canton, heard of the strange gathering of men in the forest, and anxious to gratify his curiosity, he penetrated its recesses till he saw them engaged in their devotions, with Arnaud officiating as their clergyman. The young man posted to Geneva, to inform the French resident there of what he had seen; and the resident, who apparently knew much better how to account for the gathering and their forest devotions than his inexperienced informant, sent a dispatch to Lyon for troops. The Waldenses, who were under skilful guidance, and had excellent information, heard of this step of the French resident, and knew that it would have formidable consequences. In their wrath, they compared the young gentleman to Judas, though, as he was no follower of theirs, the reproach was inapplicable. But they wisely considered that they had more serious business before them than calling names, and they resolved immediately to commence the enterprise for which they were assembled.

They embarked on the night of Friday the 16th of August 1689, on the Lake of Geneva. In doing so they were as fortunate as they were audacious. Some boats they had hired or impressed, but these were not nearly sufficient for their purpose. The vessels, however, of the people who, led by curiosity from the other side of the lake, had come to inquire about the mysterious strangers in the forest of

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Nyon, were at hand, and were seized for the purpose of the expedition. They considered this success, as well as many other wonderful circumstances in their career, to be proofs of a special Providence working in their favour. The marvellous successes they afterwards achieved seem, indeed, to have been in some measure the result of such belief; but their assemblage in the wood of Nyon, with the other skilful arrangements for their embarkation, may be safely attributed to the military sagacity of Arnaud, aided by the funds placed at his disposal by King William. In fact, the assemblage was not a complete one; for about 150 of the exiles, who were upon their march from some of the more distant spots occupied by the refugees, were seized, at the instance of the representative of Spain or of France, and marched as prisoners to Turin. Nor was the movement of the little fleet of boats across the lake quite complete; some boatmen who were hired or impressed, escaped, and prevented a part of the body from joining their comrades. The whole number who landed were thus considerably short of a thousand.

On his arrival at the other side of the lake, Arnaud converted himself at once from the pastor into the general. To complete the change, he took the feudal-sounding name of Latour, from the place of his birth. He placed sentinels or detachments at the spots near the landing-places from which any dangerous surprise might seem probable. He then proceeded to arrange and officer his little army according to the military rules of the day. It consisted of three main bodies—vanguard, centre, and rearguard—and was formed into nineteen companies, provided with separate captains. The object now to be accomplished was to march onwards through routes so unfrequented that the army might be liable to meet no greater force than it could with prudence encounter. On the main routes there were great fortifications and abundant troops. A compromise had thus to be made between the natural difficulties of the route and the dangers from the enemy. Had they been peaceful travellers, they would have proceeded up the valley of the Rhône, and crossed by the St Bernard; thus accomplishing the journey through a single great pass. They found it necessary, however, to take the less frequented route by the banks of the Arve towards Sallanches. It is now well known as the approach to Chamouni. But neither were the picturesque glories of this valley then known to the world, nor had it been discovered that the vast mountain-range which overshadows it is crowned by the loftiest summit in Europe. The scanty inhabitants of the remote valley of Chamouni of course knew the vastness and the dangerous character of the mountains around them; but so far as the rest of the world was concerned, they were no better known than the recesses of the Rocky Mountains in America. Thus the districts now swarming with tourists would be solitary enough at the time of Arnaud's march. In passing, however, through the lower country that leads to the mountains, the little

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army had to cross much rich and fruitful soil, with here and there feudal castles and fortified towns. The country, in all probability, except that it is now more crowded with travellers, has undergone little change since that day. It contained, perhaps, the same luxurious gardens, full of apple and plum trees and spreading vines; altogether, the small towns of to-day, still surrounded by their primitive fortifications, have a hoary appearance, which carries their date much further back than even the days of Arnaud. The scenery is beautiful; the rich garden-fields sometimes leading to the base of huge perpendicular limestone cliffs, from which waterfalls of great height, but of small bulk, leap into the air, and reach the ground in scattered showers, dispersing clouds of dew, tinted with ever-varying rainbows. But although they passed in the middle of August, when the tourist finds these beauties all in their highest perfection, it may be easily believed that the little band had too many important matters in view to devote their thoughts to the scenery.

In the first day's march, they reached the bridge of Marigni. The feudal gentry and the peasantry, as they passed, looked at them with astonishment. One of the former, seeing that they were peasants, and not under any feudal banner, rode up to the head of the column, and haughtily told them to throw down their arms. They laughed at him, and seized him as a hostage. As they proceeded a little further on, they were met by some gentlemen at the head of a band of armed peasants. Seeing only the vanguard of the Waldenses, they thought themselves a sufficient force to offer resistance; but when the centre came up, they discovered their mistake, and desired to retreat. The peasants were permitted to do so, but their leaders were seized as hostages, and compelled to march in front of the army. They thus, from the first, adopted the singular and bold policy which afterwards guided their movements—that of keeping always within their power several hostages of importance, whose safety would be compromised by any attempt to interrupt them. With calculating forethought, they used the power thus obtained to facilitate their progress. They told these hostages facetiously, that they were only required to accompany the army to testify to its orderly conduct and its honesty in paying for everything taken. They did not leave this, however, to be attested afterwards, but made their hostages assist at the moment in spreading the desired impression. Thus, having caught one man, as we have seen, of great local importance on their first day's march, they made him write a letter, exaggerating their numbers, and testifying to their moderation. This was sent on in advance, and contained the following passage:

‘These people have arrived here, amounting to 2000. They have requested us to go along with them, that we may certify our opinion of their conduct, which, we are able to assure you, is perfectly

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reasonable. They give compensation for everything they take, and desire only to have a free passage. We therefore entreat you not to sound the tocsins or beat the drums; and to dismiss any men who may be under arms.'

Next morning, which was Sunday, they reached, about ten o'clock, the ancient town of Cluses, the capital of Faucigny, just then beginning to acquire its reputation for making the works of watches. The inhabitants were warlike, and, by the grant of ancient privileges, were feudally attached to the House of Savoy. They manned their walls, and shewed themselves resolved to defend their town and dispute the passage. Situated as it is in the narrow gorge of the Arve, where the spurs of the Alps shoot out, it was impossible to pass through the valley without traversing the town. Not being possessed of cannon, it was impossible that the expedition should take the well-fortified place by assault. But here the influence of their system of hostages was brought to bear. It was given out, that if a peaceful passage through the town were denied, these hostages would be put to death; and men under the powerful impulses which influenced these Waldenses would, beyond a doubt, have been as good as their word. One of the hostages, named De Fova, sent a message, begging that the town would comply with the demand, pathetically representing their own danger, and testifying to the peaceful and moderate conduct of the Waldenses when not meddled with. Three gentlemen came out to treat with the army, which, according to its usual practice, took possession of two of them as desirable hostages, and allowed the third to return to the town, accompanied by one of its own officers. This officer was asked to shew the order of march for the corps, according to the practice in regular armies; but he haughtily answered, that the Waldenses carried it on the points of their swords. The permission to pass through the town was now granted. Arnaud posted his own sentinels at the gate of exit, to prevent treachery, and while the people lined the main street on either side, the little army defiled through. When they came out at the further extremity, a young gentleman of the district, called La Rochette, courteously asked the officers to dine with him. They were not dining-men, but they contrived to extract hospitality from him on a more extended scale. Keeping him in conversation till they had advanced some distance beyond the town, they took him into custody, and told him he could only obtain his freedom on condition of a cask of wine and five hundredweight of bread being sent to the army within half an hour. Young La Rochette wrote to his father, and the demand was immediately complied with. Arnaud says he gave ample compensation for what he thus obtained, but of course the amount would be of his own fixing.

The position of the little troop was now extremely critical. Though still among the inhabited districts, through which there was

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every risk that information of their expedition would be carried onwards, they were now entering narrow defiles where a petty force well arranged could annihilate them. Through the bottom of the valley rushes the deep unfordable Arve, that glacier torrent which issues full-born from the very bosom of Mont Blanc. Swollen with recent rain, it sometimes overflowed the narrow road, which ran at the foot of lofty precipices, sometimes overhanging it. The great anxiety of the leader at this juncture was to intercept any possible warning to the next town, Sallanches, which might have the effect of drawing out an intercepting party. They saw some children running in the direction of Sallanches, and, fearing that the errand might be to give information, they turned the urchins back. They discovered that a servant in the employment of one of their hostages had insinuated himself among their ranks; and having searched him, they found letters addressed to the chief persons of Sallanches, desiring them to attack the expedition in front, while the citizens of Cluses fell upon it in the rear.

Having taken possession of one or two more hostages, they came to a critical part of the march—the approach to Sallanches. Here they must cross a fortified bridge, with or without permission. Their hostages had now reached the considerable number of twenty, all men of importance in the district. The army was divided into platoons, to force the bridge, and in the centre of one of them, kept in reserve, stood the hostages. Six of the principal persons of the place approached to parley, and, according to the established practice, were seized. Two of them, however, were sent back, to offer the citizens half an hour to make up their minds. It was again intimated that the hostages would be put to death, and they were prompted to urge strongly their desperate condition, by the appearance of six hundred men turning out to guard the bridge. Matters now grew serious. If an actual conflict occurred, the hostages would be slain beyond a doubt. Arnaud and his men were beginning to have a confidence in their predestined success, and treated all opposition with scorn. An incident in which the chief shewed, by his own account, somewhat questionable morality, now occurred. Two friars came to say, that if the hostages already in custody were given up, two eminent men of the city would be given in their stead. Arnaud avows that he encouraged the proposition, not with the least intention of giving up their valuable body of hostages, but that he might seduce the two eminent men of the city into his ranks, and take possession of them. When they made their appearance, they were at once detected, by the quick-sighted Arnaud, not to be by any means men of condition, but very humble citizens, one of them not having succeeded in concealing the indications of his occupation as a miller. Arnaud, while glorying in the cleverness of the much deeper trick which he himself designed to play, expressed *himself in terms of the highest indignation at the treachery and*

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dishonesty of this act. In his wrath, he resolved to seize the friars, to make the hostages up to the expected value. These brothers becoming alarmed at the state of affairs, took to their heels, and an amusing scene was afforded by their pursuit and capture. These were the most valuable hostages they had yet caught; for when any of the Savoyard peasantry offered resistance, the friars, threatened with instant death if any violence were committed, prayed most lustily that the expedition might be allowed to proceed in safety. The troops now marched forward. No attempt was made to hold the bridge, but the armed citizens of Sallanches being drawn up on either side of the road, the Waldenses marched between them. They proceeded onwards to a village called Cablan, where they slept, after a fatiguing day's march.

They had now passed the open and more populous country, and had to encounter the new dangers of the passes of the Alps; dangers such as modern travellers can only faintly conceive, by supposing themselves under the necessity of climbing the precipices, instead of following the paths cut through them. On the lower slopes of these mountains, the traveller at this day passes in clusters the *châlets*, or cottages, of those who keep cows and goats. Their strange blackness makes them look like so many hearses, or like the pictures one sees of a South Sea *maori*. The roofs stretch over the walls, like great black bonnets, and huge stones are fastened on them, to prevent them from being carried off by the mountain tempests. Some of the beams of these buildings bear old quaint inscriptions, and they have in general so antique an air, that one might imagine them to be the same that witnessed the passage of Arnaud and his band. Coming to some of these *châlets*, the fatigued adventurers refreshed themselves with milk and cheese, for which, their historian vouches, they would have paid, had they found any one authorised to receive the money. The first very high ground they had to pass was the Haute-Luce; and this being covered with mist at the time, they maintained that it was so for the purpose of concealing their route from their enemies, and they bore the cold and the danger to which it exposed them with heroism. The pass was at that time without any track, and could only be threaded by the aid of an experienced guide. The guide they first obtained blundered, wandered in the mist; and they then sent a detachment to bring up some peasants to act in that capacity. They, too, adopted circuitous paths, and their good faith seemed questionable. Arnaud, however, who never hesitated at a strong measure, assured them that if they did not act fairly, he would at once hang them. After having, with great fatigue and risk, passed the ridge of the hill, they came to a narrow upland valley, where, darkness descending, they had to pass the night in the cold and rain. There stood in the valley a few shepherds' huts, and, having only the choice of seeking their scanty shelter, or pulling them down for firewood,

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and sleeping in the open air, they chose the latter.* The valleys here are extremely narrow; and they thus look so deep, that it might be thought it were scarcely possible for the sun to reach them. One pities the scanty population whose lot is cast in such a place. The tourists who penetrate thither are the young, strong, and adventurous; for it generally demands a considerable amount of exertion to get at them. But the adventure is extremely interesting, since it brings one in a few hours to the two extremes, as it were, of human existence—warmth, verdure, plum-trees loaded with fruit, vines, and handsome comfortable inns are left behind; and in a few hours the adventurer is among stones and ice, a cold, misty, stormy sky, and a people little further advanced in civilisation and enjoyment than the inhabitants of Kamtchatka. The people of the valleys have improved with the general civilisation of Europe; those of the upper glens or alps are probably, unless where the district is much frequented by tourists, little different from what they were in the days of Arnaud.

The journey of the adventurers on the fourth day lay over another difficult pass, which has received the name of the Col du Bon Homme, or Pass of the Good Man, from a benevolent person who built a refuge there for belated travellers. This pass is well known to tourists of the present day. As it has always been somewhat conspicuous as one of the secondary passages through the Alps, the Waldenses expected to be attacked before they left it. In fact, they saw a line of rude mountain-forts, which had been built for the very purpose of opposing their return; but the government ceasing to expect such an attempt, had some time previously withdrawn the troops. The Waldenses, however, trusting to their destiny, advanced to storm them; and they seem, indeed, to have been rather disappointed at finding only empty walls. As they descended towards the valleys, lying between two severed chains of the Alps, they saw a band of armed peasants prepared to resist them. The place had several small villages; and as their approach was rumoured, every steeple sent forth an alarm-peal. They found a bridge over the Isère barricaded with trees and beams, and preparations made for resistance. The resolute aspect of the little army, however, intimidated the people, and they removed the obstruction with all haste. Here the expedition made an addition to their stock of hostages, in the persons of two priests. The seignior of the valley of Isère, knowing their desire to get possession of people of his class, put spurs to his horse, and narrowly escaped. This practice of seizing hostages had indeed become a subject of jocularly with those who suffered from it. The hostages used to say to Arnaud, when they

* The hamlet is called, in the *Rentrie*, St Nicholas de Verose; but Mr Brockedon, the author of the *Passes of the Alps*, who traced the journey of the Waldenses post by post, says there is precisely such a desolate valley near the pass, but that St Nicholas de Verose is a pleasantly situated town further down the valley.

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saw a person of apparent consequence : 'There, now, is a fine bird for your cage.' On their fifth day, the army performed a feat in the kidnapping department which looks somewhat harsh. In the little town of St Foy they received a warm and hospitable reception, the people expressing admiration of their courage and perseverance. Some of the neighbouring gentry asked the wanderers to sojourn for a while among them, to recruit their strength. Many of the soldiers were desirous of yielding to this tempting offer ; but Arnaud, so far from permitting a halt, seized the hospitable individuals as hostages, saying, he had no doubt their proffered kindness covered some wicked plot. Arriving on the sixth day at the little town of Tignes, they remembered that here their spies had suffered the detention and annoyance already mentioned. They named a certain sum of money, which they said had been taken from the spies, demanding repayment ; and it was not for the inhabitants to deny the accuracy of the charge. On receiving the sum, the invaders made a selection from the principal citizens, and conferred on two priests and an advocate the distinction of being transferred to their cage. They next proceeded to Bessans, where they describe the conduct of the inhabitants as so insulting, that they were absolutely forced, for the vindication of their honour, to carry off some mules, the curé, the chamberlain, and six other persons. On the seventh day, they ascended the well-known pass of Mont Cenis, now traversed by one of Napoleon's magnificent roads, as well as by a novel kind of railway, but then only boasting a mule-track, if it could be said to have a path at all. Before ascending the mountain, the Waldenses took much credit for dismissing one of their clerical hostages, who was so old and fat that it would have been extremely difficult to drag him up the ascent. The traveller of the present day associates Mont Cenis with some great fortifications, an easy ascent, grand views, and a capital inn. 'The lake,' says Mr Brockedon, in his *Passes of the Alps*, 'is celebrated for the delicious trout which it yields ; and not only with these are the travellers on the Cenis abundantly provided, but with excellent wines, bread, and meat ; and the intercourse with the plains of Piedmont is so constant, that fruits, fresh and delicious, are found at the inn. Game, too, in season is rarely wanting at the traveller's repast on the Cenis, particularly in August, when great quantities of grouse are taken on the surrounding mountains.'

Even at that time, however, being a frontier pass between Savoy on the one hand, and France and Switzerland on the other, there was a post or guard-house at Mont Cenis ; and the expedition therefore might expect to be attacked, or, at all events, to have news of their march sent onwards through the country. To prevent the latter misfortune, they sent forward a detachment, who seized all the horses at the post. Returning, they met a train of mules carrying baggage, of which the party took possession. This was found to be

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the baggage of Cardinal Angelo Ranuzzi, papal legate to France, who was on his return to Rome. Arnaud boasted that he compelled the party to restore the seizure—all but a watch of curious construction, which was somehow lost sight of. But they retained something else of a far more valuable character—the cardinal's private papers, which it is not easy to believe were kept through mere inadvertence. These opened up many state secrets, which no doubt could be turned to account by Arnaud or his patron, William III. The loss to the cardinal was very serious: it is said that the publication of some matters found in these papers prevented him from being raised to the papedom; and he soon afterwards died, lamenting with his latest breath the loss of his papers. It was at this part of their journey, when they were in a manner in sight of home, that the wanderers were subject to the greatest dangers and hardships. In these high regions, snow-storms often occur, even in the month of August. These are an object of the deepest solicitude to the traveller, for they not only overwhelm him in the fearful whirl of icy particles driven before the wind, but immediately obliterate his path, covering everything—rocks, glaciers, and morasses—with one uniform deep veil of white. The expedition does not appear to have actually encountered one of these hurricanes or *tourmentes*, as they are termed, but they found the ground covered with the fresh snow which had been left by a storm just over; and either from design or inability to find the path so obscured, their guide led them astray. A portion of the band, overcome with fatigue, fell back, and spent a fearful night among the woods which border the ascent. The rest arrived in the valley, and were able to recruit themselves by the side of some camp-fires.

They had now travelled for eight days, and, without firing a shot, or meeting with serious resistance, almost reached their destination. Their hardships from the ruggedness and difficulty of the country might be said to be over, while those from the enemy had yet to begin. They took the direction of Chaumont, above Jura, and learning that the peasants, aided by a French force, were trying to make the narrow valley of the Jailon impassable, by rolling stones down the bank, the vanguard was ordered to advance. They sent forward one of their captains, accompanied by two of their priest-hostages, to negotiate. Here they were paid somewhat in their own coin, for the priests made their escape, and the captain was seized and bound. It was impossible to storm this pass, and the only method of gaining their end was to climb the rugged side of the hill, and outflank the enemy. They accomplished this difficult operation under the cover of their marksmen; but the fatigue was so dreadful to the hostages, who were compelled to scramble on, that some of them prayed to be put to death. When the main band halted, after this affair, and made a muster, they found their number *greatly weakened*, from losses by death and capture.

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As they approached the Toulriers, an offshoot where they had an ascent to make, they found 200 men drawn up, as if to dispute the passage. Their commandant, however, said, that if the Waldenses would take a route higher up the hill, and would not insist on forcing a passage through his post, he would not go out of his way to molest them. They observed, however, on adopting this arrangement, that the troops crept after them, and from various hints which they received, suspected that they were to be attacked in front and rear. The place chosen for an attempt effectually and conclusively to defeat their enterprise, was the bridge over the Dora, in the valley of Salabertrand. When they had come within a mile and a half of this point, they counted thirty-six camp-fires, and saw that now they must prepare to meet a formidable force. In fact, if we may believe the Waldensian statement, there were placed to defend the bridge 2500 picked French troops, well intrenched; while they themselves, reduced to some 600 or 700 men, were exhausted with fatigue and privation. They were received by a general fusillade, which passed almost harmless, from Arnaud ordering his men to fall on their faces. It is impossible to obtain a more distinct impression of what followed, than that the Waldenses, rushing on, gained an immediate advantage over the enemy, and after two hours of hard fighting, obtained a complete victory, with the loss of only thirteen men. There was a fearful slaughter, not only during the contest, but afterwards. When they were tired with killing, and it appeared that the enemy were either slain or fled, a discovery was made that some of them had mixed themselves up with the victors. Those who did so must have been peasants, not French soldiers, otherwise their uniform would have betrayed them. It was determined to give these refugees no quarter. The password of the day was 'Angrogna,' but the strangers had not picked it up correctly, and generally to the *Qui vive!* they answered something like 'Grogne.' The effect of any imperfection in the pronunciation was always fatal, and in this manner 200 were killed. One would have thought that the policy of this small body, surrounded by a host of enemies, who must, in the end, be able to overwhelm them, would have been one of mercy and generosity to the vanquished, as founding a claim of reasonable treatment for themselves. But their victory at Salabertrand was but the commencement of a career of remorseless cruelty. They saw in it the direct interposition of Providence, and believed themselves, like the Jews of old, in the special hands of the Almighty, who was sending them with the sword to lay on and spare not—to smite the Amalekites hip and thigh. It is a sad thing to remark how often this ferocious spirit appears to have overtaken men who professed to be struggling for Christian liberty. The apologists of the Waldenses have said, that they had no means of keeping prisoners, and that it was necessary to put every enemy they met to death, to prevent the news of their approach from being carried

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forward. But if such a necessity were any justification of these savage slaughters, it had no foundation in fact. Though they slew all who fell into their power, they could not kill all who saw them, and the news of their march must have spread all the more rapidly and alarmingly from the cruelties with which it was accompanied.

This battle produced to the victors an immense booty, the most valuable part of which was a supply of arms and ammunition far beyond their requirements. Thirteen chests were broken up; and the hardy mountaineers, whose wardrobes were, it may well be believed, attenuated enough, now paraded in French military finery. But they were not to be tempted, according to the general practice of peasant victors, to submit themselves to easy luxury, and enjoy their spoil. Their commander appears to have allowed them no rest. That night, they left the battle-field, and climbed the hill of Sci, which hangs over it, by moonlight. Many of them dropped down in the way from fatigue; but when the sun rose next morning, which was Sunday, the main body from the top of the hill looked almost down into the valleys which they had been so ardently struggling to regain. The time and place well suiting, a great thanksgiving was held, and the little army performed its religious services, as it fought and marched, under the leadership of the war-like pastor. When they descended into the valleys beyond, they found themselves in a mixed population, partly Roman Catholic, and partly their own Protestant brethren. The priests of the former fled, and hid themselves—a prudent resolution; for the Waldenses, flushed with victory, were not to be safely encountered. They complained that their brethren received them with much more caution and less cordial hospitality than they had expected; but they were only in what had been originally a thin outskirts of the Protestant population, which had, owing to late events, relapsed in a great measure into Catholicism. Next day, they had but a short evening-journey, having rested during the greater part of the forenoon. When they reached the foot of the Col du Pis, they found it occupied by a body of Savoyard troops, who, on their approach, took to flight, for they had now established for themselves a reputation of terror. Eight of the Savoyard guard afterwards approached too close to the adventurers, and were seized. They were told to pray before being shot; and the historian of the enterprise remarks that they did not seem to know how to do so—probably they were overcome with confusion at their stern and sudden doom. Next day, forty-six soldiers were seized, and shot on the bridge of the Balsille. The adventurers now found it necessary, however, to be cautious and discriminating in their executions, lest they should kill any of their own people. They allowed some to escape, whose faith was dubious, to avoid this risk; but they seem always to have put Roman Catholics to death, having a special enmity against those of them who had renounced their own faith. They did not admit the claims

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of sex to mercy, and near the convent of Angrogna, shot two peasant women. On Wednesday, the 28th of August, the twelfth day of their strange march, they entered one of their own valleys at Pralis. Here they found a Catholic church, which had been built since their expulsion, and burned it; but they had the satisfaction of finding their old parish church still standing. They removed the altar and other furniture of the Roman Catholic service, and sung the 74th Psalm. Arnaud raised for himself at the door a pulpit, from which he could be heard both from within and from without, and preached to his enthusiastic army from the 129th Psalm: 'Many a time have they fought against me from my youth up.'

Thus, by a succession of events, which appeared in their own eyes miraculous, the little band had fought their way to what they counted their own possessions in the very heart of a hostile country. The whole continent of Europe, indeed, with the exception of the Swiss cantons and distant Holland, might be counted their enemies. Seeming to deem themselves totally irresponsible to man, they had shewn no compunction or conciliation, but had acted like a force of overwhelming strength when its passions are let loose on a powerless enemy. With such a hoard of vengeance laid up in store against them, it was hopeless to attempt to escape. In no history have we any account of men who seem in the position of being more certainly doomed to destruction, than the handful who had thus forced themselves into the midst of their enemies. Nor, even if they should succeed for a while in defending themselves in rugged, inaccessible places from the vast forces which France and Savoy would pour upon them, could they be the nearer a solution of their difficulty. Their project was, to live in peace again in their valleys with their wives and children, enjoying their own religion. Nothing could seem more hopeless than the accomplishment of this end through the methods adopted by them. We hear nothing of the existing position of the widows and children—they must have been left behind, living on the bounty of those Swiss who had so hospitably entertained their husbands and fathers. Men, and these of the hardiest and most fearless nature, could alone march in the expedition. But if they had expected any better fate than that of leaving their blood in their beloved valleys, they must have looked forward to the necessity of bringing their families after them; and to accomplish this, they must have fought so successfully as to be in the condition of demanding an honourable peace. What was the actual event, we shall presently see; but on their coming to the successful termination of their frightful march, nothing could seem more hopeless than their position. They seemed, however, never to view it in this common-sense light. They had a predestinarian light of their own, through which they saw their fate, and they fought on like men actually expecting to conquer with the edge of the sword a quiet settlement in the heart of their enemies. On the thirteenth day of their

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campaign, they saw a body of Savoyard soldiers posted advantageously on the Col du Julier. The advanced posts called out to the Waldenses : ' Come on, limbs of the devil ! We are three thousand strong ! ' This was probably a great exaggeration ; but it was all one to these children of destiny how many the enemy were. On they rushed—the soldiers abandoned their posts, and retreated. There was the usual slaughter of prisoners, and again a rich booty fell into the hands of the victors. They lost in this affair just one man, commemorated by name as Joshua Mundon of Lucerna. The retreating enemy took refuge partly in the convent of Villar, partly in the town of Bobi. The latter post was seized by assault ; the soldiers who did not escape were put to death ; and the inhabitants, wisely dreading such masters, left their property behind them, and fled. At the commencement of their career, the Waldenses had been very moderate and just in their treatment of property ; but now a total change had come over them, and they pillaged the town with the expertness and avidity of practised soldiers. Though the shooting of the prisoners was always deemed a good act, and was done by regulation, the pillage was not thus sanctioned. Arnaud and his immediate staff, however devoted they may have been to the religious opinions of their brethren, knew that correct discipline was a paramount necessity in such a force. Like all remarkable commanders, he shewed his capacity for meeting the enemy by his ability to overcome the lawless propensities of his own followers. He saw in the sack of Bobi that they were becoming licentious from success and abundance of booty, and he appointed a new rule of discipline, which was sanctioned by an oath. The Waldenses took this oath with all the stern enthusiasm of their character. It required that none of them, who might be worsted in straggling parties, should treat with their enemies of the French or Piedmontese government without the concurrence of the rest ; all should act together, and none were to buy safety, or any other advantage, at the cost or risk of their brethren. In this oath, they swore to be entirely obedient to their officers, putting at their disposal all prisoners and plunder. They agreed, under heavy penalties, to abstain from rifling or searching the dead, wounded, or prisoners, whether during battle or afterwards, leaving the task to selected and accountable officers. The officers had two different duties characteristically imposed on them : the one, to see that all the men under them were well appointed in arms and ammunition ; the other, to suppress every symptom of blasphemy or profanity. One is reminded in this of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, with their correct discipline and equally systematic devotion ; and it is worth remembering, that it was through the vigorous and commanding counsels of Cromwell that this little body of Waldenses was allowed to retain its existence. They seem to have adhered to the traditions of their mighty friend. The oath concluded with a solemn engagement to rescue the

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brethren from the cruel Babylon, and re-establish the Saviour's kingdom—striving for that end unto death.

The journal of their proceedings still goes on with the same regularity, but it does not possess the same interest as when they advanced day by day nearer to their destination. It is for some time a chronicle of skirmishes and commonplace military incidents, with little variety. The very success of the Waldensian band becomes irksome. They never meet an enemy but to be victorious; and yet, until the singular climax of their history arrives, they never seem nearer to the secure rest they are in search of. In this somewhat monotonous routine, however, some incidents are characteristic and amusing. The propensity for taking hostages still remained. On one occasion, however, it was adapted to a very serviceable purpose. Two of their number, who had some medical skill, having been lost at an early period of the expedition, they felt extremely the want of medical assistance for their sick and wounded, and set about remedying the deficiency in their usual abrupt and practical manner. In fact, they stole a surgeon from the enemy! The poor man, knowing well the fate of so many who had fallen into the hands of these fighting zealots, was naturally in great alarm; but they soon put him at his ease, and made him feel that he was far too valuable a person to be hastily destroyed.

Another incident in their desultory operations at this period is curious. In a slight skirmish, where a detachment had to meet on a road a superior number of the enemy, they kept themselves under cover by rolling casks before them. In a wine-country, these of course were abundant; and it is not difficult to suppose that, in a petty skirmish, where there was no cannon, they might form a sort of movable fortification.

A kind of exceptional incident in this war was the siege of Villar, the convent to which a portion of the Savoyard troops had retreated. It was strong, and not to be easily stormed. The garrison, however, was known to be short of provisions; and the Waldenses, whose feats in general were accomplished by headlong valour, varied their system by trying a blockade. And thus, in the midst of an enemy's country, and with the finest troops in the world at no great distance, and likely every moment to sweep them away as with a whirlwind, they set deliberately about that operation which is only conducted by great armies, conscious of security in their own overwhelming strength, and patient accordingly. Two or three efforts were made to raise the siege—always baffled by the vigilant and fortunate Waldenses. When attempts were made to throw provisions into the monastery, they were of course seized; and very welcome they were, for the besiegers were subject to privations worse even than those of the besieged; we hear of their feeding on bruised chestnuts and on apples, in extremely small quantities. Yet they seem never to have lost heart or confidence; and the escape of

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the garrison of the monastery, who had seemed to be delivered into their hands, was a worse mortification to them than their privations. In their extremities of need, however, the most unaccountable accidents supplied their wants. At one time, they stumble on a mule laden with provisions; at another, a cask of wine is found on the road, abandoned by its guardians, terrified by their approach. Such were their capricious supplies, appearing to their eyes as if laid down for their use, like manna, by the direct interposition of Providence. They still, however, were sadly attenuated, from the want of regular provisions; and if they had had the slightest fear that the arm of flesh could injure them, they must have been startled by the fact, that there they were, about 600 men, with the armies of France and Savoy closing round them. They reconnoitred a strong fort at Perrier, with a garrison of 150 men, and took credit for their abstinent prudence in not attempting to storm it. It was on the 7th of September, or the twenty-second day of their campaign, that they abandoned this enterprise; two days later, they achieved a most gratifying and profitable capture: it consisted of 180 sheep; and they ate their mutton with the greater relish that it belonged to two rich inhabitants of their valleys who had deserted their faith. The sheep were obtained by special marauding expeditions, which seem to have really had at heart the punishment of the apostates, as much as the supply of food for the famishing troops.

From this time until the latter end of October, when the few who survived occupied the fortress of the Balsille—of the siege of which we shall presently have to give an account—the little scattered force seemed each day and hour on the verge of annihilation, yet alternating this state with extraordinary victories and successes of all kinds. On the day when a fair was held in the town of Perosa, the assembled peasants were startled by a party of the Waldenses rushing into the midst of them with a group of prisoners whom they had just captured in one of their skirmishes. Finding that two of these were renegades of the deepest dye—having indeed served as guides to their enemy, the Marquis de Parelle—they resolved to make them the victims of a remarkable tragedy for the benefit of the surrounding rustics. A gibbet being erected, one of these prisoners was compelled to hang the other, and was then himself shot. It is not surprising that, as the narrative states, the market-people got alarmed, and scampered home to their cottages.

The three principal valleys or straths of the Waldenses were San Martino, Lucerna, and Perosa, territories extremely fertile and valuable. Until repossessed of them, the exiles had not accomplished the object of their campaign; but how was it possible that this could be accomplished? Although it might be possible to hold the fastnesses of the mountains against the French and Savoyard armies—which now, according to the Waldensian accounts, amounted to 22,000 men—was it to be dreamed of

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that they could occupy an indefensible and fruitful country in the face of such a force? Events, however, tended again, in the midst of their dangers and calamities, to make them believe themselves a chosen people destined for success. The Marquis de Parelle having, towards the end of autumn, thought fit to concentrate his forces in the valley of Perosa, left that of San Martino so open, that the Waldenses, scanty as were their numbers, took possession of it. They now drafted off a portion of their force to act as flying detachments among the surrounding rocks; and these hardy marksmen had become so expert in guerrilla warfare, that they rendered the valley for weeks inaccessible to the occasional bodies of the enemy's troops sent against them, and gained many signal victories. Thus a portion of them were kept in literally peaceful possession of this fruitful valley for a whole month. Of course, the value of such a brief possession depended very much on the particular month to which it extended. In winter, or in seed-time, it would have been of small advantage; but it was the choice month of the year—the harvest month. The peaceful detachment occupied themselves with untiring energy in reaping the harvest of corn, grapes, apples, and nuts with which the valley was rich, and the produce was removed to the recesses of the mountains with corresponding celerity. When they had finished their labours, there appeared on the heights above the village of Rodoret, a French force, with which it was vain to contend, and the occupants of the fruitful valley were again wanderers. They retreated silently by night, however, and managed to leave behind them considerable field-works, and a general appearance as if the place was occupied, and likely to be fiercely defended; a state of circumstances well calculated to make all who had had experience of their obstinacy halt before attacking them. The Marquis de Parelle was so deliberate in his operations, that they were far away, and beyond all immediate traces, ere he detected their absence. When he approached, gradually and cautiously, the formidable camp, he found there abundance of provisions, and the vestiges of luxurious living: it looked just as if the feasters had left it, but they were far away in storm and darkness.

The long nights had now set in, and the cold of winter was advancing into those lofty regions, bringing to the adventurers new perils and hardships. Their escape from the valley of San Martino was one of the most wonderful in their career. They had to pass in utter darkness through a wild country of precipice, torrent, and snow. Their guides wore a sort of cape of pure white linen, that their motions might be distinguishable in the darkness; and for a considerable distance, on more than one occasion, all had to creep on their hands and knees.

It was clear that the guerrilla warfare among the rocks and forests could not be carried out in winter, and that the occupation of any of the valleys was hopeless. How, then, were the diminished troops—

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they now amounted to only four hundred—to find quarters? At an early period of the campaign, their vigilant leader had directed his attention to a post which seems to have been traditionally known as a natural fortification. It was a conical rocky mountain called the Balsille, standing near the modern fortress of Fenestrelle, which guards the approach to Piedmont, and is thus near the road to Pignerol by the Col de Sestrières, sometimes used by travellers, between France and Italy. By an admirable feat of generalship, Arnaud concentrated his poor scattered forces on this spot; and through the carelessness of the multitudinous enemy, this operation, now of vital necessity to the indomitable remnant, was accomplished with hardly any casualties.

Here they fortified themselves systematically and very ingeniously, making such arrangements as shewed it to be evidently their design to hold out to the last, and die, if needful, at their posts. To make for their winter accommodation dwelling-places proof against cannon and musket shot, they cut them like caverns into the side of the mountain. They dug trenches, and made corresponding embankments, seventeen in all, to be defended one after the other, so that the enemy would have to gain them in succession before being masters of the rock. This was the kind of fortification adopted by the early European nations, as we may distinctly see from the many hill-forts still remaining. They were generally erected on conical, regular-shaped hills, where there were few inequalities to enable an enemy to approach under cover; and the Balsille was of the same character, although vastly more lofty and precipitous than the eminences on which such remains are generally found. They had store-rooms for provisions, and an outwork to protect them in ravaging the country. There was an old mill within their line of defences, but the under-stone had been removed. One of them, however, remembered where it was hidden some years before, and they were thus enabled conveniently to grind their grain. The two armies, French and Piedmontese, seem to have early resigned the idea of attacking this fortalice until the ensuing spring; and after an inspection and attack on the outposts, they drew off, telling the garrison to expect them at Easter. The commanders, however, were much provoked at finding themselves unable to protect their friends from the marauding excursions of the holders of the Balsille. These were carried on very systematically, and were the means of effectually victualling the garrison. They made their arrangements so judiciously and cautiously, that they always alighted where they were least expected; and, like the Highland reivers of old, had the grain or the animals removed to their stronghold before the enemy could collect their forces to intercept them. They attributed it to a providential intervention that an early winter had overtaken the grain still in some upland fields; so that when the snow thawed in spring, they found it not utterly destroyed, and more accessible than

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if it had been stored away. Besides their arrangements for procuring provision, they seem also to have preserved a well-organised correspondence with their friends. They received many letters, the tendency of which generally was an attempt to convince them of the hopelessness of their struggle ; but they had a trust in their destiny, and would not yield, though in some of these communications they were promised quarter.

On the 17th of April, terms of surrender were proposed to them directly by the Marquis de Parelle, and a council of war was held to deliberate on them. Their answer was respectful, yet firm. They thanked the marquis for his considerate humanity and evident desire to spare them. They stated, that as subjects of the Duke of Savoy, they had been in possession of their estates in the valleys from time immemorial, having inherited them from remote ancestors. They had been punctual in paying all the feudal rents and taxes ; they had never been turbulent, but, on the contrary, had assisted the government in the preservation of order. In other respects, they had been obedient to the laws, and free from crime. In these circumstances, they judged it grossly unjust and cruel that, at the desire of foreigners, they should be driven from their inheritance. That they should take arms to recover what they had lost, was but natural ; and they said the only way to avoid bloodshed was to allow them to return to their own in peace. The document was not at all in the tone of hopeless rebels suing for mercy ; it seemed, indeed, to evince a full reliance on their ability to make good their point ; and their opponents had not time to recover from the surprise occasioned by its manner, when a sally was made by a body of the Balsille garrison, who pushed as far as San Germano, sweeping all before them, and returning with a valuable booty, after having killed upwards of a hundred of the enemy. The garrison was beginning to suffer from a short allowance ; and many of them were reduced to extreme debility, when this timely raid provided them with abundance of beef and nourishing soup, and enabled them to recruit their strength. But such an act of course tended to revive the indignation of the enemy. On the last day of April, the acuteness of the Waldensian commanders enabled them to see that there was some movement going on among the latter. In fact, they were creeping slowly round the Balsille, and so cautiously, that although they were obliged to sleep on the snow, they lit no fires, lest their movement should be discovered.

There was one point from which the Balsille was supposed to be particularly liable to attack : it was a ravine entering deep in its side, and capable of affording cover to an enemy. There Arnaud had raised his most formidable works, consisting in a great measure of barriers made of felled trees, with large stones above them, while on either side there were heaps of stones piled on the edge of the ravine, to be hurled on an attacking enemy. Suddenly, but not

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without the vigilant garrison being prepared, 500 dismounted dragoons seemed, as it were, to rise from the earth, and make for the barriers. They reached only the extremity of the first, and in vain attempted to pull it down. They were thus at one extremity of the trees, laid lengthwise, while the garrison were at the other. These, almost completely protected, opened a murderous fire on the assailants ; and when they were thus thrown into confusion, made a desperate sally, and swept them away. Of the 500, they assert that not twenty returned, and that they themselves did not lose a man. Two were made prisoners ; and they were shot in attempting their escape. They, however, seized another and more important prisoner, Monsieur de Parat, the leader of the attack, whom they had the rare good sense not to put to death. He was severely wounded, however, and required the attendance of a surgeon. Now, it happened that the garrison also wanted such a person, for they had just lost the one they had formerly kidnapped ; and they gave every assistance to De Parat's efforts. The plan of communication was by a letter stuck in a cleft stick in a convenient place between the two forces. The surgeon came, and was taken possession of like his predecessor. The Waldenses in this affair obtained possession of papers of importance, which explained the nature of the operations to be conducted against them, and put them on their guard. But the French troops, astounded by their reception, retired for some time within their own lines, to devise a more effective system of attack. They were meanwhile disheartened by a wild storm of snow which overtook them in the mountains, subjecting them to all the horrors already mentioned as incident to these Alpine hurricanes.

On the 10th of May, however, the wary garrison argued, from faint but sure symptoms, that the enemy were returning to the attack. This time it was not to be an assault, but a regular siege. Five different camps were formed round the Balsille, while great field-works were raised with turf and woolsacks, and planted with heavy cannon. All the accessible ground was covered with marksmen ; and it was remarked that one of the garrison could not shew his hat above their own works but it was immediately hit. The works were brought so near that the besiegers could address the besieged with a speaking-trumpet. Knowing how desperate they were, and that an officer of importance was in their hands, the French now offered them terms, which, in appearance at least, were extremely liberal. They were to receive passports, and each one a gratuity of 500 louis. But whether fearing treachery, or still trusting to their destiny, they refused the terms. Nor were they so completely beset but that they were able to accomplish some of their characteristic feats : they marked the manner in which provisions were sent to the besiegers ; and one day making a rush on the convoy, they cut it to pieces, and secured the provisions. Still, however,

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it was clear, to all human appearance, that the devoted garrison were coming daily nearer to their doom. Cannon had been planted so as to command the ravine where the abortive attempt had been made, and the 14th of May was fixed for a general and conclusive attack.

On that day, the battery was opened on the defences, and the mounds so industriously raised speedily powdered down under the effect of a cannonade. The Waldenses had to abandon the lower, and pass to the higher defences. In this passage, their enemies expected that the hot fire playing on the Balsille would exterminate them. But here took place one of those events, which made the refugees deem themselves the selected objects of Divine intervention: they were shielded in their retreat by a fog, which hid them from the enemy. It prompts a smile to find that they give up their claim to sagacity in seizing the moment of the fog for accomplishing their retreat, and would rather have it thought that the fog was specially sent to aid it. They were now hard pressed, and they shewed that fatalist ferocity which overtakes men of their kind in such circumstances, by putting their wounded prisoner, De Parat, to death. Thus did they seem, in what might be counted their last act of power, to give a precedent for their own fate.

Looking from the height to which they had now ascended over the preparations of the enemy, they saw a chain of watchfires that seemed to surround their fortified mountain, and make a daylight all round its base. One of the captains of the Waldenses, however, whose name was Paulat, intimately acquainted with the ground, said there was still a cleft of the rock left unguarded, except by its own precipitous and dangerous nature, through which he declared he could pass undetected, along with any good cragsmen who would run the risk. The project was at once adopted by the whole garrison, for the night had come on in a gloom suitable for its fulfilment, and the whole period from the beginning of darkness to the dawn was before them. They took off their shoes, and were silently guided by Paulat, sometimes having to climb and descend walls of rock, at other times sliding down steep smooth banks. They passed so near the enemy's pickets that the slightest blunder would have sacrificed them. A petty incident indeed shewed them in a formidable shape the extremity of their danger. One of them had in his possession a kettle; why he should have been so burdened, it is difficult to imagine. Falling from his grasp, as he scrambled on hands and knees, it fell over the edge of a precipice into the gulf below with a clattering sound, which kettles are wont to make. A sentinel, put instantly on the alert, gave his *Qui vive?* to which the kettle made no answer. Endeavours to hear or see anything in the quarter whence the sound came, gave him no indication of human presence there, and indeed the incident seems to have diverted attention from the higher spot where the refugees stood.

Next morning, a successful attack was made on the fortifications

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of the Balsille, all broken as they were by cannon; but the birds had flown, and the nest was found deserted and cold. Looking from the height they had gained, some far-sighted soldier of the French force pointed out the string of dark figures, several miles off, cutting steps for themselves on the frozen snow of the Guignevert. Though they had weathered the winter in their fortress, and spring had revisited them, yet it was impossible that this handful of men could resist the fate of extermination from the large Piedmontese and still larger French force. A pursuit was immediately commenced; but they had gained some distance, and were rapid in their motions. On the 17th, their track was found; they were overtaken in the direction of Angrogna by a small detachment, which attacked them somewhat rashly, and was defeated with slaughter. This, however, was only a provocation to more signal vengeance. The occurrence took place on a Saturday. Next day, they might perhaps expect to be let alone; but on Monday their doom was sealed. So at least would bystanders have deemed; but there was at hand a deliverance for them of the most strange and unexpected character.

On Sunday, the outposts of the Waldenses found approaching their camp, in peaceful security, two Piedmontese gentlemen named Parander and Bertin. They announced the astounding intelligence, that the Duke of Savoy was now the enemy of France, having joined the allies, and that he desired the aid of the faithful and valorous Waldenses in his armies. They were now on their own ground, under the command of their own monarch; and the French force was an invading army, which they were to assist in driving forth. It has been thought, indeed, that the reason why Louis XIV. sent so many troops against this handful of Waldenses was, that doubting the faith of the Duke of Savoy, he desired to have a considerable force in that prince's territories; and perhaps, if this was his object, he might not be so eager to accomplish the avowed project which formed an excuse for their being there—the suppression of the Waldenses—as their historian may have supposed.

After some little delay and anxiety, everything was arranged. Arnaud received instructions to garrison, with his faithful followers, Bobi and Villar, and the captives taken from them and confined in the Piedmontese prisons were restored. In the contest which ensued, the Waldensian troops bore a gallant part; and once when, in the reverses of war, the duke had to flee before an advancing enemy, he found refuge among those faithful inhabitants of the valleys whom he had so sternly pursued.

The writer of a romance would stop where his heroes are brought to the good fortune they so well merit; but historical truth must add another fact, shewing that the behests of Providence had not shaped for the wanderers the romantic conclusion to their adventures which they themselves believed to be their destiny. Year after year, from the warlike services they performed, and the deference paid

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to them by the king of Britain and other Protestant powers, the position of the Waldenses was becoming consolidated, and their privileges enlarged. Numbers of their body, who had long been dispersed in distant regions, found their way back to the homes of their ancestors ; nay, further, French Protestants intermarried with them, and became citizens of their Protestant communities, so that they were ever becoming more numerous and powerful.

But this apparent consolidation of strength was but a preparation for subsequent misfortunes. In July 1696, the Duke of Savoy detached himself from his allies, and rejoined France. This was the immediate commencement of operations, professedly for keeping the Waldenses from propagating their principles throughout the French dominions. In the treaty, there was a provision to this effect : ' His Royal Highness [the Duke of Savoy] shall prohibit, under pain of corporal punishment, the inhabitants of the valley of Lucerna, known under the name of Vaudois, from having any religious communication with the subjects of his most Christian majesty ; nor shall his Royal Highness permit, henceforth, the subjects of the king of France to establish themselves in any manner in the said valleys ; nor allow any preacher subject to him to set foot on the French territory ; nor permit the worship calling itself Reformed, in the territories which have been ceded to him.' These territories, spoken of as ceded, embraced indeed part of the country inhabited by the Waldenses ; so that, while they had to dismiss all their lately enrolled brethren who had come from France, and to avoid all communication with that country, they were compelled to narrow the limits of their territory. An edict was issued on the 1st of July 1698, for carrying out the treaty. It required all French Protestants to quit the Piedmontese dominions in two months, under pain of death. It shews how extensively these communities had been supplied by immigrants from France, that of their thirteen pastors in 1698, seven required, under this edict, to remove from the country.

About 2000 persons found themselves more or less affected by these restrictions, and made up their minds to emigrate. They set off in seven bands, under their pastors. The Duke of Savoy professed to pay their travelling expenses ; but it appears that the sum awarded by him fell far short of what was necessary, and again the wanderers were thrown on the untiring kindness of their friends in Geneva and the Protestant cantons, among whom they sojourned during the winter of 1698. In the meantime, Arnaud, with some other delegates, went to arrange for their reception in Würtemberg. They did not now go forth, as before, hopeless, unknown exiles ; they had made, by their valour, a diplomatic position among European nations. Arnaud spoke in the powerful name of the courts of England and Holland, from which he had obtained for his people considerable pecuniary assistance. They were received at last into the principality,

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having assigned to them certain waste lands in the bailiwicks of Maulbronn and Leonberg, with special privileges and immunities. Within four years afterwards, a large body again moved off from Piedmont to join their friends. These consisted chiefly of those descendants of the old Waldenses who most tenaciously adhered to their native country, and were only driven from it by feeling the insuperable character of the pressure brought against them. They were received in the district of Heilbronn, near that occupied by the previous colony, but more Italian in its character, being more clear of forest, and affording better growth to the vine and mulberry. This second colony named their new valleys after those they had left; and their Italian character, far more distinct than in the mixed colony which preceded them, is said to be noticeable at the present day.

The great difficulty in properly settling these immigrants appears to have arisen from a notion that their religion was exceptional from that of the great Protestant communions; and much pains appear to have been taken to satisfy the authorities that they were virtually Calvinists. Among the special privileges conceded to them, however, there was one which sounds strange, as a condition demanded by Protestants: it was, that their pastors and deacons should be exempt from disclosing in courts of justice secrets committed to them under the seal of confession, unless when involving high treason.

But the reader asks: What has become of the priestly general of the Glorious Return? His subsequent history is a brief one. Arnaud had tempting offers of military command made to him by King William, and from several other quarters; but he preferred the service of that Master whose kingdom is not of this world, and went with his flock. He officiated for them as pastor in a small rude church in the town of Schömberg, in Würtemberg, where he died in 1721. There the fane in which he served, and a monument to his memory, are still piously preserved by the descendants of his people.

Those of the Waldenses who remained in Piedmont, although no longer persecuted, continued to be subjected to numerous disabilities; and the exercise of their worship was confined to the original valleys. At last, in 1848, they were put on a footing of equality with Roman Catholics in the kingdom of Sardinia; and since the union of Italy, they enjoy the same status throughout the peninsula, except in Rome. Since this emancipation, they have organised congregations in various cities of the kingdom, and have a theological seminary in Florence.



GREAT poet has said—

‘Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.’

How much truth there is in this saying, is strikingly shewn in the history of Grace Darling ; for, being in what is called a humble station in life, she, acting well her part in it, and having on one occasion manifested some of the highest qualities which belong to human nature, became, for these reasons, an object of respect and admiration to persons of every rank and condition, and acquired a celebrity which may be said to have spread over the greater part of the civilised world. Nobles of the highest rank, and even royalty itself, felt the demands which the singular worth of this young woman made upon them, and vied with individuals of her own class in doing her the honour she deserved.

Grace Darling was one of a numerous family born to William
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Darling, light-house keeper. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, originally a cooper at Dunse, in Berwickshire, removed to Belford, in Northumberland, and finally settled as keeper of the coal-light on the Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne Islands, on the coast of the last-mentioned county. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 was transferred to the light-house on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands. The qualities required in the keeper of a light-house are of no common kind: he must be a generally intelligent, as well as steady and judicious man. Moreover, in so solitary a situation as the Longstone light-house, where weeks may pass without any communication with the mainland, he would need to be of that character which has resources within itself, so as to be in a great measure independent of the rest of society for what may make life pass agreeably. In such a situation, the mind of an ordinary man is apt to suffer from the want of excitement and novelty; while a superior mind only takes advantage of it for improving itself. Of this superior character seems to be William Darling, the father of our heroine. He was described as uncommonly steady and intelligent, and of extremely quiet and modest manners. It speaks great things for him, that his children have all been educated in a comparatively respectable manner—his daughter Grace, for example, writing in a hand equal to that of most ladies.

Grace was born, November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast, being the seventh child of her parents. Of the events of her early years, whether she was educated on the mainland, or lived constantly in the solitary abode of her parents, first at the Brownsman, and afterwards on the Longstone island, we are not particularly informed. During her girlish years, and till the time of her death, her residence in the Longstone light-house was constant, or only broken by occasional visits to the coast. She and her mother managed the little household at Longstone. She is described as having been at that time, as indeed during her whole life, remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In person she was about the middle size—of fair complexion and a comely countenance—with nothing masculine in her appearance; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence. William Howitt, the poet, who visited her after the deed which made her so celebrated, found her a realisation of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the amiable and true-spirited heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel, who did and suffered so much for her unfortunate sister. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. 'You see,' says he, 'that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion—a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or

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endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration—puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself'

There is something, unquestionably, in the scene of Grace's early years, which was calculated to nurse an unobtrusively-enthusiastic spirit. The Farne Islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumbrian coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in some instances surrounded by precipices, they are the residence of little besides sea-fowl. On the principal one (Farne), in an early age, there was a small monastery, celebrated as the retreat of St Cuthbert, who died there in the year 686. 'Farne,' says Mr Raine, in his history of Durham, 'certainly afforded an excellent place for retirement and meditation. Here the prayer or the repose of the hermit could only be interrupted by the scream of the water-fowl, or the roaring of the winds and waves; not unfrequently, perhaps, would be heard the thrilling cry of distress from a ship breaking to pieces on the iron shore of the island; but this would still more effectually win the recluse from the world, by teaching him a practical lesson of the vanity of man and his operations, when compared with the mighty works of the Being who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

Through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great force; and many a shipwreck of which there is no record must have happened here in former times, when no beacon existed to guide the mariner in his path through the deep. Rather more than a century ago, a Dutch forty-gun frigate, with all the crew, was lost among the islands. In the year 1782, a large merchant-brig, on her return-voyage from America, was dashed to pieces amongst them, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. During the dreadful gale which continued from January 31 to February 8, 1823, three brigs and a sloop were wrecked in their vicinity, but all the crews were saved except one boy. Another brig was dashed to pieces on Sunderland Point, when all on board perished; and a large brig and a sloop were wrecked on the Harker. Mr Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says: 'It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass, nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted round all the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with seaweeds, like great round ropes and heaps of fucus. Over our heads

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screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly.'

Living on that lonely spot in the midst of the ocean—with the horrors of the tempest familiarised to her mind, her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep, her only prospect that of the wide-spreading sea, with the distant sail on the horizon—Grace Darling was shut out, as it were, from the active scenes of life, and debarred from those innocent enjoyments of society and companionship which, as a female, must have been dear to her, unaccustomed though she was to their indulgence.

She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous.

The *Forfarshire* steamer, a vessel of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Mr John Humble, formerly master of the *Neptune*, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday the 5th of September 1838, about half-past six o'clock, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained—Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards; in all, sixty-three persons.

The *Forfarshire* was only two years old; but there can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined, and a small leak closed up; but when off Flamborough Head, the leakage reappeared, and continued for about six hours; not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel dry. In the subsequent examinations, the engineman, Allan Stewart, stated his opinion, that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represented the leakage as considerable, so much so, that two of the fires were extinguished; but they were relighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was of course retarded, and three steam-vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the *Forfarshire*, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers; and Mrs Dawson, a steerage passenger, who was one of the survivors, stated, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indications on board, that 'all was not right,' that if her husband had come down to the packet in time, she would have returned with him on shore.

In this inefficient state the vessel proceeded on her voyage, and passed through the 'Fairway,' between the Farne Islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick Bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel, the leak increased to such a degree, that the firemen could

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not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock she bore up off St Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engineman reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense, that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward; and the Farne lights, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the catastrophe by running the vessel between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer the helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock, she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such, that at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it; and the edge which met the *Forfarshire's* timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep, or more.

At this juncture a part of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. Amongst them was Mr Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, in Perthshire, who had been roused from bed, and had only time to put on his trousers, when, rushing upon deck, he saw and took advantage of this opportunity of escape by flinging himself into the boat. His uncle and aunt, attempting to follow his example, fell into the sea, and perished in his sight. The scene on board was of the most awful kind. Several females were uttering cries of anguish and despair, and amongst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection which it was not in his power to give. Very soon after the first shock, a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces; and the after-part, containing the cabin, with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Pifa Gut, which is considered dangerous even in good weather, while the fore-part remained on the rock. The captain and his wife seem to have been amongst those who perished in the hinder part of the vessel.

At the moment when the boat parted, about eight or nine of the passengers betook themselves to the windlass in the fore-part of the vessel, which they conceived to be the safest place. Here also a few

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sailors took their station, although despairing of relief. In the fore-cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the waves, was Sarah Dawson, the wife of a weaver, with two children. When relief came, life was found trembling in the bosom of this poor woman, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

The sufferers, nine in number (five of the crew and four passengers), remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak—exposed to the buffeting of the waves amidst darkness, and fearful that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island; and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at rest amongst the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged fearfully. At the light-house there were only Mr and Mrs Darling and their heroic daughter. The boisterous state of the sea is sufficiently attested by the fact, that, at a later period in the day, a reward of £5 offered by Mr Smeddle, the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

To have braved the perils of that terrible passage then, would have done the highest honour to the well-tried nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm? Through the dim mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succouring them? Mr Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At *her* solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother, and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed, that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, others of the family being always at hand.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb-tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the light-house island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck until the tide again ebbed.

It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock: and when there, a danger—greater

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even than that which they had encountered in approaching it—arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever-restless chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter, was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight which he experienced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a female!

The sufferers were conveyed at once to the light-house, which was in fact their only place of refuge at the time; and owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday morning till Sunday. A boat's crew that came off to their relief from North Sunderland were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly twenty persons at the light-house, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an unprepared-for accession could not fail to occasion considerable inconvenience. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs Dawson, whose sufferings, both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table. The other sufferers were accommodated with the best substitutes for beds which could be provided, and the boat's crew slept on the floor around the fire.*

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name over all Europe. Immediately on the circumstances being made known through the newspapers, that lonely light-house became the centre of attraction to curious and sympathising thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in most instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always afterwards wore when visitors came. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks: the president presented her with a handsome silver teapot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials, of greater or less value, from admiring strangers. With the view of rewarding her for her

* The names of the individuals saved from the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, by Darling and his daughter, were—John Kidd, fireman, of Dundee; Jonathan Ticket, cook, of Hull; John Macqueen, coal-trimmer, Dundee; John Tulloch, carpenter, Dundee; and John Nicholson, fireman, Dundee, of the crew: D. Donovan, fireman and free passenger, of Dundee; James Keeley, weaver, Dundee; Thomas Buchanan, baker, Dundee; and Mrs Dawson, bound to Dundee, passengers. The party in the boat, also nine in number, were picked up next morning by a Montrose sloop, and carried into Shields. The entire number saved was therefore eighteen, of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers. The remainder, including the captain and his wife; Mr Bell, factor to the Earl of Kinnoul; the Rev. John Robb, Dunkeld; and some ladies of a respectable rank in society, perished.

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bravery and humanity, a public subscription was raised, which is said to have amounted to about £700. Her name was echoed with applause amongst all ranks; portraits of her were eagerly sought for; and to such a pitch did the enthusiasm reach, that a large nightly sum was offered her by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres and other places of amusement, on condition that she would merely sit in a boat, for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers were, however, promptly and steadily refused. It is, indeed, gratifying to state, that, amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered upon her, never produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone light-house with her father and mother, finding, in her limited sphere of domestic duty on that sea-girt islet, a more honourable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts of the mainland; and thus affording, by her conduct, the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.*

It is a melancholy reflection, that one so deserving should have been struck down almost ere yet the plaudits excited by her noble deed had died away; that the grasp of death should have been fastened on her almost before enjoyment could have taught her to appreciate the estimate formed of her conduct. 'Whom the gods love, die young,' 'twas said of old, and unquestionably the fatality which often attends deserving youth (and of which her fate presents so striking an instance) originated the idea. Consumption was the disease to which she fell a victim. Having shewn symptoms of delicate health, she was, towards the latter end of 1841, removed from the Longstone light-house, on the recommendation of her medical attendant, to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr Fender, surgeon.

* William Howitt gives the following account of his interview with Grace Darling: 'When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not have got to see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation, he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So, when we had been up to the top light-house, and had seen its machinery—had taken a good look-out at the distant shore—and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck, and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down, and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly but very simply dressed, in a plain sort of striped printed gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided—just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are.

'She rose very modestly, and with a pleasant smile said: "How do you do, sir?" Her figure is by no means striking; quite the contrary; but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one. We are charmed that she should so well have supported the brilliancy of her humane deed. It is confirmative of the notion, that such actions must spring from genuine heart and mind.

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Finding herself no better, she desired to be removed to Wooler for change of air. Her wish was complied with; but she found no relief; and at the request of her father she met him at Alnwick, with a view to proceed to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland, having heard of the arrival of the heroine of the Longstone at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with everything requisite, and sent her own physician to give her the benefit of his medical advice. All, however, was of no avail. Her father anxiously desiring that she should return amongst her family, she was accordingly removed once more to her sister's house at Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her decease. On the day of her removal from Alnwick, the Duchess of Northumberland, without a single attendant, and attired in the most homely manner, repaired to Grace Darling's lodgings, for the purpose of taking her last farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. For some time previous to her death, she was perfectly aware that her latter end was approaching; but this gave her no uneasiness. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout.

Shortly before her death, she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and with surprising fortitude and self-command she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death; and finally, on the 20th of October 1842, resigned her spirit without a murmur. The funeral took place at Bamborough on the following Monday, and was very numerously attended. The pall was borne by William Barnfather, Esq., from Alnwick Castle; Robert Smeddle, Esq., of Bamborough Castle; the Rev. Mr Mitford Taylor, of North Sunderland; and Mr Fender, surgeon, Bamborough. Ten of the immediate relatives of the deceased, including her father, and brother William, as mourners, followed by Mr Evans, officer of customs, Bamborough, and a young man from Durham, who is said to have cherished an ardent affection for the deceased, formed the funeral procession, which was accompanied by an immense concourse of persons of all ages and grades in society, many of whom seemed deeply affected.

It may be here mentioned, as illustrative of Grace Darling's character, that she received numerous offers of marriage, many of which might have been considered advantageous, but all of which she declined, usually alleging her desire never to change her condition whilst her parents were alive. It is said that, on the occasion of her being introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, his Grace told her that he hoped she would be careful in such matters, as there would be sure to be designs upon her

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money; and she told him she would not marry without his approbation.*

We may here properly take occasion to advert to a disposition which strangers have observed to prevail amongst the inhabitants of the fishing villages adjacent to the scene of the wreck, to depreciate the greatness of Miss Darling's deed, by speaking lightly of the danger to which it subjected her. We do not ascribe this altogether to a spirit of envy or detraction, but rather conceive it to be in a great measure the natural effect of those people's habitual situation, relatively to the scene of the wreck, and the circumstances with which it was attended. They are persons who have husbands, and fathers, and brothers, almost daily exposed, in following their pursuits as fishermen, to the dangers which Darling and his daughter voluntarily encountered from an impulse of humanity. However paradoxical may seem the assertion, it in reality was not amongst people thus familiarised—all of them in idea, and most of them in reality—with scenes of tempest and danger, that the warmest appreciation of such conduct was to be expected. Striking as was the case, there was nothing in it which was sufficiently contrasted with the incidents of their daily life to stir their feelings on behalf of the heroine. It was to

‘The gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,’

and the ladies, nursed in the lap of luxury, whose cheeks ‘the winds of heaven are not permitted to visit too roughly,’ and who had never known aught of a scene of tempest and shipwreck beyond what the boards of a theatre or the pages of a romance might have taught them—it was to them that the idea of a girl, under a humane impulse, voluntarily taking a boat's oar to drift through wind and tide amongst those jagged rocks, came home with electrifying effect; and it would have been strange had it been otherwise.†

* The proceeds of the public subscription (about £700) were funded for Miss Darling's use under the trusteeship of the Duke of Northumberland and Mr Archdeacon Thorp. This sum is understood to have been inherited by her father. Some other sums which had been directly sent to her as tributes to her worth, were divided by the amiable young woman amongst her brothers and sisters.

† This account of the latter years of Grace Darling, as well as the narrative of the rescue, is extracted, with permission, from a memoir of the young heroine which appeared in the *Berwick and Kelso Warder*, February 4, 1843.

VOLNEY BECKNER.

VOLNEY BECKNER.

HEROISM in a humble station in life was not more remarkably exemplified in the case of Grace Darling than in the instance of Volney Beckner, an Irish sailor-boy.

Volney was born at Londonderry in 1748; his father having been a fisherman of that place, and so poor, that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a seafaring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and a readiness of resource on all occasions, are the well-known characteristics. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued; he would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and, clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant-ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvring. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow also was regardless of ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly awakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest, such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he

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never knew fears, or any of the diseases springing from pampered appetites or idleness.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trustworthiness of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of his whole crew: 'If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy.' Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity saved them in many dangerous emergencies. An occasion at length arrived, in which the young sailor had an opportunity of performing one of the most gallant actions on record.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in San Domingo, and during this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill, and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel, into the sea. The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived, at a distance, a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lunges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew full of breath-

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less anxiety as to the result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to direct it from his father!

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard: 'Here they are, here they are—they are saved!' Alas! no—they were not saved! at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate boy while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious from its immediate consequences. As an example, it survives to the most distant ages. The present relation of it cannot but animate youth to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and think on the heroism of the Irish sailor-boy—Volney Beckner.

JAMES MAXWELL.

THE preceding instances of heroism in humble life, have a fine parallel in that of the late James Maxwell, whose sacrifice of self to duty and humanity has rarely been surpassed. James was of a family of brave men, natives of Stirlingshire. Having a number of years ago wished to emigrate to Canada, the family removed westward, intending to sail from the Clyde; which, however, they were prevented from doing. The person intrusted with the money raised for the expenses of the voyage and subsequent settlement, acted unfairly, and absconded; so that they were compelled, for want of funds, to remain in Port-Glasgow, where three or four of the lads became sailors. They were all first-rate men, and employed as masters or pilots of different steam-vessels, either at home or abroad. James was appointed to act as pilot on board a fine

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steam-vessel called the *Clydesdale*, of which the master was a worthy young man named Turner.

About the year 1827, the vessel was appointed to sail between Clyde and the west coast of Ireland; and one evening, after setting out on the voyage across the Channel, with between seventy and eighty passengers, Maxwell became sensible at intervals of the smell of fire, and went about anxiously endeavouring to discover whence it originated. On communicating with the master, he found that he too had perceived it; but neither of them could form the least conjecture as to where it arose. A gentleman passenger also observed this alarming vapour, which alternately rose and passed away, leaving them in doubt of its being a reality. About eleven o'clock at night this gentleman went to bed, confident of safety; but while Maxwell was at the helm, the master ceased not an instant to search from place to place, as the air became more and more impregnated with the odour of burning timber. At last he sprung upon deck, exclaiming, 'Maxwell, the flames have burst out at the paddle-box!' James calmly inquired, 'Then shall I put about?' Turner's order was to proceed. Maxwell struck one hand upon his heart, as he flung the other above his head, and with uplifted eyes uttered: 'O God Almighty, enable me to do my duty! and, O God, provide for my wife, my mother, and my child!'

Whether it was the thoughts of the dreadful nature of the Galloway coast, girdled as it is with perpendicular masses of rock, which influenced the master in his decision to press forward, we cannot tell; but as there was only the wide ocean before and around them, the pilot did not long persist in this hopeless course. He put the boat about, sternly subduing every expression of emotion, and standing with his eyes fixed on the point for which he wished to steer. The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and, keeping the engine in violent action, the vessel, at the time one of the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames, and smoke, backward to the quarter-gallery, where the self-devoted pilot stood like a martyr at the stake. Everything possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water; but this became every moment more difficult and more hopeless; for, in spite of all that could be done, the devouring fire seized the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated. Still, still the hero never flinched! At intervals, the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flame and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude as the multitude on the prow got a glimpse of the brave man standing calm and fixed on *his* dreadful watch!

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The blazing vessel, glaring through the darkness of night, had been observed by the people on shore, and they had assembled on the heights adjoining an opening in the rocks about twelve yards wide; and there, by waving torches and other signals, did their best to direct the crew to the spot. The signals were not misunderstood by Maxwell, whose feet were already roasted on the deck! The fierce fire still kept the engine in furious action, impelling the vessel onward; but this could not have lasted above another minute; and during the interval he ran her into the open space, and alongside a ledge of rock, upon which every creature got safe on shore—all unscathed, except the self-devoted one, to whom all owed their lives! Had he flinched for a minute, they must all have perished. What would not any or all of them have given, when driving over the wide sea in their flaming prison, to the man who would have promised them safety! But when this heroic man had accomplished the desperate undertaking, did the gratitude of this multitude continue beyond the minute of deliverance? We believe it *did not*! One man exclaimed: 'There is my trunk—I am ruined without it: five pounds to whoever will save it!' Maxwell could not hesitate in relieving any species of distress. He snatched the burning handle of the trunk, and swung it on shore, but left the skin of his hand and fingers sticking upon it—a memorial which might have roused the gratitude of the most torpid savage! But he who offered the reward forgot to pay it to one who could not and would not ask of any one on earth.

As might have been expected, Maxwell's constitution, though very powerful, never recovered the effects of that dreadful burning. Indeed it required all the skill and enthusiasm of an eminent physician under whose care he placed himself, to save his life. Though the flames had not actually closed round him as he stood on his awful watch, yet such was the heat under him and around him, that not only, as we have said, were his feet severely burnt, but his hair, a large hair-cap, and huge dreadnought watch-coat, which he wore, were all in such a state from the intense heat, that they crumbled into powder on the least touch. His handsome athletic form was reduced to the extremest emaciation; his young face became ten years older during that appalling night; and his hair changed to gray.

A subscription for the unfortunate pilot was set on foot among the gentlemen of Glasgow some time after the burning. On this occasion the sum of a hundred pounds was raised, of which sixty pounds were divided between the master and pilot, and the remainder given to the sailors. Notwithstanding his disabilities, James was fortunately able, after an interval, to pursue his occupation as a pilot; but owing to a weakness in his feet, caused by the injuries they had received, he fell, and endured a severe fracture of the ribs. The value, however, in which he was held by

HEROISM IN HUMBLE LIFE.

his employers, on account of his steady and upright character, caused them, on this occasion, to continue his ordinary pay during the period of his recovery. After this event, James entered the service of another company (Messrs Thomson and M'Connell), conducting a steam-shipping communication between Glasgow and Liverpool; by whom, notwithstanding the enfeebled state of his body and broken health, he was (as how could such a man be otherwise?) esteemed as a valuable servant.

In the year 1835 the case of this hero in humble life was noticed in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and roused a very general sympathy in his favour. The subscriptions in his behalf were, at this time, of material service in enabling him to support his family; but misfortunes, arising out of his enfeebled condition, afterwards pressed upon him, and another subscription was made for his relief in 1840. James did not live to reap the full benefit of this fresh act of public benevolence and respect; and shortly after his decease, his wife also died. We are glad to know that enough was realised to aid in rearing and educating the younger children of an excellent man, who deserved so well of his country.

The preceding instances of personal intrepidity may perhaps serve to convey correct ideas on the nature of heroism. A hero, as we have seen, is one who boldly faces danger in a good cause; as, for instance, to save a fellow-creature from hurt or death—to protect the property of others from violence—and to defend our native country from the attacks of enemies; in each case with some risk to our own person and life. Bravery is a different thing. A robber may be brave; one nation attacking another for the mere purpose of injuring it may be very brave; but bravery in these cases is not heroism. Military commanders have often been called heroes, without deserving the name. They may have been successful in their wars; but if they have not fought for good ends, they are not truly heroes, and are not entitled to such fame as that bestowed on the heroic GRACE DARLING, VOLNEY BECKNER, and JAMES MAXWELL.



PRINCE LEE BOO.



ON the 9th of August 1783, the *Antelope*, a packet of three hundred tons burden, in the service of the East India Company, and under the command of Captain Henry Wilson, suffered shipwreck on the Pelew Islands, one of the numerous groups which stud the Pacific, and the nearest of any importance to the East India Islands. At that time the Polynesians had had but little intercourse with white men, and were of course ignorant of many of those virtues and vices which have since so materially altered their character. Our countrymen, however, met with the most kindly treatment, and in turn presented the natives with articles and implements calculated to assist them in the operations of their primitive mode of

life. During their stay, which continued till the 12th of November, the crew were busy in constructing a small schooner for the purpose of conveying them to Macao, in China; an effort which was ultimately crowned with success.

One of the most interesting and important personages met with by Captain Wilson during his stay was Abba Thulle, king of Cooroora and of several of the adjoining islets. Uniformly humane, and attentive to the wants of the unfortunate crew, this individual, in his intercourse with them, soon perceived their superiority in warlike preparation, in mechanical skill, in their power of turning almost every object to use, and, above all, in the obedience, regularity, and order with which each attended to his respective duties. He used to say that, though his subjects looked up to him with respect, and regarded him as not only superior in rank, but in knowledge, yet that, after being with the English, and contemplating their ingenuity, he had often felt his own insignificance, in seeing the

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lowest of them exercise talents that he had ever been a stranger to. Impressed with this conviction, he resolved to intrust one of his sons to Captain Wilson's care, that the youth might have the advantage of improving himself by accompanying the English, and of learning many things that might at his return greatly benefit his own country. This announcement was too important not to be cordially welcomed by Captain Wilson; and the result was, that the king's second son, Prince Lee Boo, then in his nineteenth year, was, on the departure of the schooner, handed over with due ceremony, 'to be instructed in all things that he ought to know, and to be made an *English* man.' To the brief history of this amiable and promising youth we devote the following pages, premising that our account is chiefly abridged from Keate's *Pelew Islands*, a volume compiled from the journals and communications of Captain Wilson and his brother-officers.

VOYAGE FROM PELEW TO CHINA.

After an affectionate parting, the crew and their new charge left Pelew on the 12th of November 1783. Lee Boo, the first night he slept on board, ordered Boyam, his servant (a Malay, who acted also as his interpreter), to bring his mat upon deck—apparently annoyed by the restraint and confinement of a cabin. He was the next morning much surprised at not seeing land. Captain Wilson now clothed him in a shirt, waistcoat, and a pair of trousers: he appeared to feel himself uneasy in wearing the first two articles, and soon took them off and folded them up, using them only as a pillow; but, being impressed with an idea of the indelicacy of having no clothing, he never appeared without his trousers. As the vessel, proceeding northward, advanced into a climate gradually growing colder, he in a little time felt less inconvenience in putting on again his jacket and shirt; and when he had been a little time accustomed to them, his new-taught sense of propriety was so great, that he would never change his dress, or any part of it, in the presence of another person, always retiring for that purpose to some dark corner where no one could see him.

As they approached the Chinese coast, Lee Boo appeared quite delighted at the sight of land and the number of boats on the water. Before Captain Wilson went on shore, the prince, on seeing the large Portuguese ships at anchor in the Typa, appeared to be greatly astonished, exclaiming, as he looked at them: 'Clow, clow, muc clow!' that is, 'Large, large, very large!' Here he gave our people an early opportunity of seeing the natural benevolence of his mind. Some of the Chinese boats that are rowed by poor Tartar women, with their little children tied to their backs, and who live in families on the water, surrounded the vessel, to petition for fragments of

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victuals ; and the young prince, on noticing their supplications, gave them oranges and such other things as he had, being particularly attentive to offer them those edibles which he liked best himself.

On landing at Macao, Lee Boo was introduced to the former acquaintances of Captain Wilson—among others to a Mr M'Intyre, and to a Portuguese gentleman of some distinction, to whose residence he was first taken. This being the first house our young traveller had ever seen, he was apparently lost in silent admiration. What most struck his imagination at first were the upright walls and the flat ceilings ; he seemed as if puzzling himself to comprehend how they could be formed ; and the decorations of the rooms were also no small subject of astonishment. When he was introduced to the ladies of the family, his deportment was so easy and polite, that it was exceeded only by his abundant good-nature. So far from being embarrassed, he permitted the company to examine his hands, which were tattooed, and appeared pleased with the attention shewn him. When he retired with Captain Wilson, his behaviour left on the mind of every one present the impression, that however great the surprise might be which the scenes of a new world had awakened in him, it could hardly be exceeded by that which his own amiable manners and native polish would excite in others.

Mr M'Intyre next conducted them to his own house, where they were introduced into a hall lighted up, with a table in the middle covered for supper, and a sideboard handsomely decorated. Here a new scene burst at once on Lee Boo's mind : he was all eye, all admiration. The vessels of glass appeared to be the objects which most riveted his attention. Mr M'Intyre shewed him whatever he conceived would amuse him ; but everything that surrounded him was attracting ; his eye was like his mind, lost and bewildered. It was in truth to him a scene of magic, a fairy tale. Amongst the things that solicited his notice was a large mirror at the upper end of the hall, which reflected almost his whole person. Here Lee Boo stood in perfect amazement at seeing himself : he laughed, he drew back, and returned to look again, quite absorbed in wonder. He made an effort to look behind, as if conceiving somebody was there, but found the glass fixed close to the wall. Mr M'Intyre, observing the idea that had crossed him, ordered a small glass to be brought into the room, wherein having viewed his face, he looked behind, to discover the person who looked at him, totally unable to make out how all this was produced.

After passing an evening which had been rendered pleasant and cheerful from the hospitality of their host and the simplicity of Lee Boo, our people retired for the night. Whether the prince passed it in sleep or in reflecting on the occurrences of the day, is uncertain ; but it is more than probable they were the next morning recollected by him in that confused manner in which we recall the traces of a dream.

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Soon after the crew came on shore, some of them went to purchase such things as they were in want of, in doing which they did not forget Lee Boo, who was a favourite with them all. They bought him some little trinkets, which they thought would, from their novelty, please him. Amongst them was a string of large glass beads, the first sight of which almost threw him into an ecstasy: he hugged them with a transport that could not be exceeded by the interested possessor of a string of pearls of equal magnitude. His imagination told him he had in his hands all the wealth the world could afford him. He ran with eagerness to Captain Wilson, to shew him his riches, and, enraptured with the idea that his family should share them with him, he, in the utmost agitation, entreated Captain Wilson would immediately get him a Chinese vessel, to carry his treasures to Pelew, and deliver them to the king, that he might distribute them as he thought best, and thereby see what a country the English had conveyed him to; adding, that the people who carried them should tell the king that Lee Boo would soon send him other presents. He also told Captain Wilson that if the people faithfully executed their charge, he would (independent of what Abba Thulle would give them) present them at their return with one or two beads, as a reward for their fidelity.

Whilst Lee Boo remained at Macao, he had frequent opportunities of seeing people of different nations; and also was shewn three Englishwomen, who, having lost their husbands in India, had been sent from Madras thither, and were waiting there to return to Europe, to whom the 'new man,' as he was called, gave the preference to any other of the fair sex he had seen.

Having no quadrupeds at Pelew, the two dogs left there were the only kind he had seen; on which account the sheep, goats, and other cattle which he met with whilst at Macao were viewed with wonder. The Newfoundland dog which had been given to his uncle in Pelew being called Sailor, he applied the word sailor to every animal that had four legs. Seeing some horses in a stable, he called them 'clow sailor'—that is, 'large sailor;' but the next day, observing a man pass the house on horseback, he was himself so wonderfully astonished, that he wanted every one to go and see the strange sight. He went afterwards to the stables where the horses were; he felt, he stroked them, and was inquisitive to know what their food was, having found, by offering them some oranges he had in his pocket, that they would not eat them. He was easily persuaded to get on one of their backs; and when he was informed what a noble, docile, and useful animal it was, he with much earnestness besought the captain to get one sent to his uncle, to whom he said he was sure it would be of great service.

Anxious to obtain a vessel bound for England, Captain Wilson left Macao for Canton, taking his wondering charge along with him. At Canton, the number of houses, the variety of shops, and the

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multitude of artificers, greatly astonished him. Being at the Company's table at the factory, the vessels of glass, of various shapes and sizes, particularly the glass chandeliers, attracted his notice. When, on looking round, he surveyed the number of attendants standing behind the gentlemen's chairs, he observed to Captain Wilson that the king, his father, lived in a manner very different, having only a little fish, a yam, or a cocoa-nut, which he ate from off a leaf, and drank out of the shell of the nut; and when his meal was finished, wiped his mouth and his fingers with a bit of cocoa-nut husk; whereas the company present ate a bit of one thing and then a bit of another, the servants always supplying them with a different plate, and different sorts of vessels to drink out of. He seemed from the first to relish tea; coffee he disliked the smell of, and therefore refused it, at the same time telling Captain Wilson he would drink it if he ordered him. On their arrival at Macao, one of the seamen being much intoxicated, Lee Boo expressed great concern, thinking him very ill, and applied to Mr Sharp, the surgeon, to go and see him. Being told nothing material ailed him—that it was only the effect of a liquor that common people were apt to indulge in, and that he would soon be well—he appeared satisfied; but would never after even taste spirits, if any were offered him, saying 'it was not drink fit for gentlemen.' As to his eating and drinking, he was in both temperate to a degree.

Whilst at Canton, several gentlemen, who had been at Madagascar and other places where the throwing of the spear is practised, and who themselves were in some degree skilled in the art, having expressed a wish to see the prince perform this exercise, they assembled at the hall of the factory for that purpose. Lee Boo did not at first point his spear to any particular object, but only shook and poised it, as is usually done before the weapon is thrown from the hand: this they were also able to do; but proposing to aim at some particular point, they fixed this point to be a gauze cage which hung up in the hall, and which had a bird painted in the middle. Lee Boo took up his spear with great apparent indifference, and, levelling at the little bird, struck it through the head, astonishing all his competitors, who, at the great distance from whence they flung, with much difficulty even hit the cage.

He was greatly pleased with the stone buildings and spacious rooms in the houses at Canton; but the flat ceilings still continued to excite his wonder: he often compared them with the sloping thatched roofs at Pelew, and said, by the time he went back he should have learned how it was done, and would then tell the people there in what manner they ought to build. The benefiting his country by whatever he saw, seemed to be the point to which all his observations were directed.

Being at the house of Mr Freeman, one of the supercargoes, amongst the things brought in for tea was a sugar-dish of blue glass,

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which much struck Lee Boo's fancy. The joy with which he viewed it, induced that gentleman, after tea, to carry him into another room, where there were two barrels of the same kind of blue glass (which held about two quarts each) placed on brackets : his eye was again caught by the same alluring colour ; he looked at them eagerly, then went away, and returned to them with new delight. The gentleman observing the pleasure they gave him, told him he would make him a present of them, and that he should carry them to Pelew. This threw him into such a transport of joy he could hardly contain himself. He declared them to be a great treasure ; and that, when he returned, his father, Abba Thulle, should have them. He wished his relations at Pelew could but see them, as he was sure they would be lost in astonishment.

A passage to England having been obtained in the *Morse*, East Indiaman, Captain Wilson and Lee Boo bade adieu to their hospitable friends at Canton about the end of December 1783.

VOYAGE FROM CANTON TO ENGLAND.

The homeward voyage of the *Morse* was prosperous and pleasant, and Lee Boo received every kindness and attention from the commander, Captain Elliot. On the other hand, he was so courteous and amiable, that every one was ready to render him any service in his power ; and thus the tedium of their long voyage was greatly alleviated. Lee Boo was extremely desirous of knowing the name and country of every ship he met at sea, and would repeat what he was told over and over, till he had fixed it well in his memory ; and as each inquiry was gratified, he made a knot on his line ; but these knots now having greatly multiplied, he was obliged to repeat them over every day, to refresh his memory, and often to recur to Captain Wilson or others when he had forgot what any particular knot referred to. The officers in the *Morse*, with whom only he associated, when they saw him thus busied with his line, used to say he was reading his journal. He frequently asked after all the people of the *Oroolong*, who had gone aboard different ships at China, particularly after the captain's son and Mr Sharp.

He had not been long on the voyage before he solicited Captain Wilson to get him a book, and point out to him the letters, that he might, when he knew them, be instructed in reading. All convenient opportunities were allotted to gratify this wish of his young pupil, who discovered great readiness in comprehending every information given him.

On arriving at St Helena, he was much struck with the soldiers and cannon on the fortifications ; and the coming in soon after of four English men-of-war afforded him a sight highly delighting, particularly those which had two tiers of guns. It was explained to

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him that these ships were intended only for fighting, and that the other vessels which he then saw in the bay were destined for commerce, to transport and exchange from one country to another its produce and manufactures. Captain Buller, the commander of his majesty's ship *Chaser*, had the goodness to take him on board his own and another ship, to let him see the men exercised at the great guns and small-arms, which exceedingly impressed his imagination.

On being carried to see a school, he expressed a wish that he could learn as the boys did, feeling his own deficiency in knowledge.

He desired to ride on horseback into the country, which he was permitted to do: he sat well, and galloped, shewed no fear of falling, and appeared highly pleased both with the novelty and pleasure of the exercise.

Visiting the Company's garden, he noticed some shady walks formed with bamboos arching overhead on lattice-work. He was struck with the refreshing coolness they afforded, and observed that his own countrymen were ignorant of the advantages they might enjoy, saying that on this island they had but little wood, yet applied it to a good purpose; that at Pelew they had great abundance, and knew not how to use it; adding, that when he went back he would speak to the king, tell him how defective they were, and have men employed to make such bowers as he had seen. Such were the dawnings of a mind that felt its own darkness, and had the good sense to catch at every ray of light that might lead it forward to information and improvement!

Before the *Morse* quitted St Helena, the *Lascelles* arrived, by which occurrence Lee Boo had an interview with his first friend, Mr Sharp. He had a sight of him from a window, and ran out with the utmost impatience to take him by the hand; happy, after so long a separation, to meet him again, and evincing by his ardour the grateful sentiments he retained of the attention that gentleman had shewn him.

As he drew near the British Channel, the number of vessels that he observed pursuing their different courses increasing so much, he was obliged to give up the keeping of his journal; but was still very inquisitive to know whither they were sailing. When the *Morse* got to the Isle of Wight, Captain Wilson, his brother, the prince, with several other passengers, quitted her, and coming in a boat between the Needles, arrived safely at Portsmouth on the 14th of July 1784. On landing, the number and size of the men-of-war in harbour, the variety of houses, and the ramparts, were all objects of attraction: he seemed so totally absorbed in silent surprise that he had no leisure to ask any questions. The officer of the *Morse* charged with the dispatches setting off immediately for London, Captain Wilson, impatient to see his family, accompanied him, leaving his young

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traveller under the care of his brother, to follow him by a coach which was to set off in the evening. As soon as he reached town, he was conveyed to the captain's house at Rotherhithe, where he was not a little happy to rejoin his adopted father, and in being introduced to his family.

Though part of his journey had been passed during the night, yet, with returning day, his eyes had full employment on every side; and when he had got to what was now to be for some time his destined home, he arrived in all the natural glow of his youthful spirits. Whatever he had observed in silence was now eagerly disclosed. He described all the circumstances of his journey; said it was very pleasant; that he had been put into a little house, which was run away with by horses; that he slept, but still was going on; and whilst he went one way, the fields, houses, and trees all went another—everything, from the quickness of travelling, appearing to him to be in motion.

At the hour of rest, he was shewn by Mr M. Wilson up to his chamber, where for the first time he saw a four-post bed. He could scarcely conceive what it meant. He jumped in, and jumped out again; felt and pulled aside the curtains; got into bed, and then got out a second time to admire its exterior form. At length, having become acquainted with its use and convenience, he laid himself down to sleep, saying that in England there was a house for everything.

HIS CONDUCT IN ENGLAND.

‘It was not, I believe, more than a week after his arrival,’ continues the narrative of Mr Keate, ‘when I was invited by my late valued friend, Robert Rashleigh, Esq., to dinner, where Captain Wilson and his young charge were expected. Lee Boo then possessed but very little English, yet, between words and action, made himself tolerably understood, and seemed to comprehend the greater part of what was said to him, especially having the captain by him to explain whatever he did not clearly comprehend. He was dressed as an Englishman, excepting that he wore his hair in the fashion of his own country; appeared to be between nineteen and twenty years of age; was of middle stature; and had a countenance so strongly marked with sensibility and good-humour, that it instantly prejudiced every one in his favour; and this countenance was enlivened by eyes so quick and intelligent, that they might really be said to announce his thoughts and conceptions without the aid of language.

‘Though the accounts I had previously received of this “new man,” as he was called at Macao, had greatly raised my expectations, yet, when I had been a little time in his company, I was perfectly astonished at the ease and gentleness of his manners: he was lively and pleasant, and had a politeness without form or restraint,

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which appeared to be the result of natural good-breeding. As I chanced to sit near him at table, I paid him a great deal of attention, which he seemed to be very sensible of. Many questions were of course put to Captain Wilson by the company concerning this personage, and the country he had brought him from, which no European had ever visited before. He obligingly entered on many particular circumstances which were highly interesting, spoke of the battles in which his people had assisted the king of Pelew, and of the peculiar manner the natives had of tying up their hair when going to war. Lee Boo, who fully understood what his friend was explaining, very obligingly, and unasked, untied his own, and threw it into the form Captain Wilson had been describing. I might tire the reader were I to enumerate the trivial occurrences of a few hours, rendered only of consequence from the singularity of this young man's situation; suffice it to say, there was in all his deportment such affability and propriety of behaviour, that when he took leave of the company, there was hardly any one present who did not feel a satisfaction in having had an interview with him.

'I went to Rotherhithe a few days after to see Captain Wilson; Lee Boo was reading at a window; he recollected me instantly, and flew with eagerness to the door to meet me, looked on me as a friend, and ever after attached himself to me, appearing to be happy whenever we met together. In this visit I had a good deal of conversation with him, and we mutually managed to be pretty well understood by each other. He seemed to be pleased with everything about him; said: "All fine country, fine street, fine coach, and house upon house up to sky," putting alternately one hand above another, by which I found (the habitations in Pelew being all on the ground) that every separate story of our buildings he at that time considered as a distinct house.

'He was introduced to several of the directors of the India Company, taken to visit many of the captain's friends, and gradually shewn most of the public buildings in the different quarters of the town; but his prudent conductor had the caution to avoid taking him to any places of public entertainment, lest he might accidentally, in those heated resorts, catch the small-pox—a disease which he purposed to inoculate the young prince with as soon as he had acquired enough of our language to be reasoned into the necessity of submitting to the operation; judging, and surely not without good reason, that, by giving him so offensive and troublesome a distemper, without first explaining its nature, and preparing his mind to yield to it, it might weaken that unbounded confidence which this youth placed in his adopted father.

'After he had been a while settled, and a little habituated to the manners of this country, he was sent every day to an academy at Rotherhithe, to be instructed in reading and writing, which he was himself eager to attain, and most assiduous in learning. His whole

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deportment, whilst there, was so engaging, that it not only gained him the esteem of the gentleman under whose tuition he was placed, but also the affection of his young companions. In the hours of recess, when he returned to the captain's house, he amused the whole family by his vivacity, noticing every particularity he saw in any of his schoolfellows, with great good-humour mimicking their different manners, sometimes saying he would have a school of his own when he returned to Pelew, and should be thought very wise when he taught the great people their letters.

'He always addressed Mr Wilson by the appellation of captain; but never would call Mrs Wilson (to whom he behaved with the warmest affection) by any other name than that of mother, looking on that as a mark of the greatest respect. Being often told he should say Mrs Wilson, his constant reply was: "No, no—mother, mother."

'Captain Wilson, when invited to dine with his particular friends, was generally accompanied by Lee Boo; on which occasions there was as much ease and politeness in his behaviour as if he had been always habituated to good company. He adapted himself very readily to whatever he saw were the customs of the country, and fully confirmed me in an opinion which I have ever entertained, that good manners is the natural result of natural good sense.

'Wherever this young man went, nothing escaped his observation: he had an ardent desire of information, and thankfully received it, always expressing a wish to know by what means effects which he noticed were produced. I was one day in company with him where a young lady sat down to the harpsichord to see how he was affected with music. He appeared greatly surprised that the instrument could throw out so much sound. It was opened, to let him see its interior construction; he pored over it with great attention, watching how the jacks were moved, and seemed far more disposed to puzzle out the means which produced the sounds, than to attend to the music that was playing. He was afterwards requested to give us a Pelew song: he did not wait for those repeated entreaties which singers usually require, but obligingly began one as soon as asked: the tones, however, were so harsh and discordant, and his breast seemed to labour with so much exertion, that his whole countenance was changed by it, and every one's ears stunned with the horrid notes. From this sample of Pelew singing, it is not to be wondered that a chorus of such performers had the effect of making our countrymen at Oroolong fly to their arms; it might, in truth, have alarmed a whole garrison; though, when he had been some time here, he readily learned two or three English songs, in which his voice appeared by no means inharmonious.

'Lee Boo's temper was very mild and compassionate, discovering, in various instances, that he had brought from his father's territories *that spirit of philanthropy* which was found to reign there; yet he at

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all times governed it by discretion and judgment. If he saw the young asking relief, he would rebuke them with what little English he was master of, telling them it was a shame to beg when they were able to work ; but the entreaties of old age he could never withstand, saying : " Must give poor old man—old man no able to work."

'I am perfectly convinced that Captain Wilson, from the confidence which the king had reposed in him, would have held himself inviolably bound to protect and serve this young creature to the utmost extent of his abilities ; but, independent of what he felt was due to the noble character of Abba Thulle, there was so much gentleness and so much gratitude lodged in Lee Boo's heart, that not only the captain, but every member of his family viewed him with the warmest sentiments of disinterested affection. Mr H. Wilson, the captain's son, being a youth of a very amiable character, and a few years younger than Lee Boo, they had, during their voyage to and stay in China, become mutually attached to each other ; and meeting again under the father's roof, their friendship was still more cemented. The young prince looked on him as a brother, and, in his leisure hours from the academy, was happy to find in him a companion to converse with, to exercise the throwing of the spear, or to partake in any innocent recreation.

'Boyam, the Malay whom the king had sent to attend on his son, proving an unprincipled, dishonest fellow, Lee Boo was so disgusted with his conduct, that he entreated Captain Wilson to send him back to Sumatra, which he had learned was the Malay's own country ; and Tom Rose, a man of tried fidelity, and who had picked up a great deal of the Pelew language, being at this time in England, was engaged to supply his place ; an exchange which gave great satisfaction to all parties.

'Captain Wilson being now and then incommoded with severe headaches, which were sometimes relieved by lying down on the bed, on these occasions the feelings of Lee Boo were ever alarmed. He appeared always unhappy, would creep up softly to his protector's chamber, and sit silently by his bedside for a long time together without moving, peeping gently from time to time between the curtains to see if he slept or lay easy.

'As the anecdotes of this singular youth are but scanty, being all unfortunately limited to a very short period, I would unwillingly, in this place, withhold one where his own heart described itself. The captain having been all the morning in London, after dinner asked his son if he had been at some place he had, before he went to town, directed him to call at with a particular message. The fact was, the two young friends had been amusing themselves with throwing the spear, and the business had been totally forgotten. Captain Wilson was hurt at the neglect, and told his son it was very idle and careless ; this being spoken in an impatient tone of voice, which Lee Boo conceiving was a mark of anger in the father, slipped

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unobserved out of the parlour. The matter was instantly forgotten, and something else talked of ; when, Lee Boo being missed, Harry Wilson was sent to look after him, who, finding him in a back room quite dejected, desired him to return to the family. Lee Boo took his young friend by the hand, and on entering the parlour went up to the father, and laying hold of his hand, joined it with that of his son, and pressing them together, dropped over both those tears of sensibility which his affectionate heart could not on the occasion suppress.

Captain Wilson and the young prince dining with me early after his arrival, I was asking how he was affected by painting. On mentioning the subject, Dr Carmichael Smyth, whom I had requested to meet this stranger, wished me to bring a miniature of myself, that we might all thereby observe if it struck him : he took it in his hand, and instantly darting his eyes towards me, called out : "Misser Keate—very nice, very good." The captain then asking him if he understood what it signified, he replied : "Lee Boo understand well ; that Misser Keate die, this Misser Keate live." A treatise on the utility and intent of portrait-painting could not have better defined the art than this little sentence. Mrs Wilson desiring Lee Boo, who was on the opposite side of the table, to send her some cherries, perceiving that he was going to take them up with his fingers, jocosely noticed it to him ; he instantly resorted to a spoon ; but, sensible that he had discovered a little unpoliteness, his countenance was in a moment suffused with a blush that visibly forced itself through his dark complexion. A lady who was of the party being incommoded by the violent heat of the day, was nearly fainting, and obliged to leave the room. This amiable youth seemed much distressed at the accident, and seeing her appear again when we were summoned to tea, his inquiries and particular attention to her as strongly marked his tenderness as it did his good breeding.

He was fond of riding in a coach beyond any other conveyance, because, he said, people could be carried where they wanted to go, and at the same time sit and converse together. He seemed particularly pleased at going to church, and though he could not comprehend the service, yet he perfectly understood the intent of it, and always behaved there with remarkable propriety and attention.

Captain Wilson kept him from going abroad, except to visit friends, for the reason already assigned, as also from another prudential consideration, that his mind might be tranquil, nor too much drawn off from the great object in view, the attaining the language, which would enable him to comprehend fully every purposed information, and to enjoy better whatever he should then be shewn. The river, the shipping, and the bridges, he was forcibly struck with ; and he was several times taken to see the Guards exercised and marched in St James's Park ; a sight which gratified

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him much—everything that was military greatly engaging his attention. To a young creature situated as he was, and whose eye and mind were ever in quest of information, circumstances perpetually occurred that at the time interested those who were about him, but which at present would be trespassing too much on the reader to mention.

‘I went to see him the morning after Lunardi’s first ascent in the balloon, not doubting but that I should have found him to the greatest degree astonished at an exhibition which had excited so much curiosity even amongst ourselves ; but, to my great surprise, it did not appear to have engaged him in the least. He said he thought it a very foolish thing to ride in the air like a bird, when a man could travel so much more pleasantly on horseback or in a coach. He was either not aware of the difficulty or hazard of the enterprise, or it is not improbable that a man flying up through the clouds, suspended at a balloon, might have been ranked by him as a common occurrence in a country which was perpetually spreading before him so many subjects of surprise.

‘Whenever he had opportunities of seeing gardens, he was an attentive observer of the plants and fruit-trees, would ask many questions about them, and say, when he returned home, he would take seeds of such as would live and flourish in Pelew ; talked frequently of the things he should then persuade the king to alter or adopt ; and appeared, in viewing most objects, to consider how far they might be rendered useful to his own country.

‘He was now proceeding with hasty strides in gaining the English language, and advancing so rapidly with his pen, that he would probably in a short time have written a very fine hand, when he was overtaken with that very disease which with so much caution had been guarded against. On the 16th of December he felt himself much indisposed, and in a day or two after, an eruption appeared all over him. Captain Wilson called to inform me of his uneasiness, and was then going to Dr Carmichael Smyth, to request he would see him, apprehending that it might be the small-pox.’

HIS DEATH.

‘Dr Smyth, with whose professional abilities were united every accomplishment of the scholar and the gentleman, and whose friendship I feel a pride in acknowledging myself long possessed of, desired me to go with him to Rotherhithe. When he descended from Lee Boo’s chamber (where he rather wished me not to go), he told the family that there was not a doubt with respect to the disease, and was sorry to add (what he thought it right to prepare them for) that the appearances were such as almost totally precluded the hope of a favourable termination, but that he had ordered whatever the

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present moment required. Captain Wilson earnestly solicited the continuance, if possible, of his visits, and was assured that, however inconvenient the distance, he would daily attend the issue of the distemper.

‘When I went the second day, I found Mr Sharp there—a gentleman often mentioned in the foregoing narrative—who, hearing of his young friend’s illness, had come to assist Captain Wilson, nor ever stirred from the house till poor Lee Boo had yielded to his fate.

‘The captain having never had the small-pox himself, was now precluded going into Lee Boo’s room, who, informed of the cause, acquiesced in being deprived of seeing him, still continuing to be full of inquiries after his health, fearing he might catch the disease; but though Captain Wilson complied with the request of his family in not going into the chamber, yet he never absented himself from the house; and Mr Sharp constantly took care that every direction was duly attended to, and from him I received the account of our unfortunate young stranger during his illness, which he bore with great firmness of mind, never refusing to take anything that was ordered for him, when told that Dr Smyth (to whose opinion he paid the greatest deference) desired it. Mrs Wilson happening to have some indisposition at this time, which confined her to her bed, Lee Boo, on hearing of it, became impatient, saying: “What! mother ill? Lee Boo get up to see her;” which he did, and would go to her apartment, to be satisfied how she really was.

‘On the Thursday before his death, walking across the room, he looked at himself in the glass (his face being then much swelled and disfigured); he shook his head, and turned away, as if disgusted at his own appearance, and told Mr Sharp that “his father and mother much grieve, for they knew he was very sick.” This he repeated several times. At night, growing worse, he appeared to think himself in danger; he took Mr Sharp by the hand, and, fixing his eyes steadfastly on him, with earnestness said: “Good friend, when you go to Pelew, tell Abba Thulle that Lee Boo take much drink to make small-pox go away, but he die; that the captain and mother” (meaning Mrs Wilson) “very kind—all English very good men; was much sorry he could not speak to the king the number of fine things the English had got.” Then he reckoned what had been given him as presents, which he wished Mr Sharp would distribute, when he went back, among the chiefs; and requested that very particular care might be taken of the blue glass barrels on pedestals, which he directed should be given to the king.

‘Poor Tom Rose, who stood at the foot of his young master’s bed, was shedding tears at hearing all this, which Lee Boo observing, rebuked him for his weakness, asking: “Why should he be crying so because Lee Boo die?”

‘Whatever he felt, his spirit was above complaining; and Mrs Wilson’s chamber being adjoining to his own, he often called out

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to inquire if she were better, always adding, lest she might suffer any disquietude on his account, "Lee Boo do well, mother." The small-pox, which had been out eight or nine days, not rising, he began to feel himself sink, and told Mr Sharp he was going away. His mind, however, remained perfectly clear and calm to the last, though what he suffered in the latter part of his existence was severe indeed. The strength of his constitution struggled long and hard against the venom of his distemper, till exhausted nature yielded in the contest.

'Captain Wilson noticed to the India House the unfortunate death of this young man, and received orders to conduct everything with proper decency respecting his funeral. He was interred in Rotherhithe churchyard, the captain and his brother attending. All the young people of the academy joined in this testimony of regard; and the concourse of people at the church was so great, that it appeared as if the whole parish had assembled to join in seeing the last ceremonies paid to one who was so much beloved by all who had known him.

'The India Company soon after ordered a tomb to be erected over his grave, with the following inscription, which I have transcribed from it :

"To the Memory of PRINCE LEE BOO, a native of the Pelew or Palos Islands, and son to Abba Thulle, rupack or king of the island Coorooraa, who departed this life on the 27th of December 1784, aged 20 years: this stone is inscribed by the Honourable United East India Company as a testimony of esteem for the humane and kind treatment afforded by his father to the crew of their ship, the *Antelope*, Captain Wilson, which was wrecked off that island in the night of the 9th of August 1783.

Stop, reader, stop! let nature claim a tear—
A prince of mine, Lee Boo, lies buried here."

'Among the little property which he left behind, beside what he had particularly requested Mr Sharp to convey to his father and friends, there were found, after his death, the stones or seeds of most of the fruits he had tasted in England, carefully and separately put up. And when one considers that his stay with us was but five months and twelve days, we find that in the midst of the wide field of novelty that encompassed him, he had not been neglectful of that which, before his departure from Pelew, had been probably pointed out to him as a principal matter of attention.' Indeed, in all his movements and acquirements, one idea seemed to be predominant—namely, that of conveying to his native islands not only the manners and customs, the arts and manufactures of the English, but specimens of the natural produce and peculiarities of their country. It is true that many things which at first appeared to him important and valuable, would, as he became better informed, present

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themselves in their true light ; but this does not render the less worthy of our admiration his early zeal and industry.

From these few anecdotes of this amiable youth, cut off in the moment that his character began to blossom, what hopes might not have been entertained of the fruit such a plant would have produced ! He had both ardour and talents for improvement, and every gentle quality of the heart to make himself beloved ; so that, as far as the dim sight of mortals is permitted to penetrate, he might, had his days been lengthened, have carried back to his own country, not the vices of a new world, but those solid advantages which his own good sense would have suggested as likely to become most useful to it.

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THE continent of Asia, as may be observed on looking at a map, terminates on the south in three peninsulas projected into the Indian Ocean—one being Arabia, the second Hindustan or India, and the third Siam; this last being longer and narrower than the others, and ending in a projection called the Malay Peninsula or Malaya, near the extremity of which is the settlement of Malacca. Carrying our eye across the Indian Ocean, we observe that off the southern point of Malaya there are numerous islands of larger and smaller dimensions; the sea for hundreds of miles is studded with them, and group after group stretches across the ocean almost to the

northern shores of Australia. As these islands lie in an easterly direction from India, they are sometimes styled the *Eastern Archipelago*, and at other times the Malay Archipelago or Malaysia. The principal of these fine islands are Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, Timor, and the Moluccas—the last being called the Spice Islands by geographers, because their chief produce, or at least articles of export, are pepper, cloves, nutmegs, ginger, and other spices. To the north of Borneo, in the Chinese Sea, lies an additional group of islands, the Philippines; but of these it is here unnecessary to speak.

Travellers who have visited these islands describe some of them as a kind of earthly paradise. Lying under the equinoctial line, their climate is excessively hot, but they are daily fanned by sea-breezes, which temper their heated atmosphere; from their mountains flow streams of pure water; their valleys are green and picturesque; and the luxuriance of their vegetation is beyond anything that the natives of Northern Europe can imagine. In their thick groves swarm birds of the gayest plumage; monkeys of various species are seen skipping from rock to rock, or darting in and out among the bushes; and wild beasts and snakes live in their thickets and jungles.

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The native inhabitants, whose wants are easily supplied, spend the greater part of their time in the open air, cultivating their fields, or reclining under awnings, or beneath the more delicious shade of the nutmeg trees.

Inhabited chiefly by an aboriginal Malay race, some of the islands are still under the government of native chiefs or sultans ; but most of them have been, in whole or part, appropriated by European powers. The Portuguese, being the first navigators who reached this part of the world by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope,



acquired large possessions not only in India but in the Eastern Archipelago ; but towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Dutch, animated by a vigorous spirit of commercial enterprise, dispossessed the Portuguese, and gained the ascendancy in Java and other islands, finally reducing them to the condition of Dutch colonies. The object of the Dutch in getting possession of these remote Asiatic islands was to procure spices, wherewith to supply the general market of Europe ; and as this was long an exceedingly profitable trade, no pains were spared to keep the Spice Islands as a kind of preserve for the special benefit of Holland.

We have two reasons for introducing these islands and their history to our readers—the first is, to shew how selfishness in trade, like selfishness in everything else, is weakness and loss, and how benevolence is power and gain ; the second is, to point out, by way of example, how much may be done to remedy the greatest grievances, and produce national happiness, by the efforts of one

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enlightened and generously disposed mind. In the performance of this task, we shall have occasion to notice biographically one of the few great statesmen whom England has within the last half century had the good fortune to produce—Thomas Stamford Raffles.

JAVA.

For convenience, we begin with an account of Java, one of the largest and finest islands of the Archipelago. Java is separated from Borneo on the north by a channel called the Java Sea, and on the north-west from Sumatra by the Strait of Sunda. The island is upwards of 650 miles long, and from 60 to 130 miles broad; its whole area being about equal to that of England. Its surface is beautifully diversified with hill and valley; its soil is of the richest possible nature, and yields in abundance coffee, sugar, rice, ginger, indigo, tea, &c.

Java appears to have been peopled by a branch of the Malay race about the commencement of the Christian era. From that period to the fifteenth century, the Javanese increased in consequence and opulence, and acquired a civilisation scarcely inferior to that of the Hindus or the Chinese; evidences of which exist in the traditions of the natives, in their literature, and in numerous architectural remains scattered over the island. Mohammedanism latterly found its way into Java, and became mingled with the doctrines and ceremonies of Buddhism and Hinduism, which had hitherto been the religions of the people. The Portuguese settled in the island in 1511; the English also established themselves in it in 1602; but ultimately the Dutch dispossessed both, and became the only European power. They continued to enjoy this sway undisturbed till the year 1811, a period of two hundred years.

Any one who visited the island in 1811, would have found it generally in a more barbarous condition than it was five hundred years before. It was divided into three sections: 1. The Dutch possessions, properly so called, meaning that part in which the Dutch power was absolute; 2. The kingdom of the Susuhunan, or hereditary Javanese emperor; and, 3. The territories of the Sultan, another native prince. The last two sections, however, were not really independent—they were subordinate or tributary to the Dutch. At this period the entire population amounted to about five millions, consisting of Dutch, Javanese, foreigners, and slaves.

The Dutch inhabited principally the provinces of Jacatra and Bantam in the west, and the northern line of coast as far as the small island of Madura. Here they had built numerous towns and villages, the largest two being the city of Batavia, the population of which at one time exceeded 160,000, and the city of Surabaya, with a population of about 80,000. Firmly fixed in their possessions, and supported by a military and naval force, the Dutch seem to have

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had but one object in view, and that was to monopolise the whole trade, internal and external, of Java and that of the adjacent islands owning their authority. In Europe, no people had struggled so heroically for civil and religious liberty as the Dutch; in India, no people acted with greater selfishness and tyranny. Their whole policy was a violation of justice and decency. Determined to monopolise the whole East India trade, they were guilty of an immense amount of bloodshed in their efforts to eradicate every semblance of a colony in their neighbourhood belonging to any other nation, and likely, therefore, to deprive them of a share of the spice-trade. Not only so, but in order to derive a greater profit from the sale of the nutmegs and cloves which they exported from the Moluccas, they hired the natives to extirpate the plants in all the islands of the group except Banda and Amboyna, the two of whose permanent possession they were most secure. The same miserable and blighting spirit of monopoly presided over their government of Java. In a part of the Dutch section of the island, the province of Jacatra, in which the city of Batavia is situated, the Dutch authorities governed the population directly and immediately; in the rest of the section, namely, the province of Bantam and the line of territory along the northern coast to the Strait of Madura, they employed native Javanese chiefs as their subordinate governors, with various titles. In both, the system of government was nearly alike. In the Dutch portion, the people were compelled to sell the whole produce of their lands to government at a fixed price; in the other, the native regents of the various districts, besides paying a large tribute on their own account, were obliged to collect the whole produce of their districts, and hand it over as before to the authorities at a fixed price. Thus, over all the Dutch possessions in Java, the government had a monopoly of the produce, including the food of the population. Receiving the grain, the coffee, and the pepper from the growers at very low prices, they stored them up, and then sold them back again to the people themselves at an exceedingly high charge, reserving the surplus quantity for exportation. Thus, a person was obliged to sell to the government the pepper which he had produced at twopence a pound, and then to purchase back part of it for his own use at a shilling a pound. These arrangements were felt as a sore grievance by the poor cultivators of the soil, especially in those portions of the island which were nominally under a native regent; for there, in addition to the demands of the Dutch government, they had to submit to the exactions of a subordinate. The king of Bantam, for example, handed over every year to the Dutch government the produce of his province, amounting to nearly six millions of pounds of pepper, at twopence a pound; but instead of paying his subjects so much as twopence a pound for it, he paid them say only three-halfpence a pound, reserving the additional halfpenny to pay the cost of

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collection, and to constitute a revenue for himself. A system of finance more confused, wasteful, and unenlightened, cannot be conceived; and a similar spirit of tyranny and monopoly characterised all the other branches of government procedure.

The native Javanese were spread all over the island, part of them, as has been said, inhabiting the Dutch territory, and living under the Dutch government, the rest inhabiting the comparatively independent territories ruled over by the two native sovereigns, the *susuhunan* or emperor, and the sultan. These two sovereigns were not, like the king of Bantam, or the regents of other districts in the Dutch possessions, mere revenue-officers of the Dutch; on the contrary, they enjoyed a despotic dignity within their own kingdoms, and the only formal token of their connection with the Dutch was their consenting annually to sell to them a certain quantity of their produce at a fixed price. This distinction, however, did not produce any great difference in habits or character between the Javanese of the interior and the Javanese of the Dutch provinces, so that the same description will suit both. The Javanese are described as a people generally shorter in stature than the Europeans, but robust and well made, with a round face, high forehead, small dark eyes like those of the Tartars, prominent cheek-bones, scarcely any beard, and lank black hair. The general expression of the countenance is placid and thoughtful; the complexion is rather of a yellow than of a copper hue, the standard of beauty in this respect being a gold colour. The Javanese are sagacious and docile, generally listless in their appearance, but susceptible of all kinds of impressions, and capable of being roused to the wildest displays of passion. They possess a literature consisting principally of native songs and romances, and translations from the Sanscrit and Arabic. The language is exceedingly simple in its structure, and remarkably rich in synonymous words; and the Javanese written character is said to be one of the most beautiful known. The natives have also a rude kind of drama; and they delight in games of chance. The only kind of manufacture for which the people are celebrated is working in gold. They shew, however, considerable skill in ship-building; and in agriculture they are eminently proficient, every Javanese regarding the soil as the grand source of prosperity and wealth, not only to the province as a whole, but to himself individually.

Of foreign settlers in the island, there were, and continue to be, about 200,000, consisting of Hindus, Arabs, and Chinese. The Chinese, forming the larger proportion, are an active money-making class, carrying on various profitable branches of trade, and often contriving to enrich themselves by renting and sub-letting land at greatly increased rates. They, however, do not settle permanently; after a residence of a few years, they return to their own country with the small fortunes they have acquired.

The remaining class of the population of Java, at the time we speak

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of,* was that of slaves, of whom there were about 30,000, the importation of these unfortunate beings having been at the rate of a few thousands annually. These slaves were brought from various islands in the great East Indian Archipelago, the greater number, however, from the small island of Poulo Nyas, on the coast of Sumatra, and the large island of Celebes, adjacent to Borneo. The slaves consisted partly of debtors and criminals, surrendered by the laws of their respective islands, but in a far greater degree of persons who were kidnapped and carried away. The Nyas slaves were highly valued throughout the East; and as many as 1500 used to be exported from that small island every year, a large proportion of whom were carried to Batavia. In this short voyage, it was calculated that one-fourth generally died; and in such dread did the natives of Nyas hold slavery, that instances were known in which, when a party of kidnappers had surrounded a house, the father, rather than surrender, killed himself and his children. The most ingenious and industrious of the slaves in Java, however, were those from the island of Celebes, known by the name of Buggheese or Macassars. These Macassars are a brave and civilised race, the wreck of a people once nearly as powerful in the Archipelago as the Javanese. They have a literature of their own, and one of the amusements of the Batavian ladies was to hear their Macassar slaves recite their native ballads and romances. One of the occupations in which the Chinese employed their Macassar slaves was in the collection of those Chinese dainties, the edible birds' nests, which are more abundant in Java than anywhere else.

We have thus presented a general sketch of Java and its condition previous to the year 1811, much, however, being applicable to the island in the present day: a new turn took place in its affairs in the above year; but before describing the changes which were effected, it will be necessary to say a few words respecting the person by whom they were suggested and carried into execution.

Thomas Stamford Raffles was born at sea, off the coast of Jamaica, on the 5th of July 1781. His father was a captain in the West India trade. Returning with his mother to England, he was placed in a boarding-school at Hammersmith, where he remained till he was fourteen years of age; and this was all the formal education he ever received. At the age of fourteen, this comparatively friendless youth entered the East India House in the capacity of an extra clerk; and shortly afterwards, by his zeal and good behaviour, obtained a permanent situation in this great establishment, so celebrated for having reared and employed in its service a vast number of men eminent for their abilities. While employed in the India House, Mr Raffles zealously devoted himself to the acquisition of various kinds of knowledge, which he afterwards turned to good account: in particular, it

* Slavery was abolished by the Dutch in 1859.

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was at this time that he first gave proofs of the facility with which he could learn different languages. In 1805, the Court of Directors resolved to found a new settlement at Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, off the coast of Malacca, conceiving that it would be an advantageous trading-post ; and at this time Mr Raffles's qualifications were so well known, that he was appointed assistant-secretary to the establishment. During the voyage out, he acquired the Malay language so perfectly as to be able to enter at once on the important duties of his office ; and the chief secretary, Mr Pearson, falling ill, the entire labour of arranging the forms of the new government, as well as of compiling all public documents, devolved on him. Such an accumulation of work was too severe for his constitution ; and in 1808 he was obliged to pay a visit to the Malacca mainland, for the purpose of recruiting his shattered health. It was during this visit to Malacca that Mr Raffles first enjoyed the opportunity of observing and joining with the varied population congregated from all parts of the Archipelago, and from the distant countries of Asia ; from Java, Amboyna, Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, Papua, Cochín China, China Proper, &c. With many he conversed personally, with others through the medium of interpreters. To this early habit, which he always retained, of associating with the natives, and admitting them to intimate and social intercourse, may be attributed the extraordinary influence which he obtained over them, and the respect with which they always received his advice and opinions. It was at this period also that Mr Raffles formed an acquaintanceship with Mr Marsden and the enthusiastic and lamented Leyden ; and in company with these two Orientalists, commenced his elaborate researches into the history, the laws, and the literature of the Hindu and Malay races. We find him also displaying that zeal for the advancement of the natural sciences, especially zoology, for which he was all his life distinguished, and which has earned him a high rank among naturalists, as well as among statesmen and Oriental scholars.

Lord Minto, at the time governor-general of India, had conceived so favourable an opinion of Mr Raffles, that he became anxious to discover a field worthy of his abilities. On the occasion of a visit he made to Calcutta in 1809, his lordship spoke of the advantages to be derived from taking possession of the Moluccas, or smaller Spice Islands, whereupon Mr Raffles at once drew his attention to Java, as more preferable. The idea was instantly caught at by his lordship, and plans for its capture were forthwith devised.

The scheme hinted at by Mr Raffles marked the comprehensiveness of his character : it was to capture Java, and render it a British possession. Nor was such a project considered any violation of justice. In 1806 the French had overrun Holland, and in 1810 added it, as well as its chief foreign possessions, to the empire of France. Java, therefore, was now no longer a Dutch but a French colony. As England was at war with France, it was considered by

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Lord Minto and Mr Raffles that there could not be a more splendid achievement than to wrest so fine an island from Napoleon, and add it to the British crown. Indeed, the conquest of Java seemed a matter of necessity ; for its possession would give the French almost the sovereignty of the Malayan Archipelago, and enable them materially to affect the prosperity of our eastern trade, and the stability of our eastern possessions. In short, the invasion of Java was resolved upon. But the enterprise was one not to be attempted rashly ; in the meantime, therefore, the design was kept a profound secret, and Mr Raffles was despatched to prepare the way for the expedition, taking up his residence at Malacca with the title of 'Agent to the Governor-general, with the Malay states.'

Having, after much careful investigation, learned which would form the safest and most practicable route to Java, Mr Raffles communicated all proper information to Lord Minto, who immediately proceeded with a powerful naval force on the expedition. The fleet, consisting of upwards of ninety sail, left Malacca on the 18th of June 1811, and after a voyage of six weeks, anchored off Batavia. In the course of a month, the British troops effected the conquest of the island ; and on the 16th September Lord Minto issued a proclamation announcing the general features of its future government as a British territory. In his letter to the government in England, Lord Minto announced the capture of Java in the following terms : 'An empire which for two centuries has contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur of one of the principal and most respected states in Europe, has been thus wrested from the short occupation of the French government, added to the dominion of the British crown, and converted from a seat of hostile machination and commercial competition, into an augmentation of British power and prosperity.'

In thus annexing Java to our East Indian possessions, Lord Minto took a bolder step than the Court of Directors of the East India Company was disposed altogether to sanction at first. When he had announced to them his intention to attack Java, the scheme met their decided approbation ; but instead of agreeing with Lord Minto in his desire to convert Java into a British possession, all that they meditated was the expulsion of the Dutch from the island, and its restoration to the native Javanese. This they thought would be sufficient ; and to one not acquainted with the condition of the various islands in the Archipelago, their intention may appear very reasonable and philanthropic. But Lord Minto saw that the mere expulsion of the Dutch from the island would be unavailing unless some strong and benevolent power were to come after them, and take charge of a country which they had so wretchedly misgoverned. To leave the Javanese to govern themselves, would be to throw back the island into hopeless war and confusion. Possessed of all those *qualities which* would constitute them good and obedient subjects, it

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was not to be expected that the Javanese, after submitting to Dutch rule for 200 years, could have preserved any notions of their own ancient government, much less that they could set up a new one. Accordingly, Lord Minto determined to annex the island to the British territory, and give it some experience of rational government. In so doing, he was incurring the responsibility of exceeding his instructions; but as Lady Raffles, in the biography of her husband, nobly says: 'No man is fit for high station anywhere who is not prepared to risk even more than fame or fortune at the call of judgment and conscience.'

Lord Minto immediately appointed Mr Raffles lieutenant-governor of Java and its dependencies; and after a stay of six weeks in the island, returned to Bengal, leaving the new governor to commence his arduous duties. The only event that could cast a shade of sorrow over the important occasion was the death of Dr Leyden, who had accompanied the expedition to Java, and who soon fell a victim to his thirst for knowledge.

'It would be endless,' says Lady Raffles, 'to notice the difficulties and obstacles which occurred in the establishment of a pure and upright administration in Java. Not only was the whole system previously pursued by the Dutch to be subverted, but an entire new one substituted, as pure and liberal as the old one was vicious and contracted; and this was to be accomplished and carried into effect by the very persons who had so long fattened on the vices of the former policy.' Nor were the difficulties of Mr Raffles such only as resulted from the state of the island, the government of which he had undertaken. There was a disheartening circumstance, apart from the condition of the island itself, under which most men would have either refrained from doing anything, or at least acted listlessly and carelessly—the prospect of the British possession of Java being only of short continuance. Nevertheless, Mr Raffles determined that in the meanwhile nothing should prevent him from doing his duty, and he did it nobly.

Mr Raffles's first step was to cause to be prepared a complete body of statistics relating to all the affairs of the island; and obtaining this, he commenced his scheme of reform. His proposed alterations were of two kinds: first, a reform of the general spirit of the government; and, second, a reform of the actual institutions of the country, wherever it appeared necessary.

The general spirit of the Dutch government, as has been shewn, was that of utter selfishness. Java was retained for the single purpose of yielding a revenue, without the slightest regard to the comfort or prosperity of the people. The guiding principle of the government introduced by Mr Raffles was diametrically opposite—it was *the general good of the whole population*. In conformity with the proclamation of Lord Minto before his departure from the island, he exhorted the people 'to consider their new connection with

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England as founded on the principles of mutual advantage, and to be conducted in a spirit of kindness and affection.' He studied the feelings and the prejudices of all classes of society, entering into the most cordial and familiar intercourse with persons of intelligence and influence, whether they were Dutch or native Javanese, and in every possible way tried to produce a feeling that he had no other object in view as governor than the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants. He permitted the poorest Javanese to have free access to his presence; and whatever measure he adopted, or regulation he found it necessary to pass, he took care to have it widely published, and even to have the reasons on which it was founded made known, thus addressing as much as possible the natural good sense of the natives. One resolution which he adopted at his first entrance into office delighted and gratified the Javanese as much as it surprised the Dutch. In travelling through the island, which it was necessary for him to do frequently, and to great distances, he would not carry arms, nor suffer himself to be attended by any escort, and he enjoined his staff to do the same. At first, such had been the false reports spread by the Dutch relative to the character and habits of the Javanese, that this resolution of the governor was considered foolhardy and Quixotic; but at length the wisdom of such a policy became evident. Not a single act of violence occurred in consequence of this display of confidence; on the contrary, the natives regarded it as a compliment, and anticipated the highest things from a governor who put such trust in their quietness and honesty. 'Whilst driving along,' says a visitor to Java at this time, 'in an open carriage at the rate of nine miles an hour through the gorgeous forests of that delicious climate, we could scarcely believe that we were quite at the mercy of the Malays and other tribes, falsely proverbial for treachery and ferocity.' Mr Raffles always entertained a high opinion of the character of the natives of Java, and believed that, if properly treated, there was not a more docile or more easily governed people on the face of the earth.

To detail all the changes which Mr Raffles introduced into the administration of Java during the five years of his residence in the island, would be a needless task. It will be sufficient to notice the three principal alterations—his reform of the revenue system, his establishment of a better system of police and public justice, and his abolition of the slave-trade.

Our readers are already aware of the nature of the system of internal management which the Dutch pursued. Almost the whole territory was farmed out to native regents or officers, who, besides paying a small rent or recognition money to the Dutch authorities, handed over to them annually the whole produce of their respective districts at a fixed government price. By disposing of this produce, either by exporting it or by selling it back again to the Javanese *themselves*, the Dutch raised a revenue; and in this monopoly,

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therefore, consisted the sole advantage derived by them from the possession of Java. The Dutch themselves had begun to be ashamed of this system of colonial government, and had made some attempts to introduce a better; but none of these attempts succeeded, and it was reserved for Mr Raffles to confer on Java the boon of a well-devised government. The following is his own brief and distinct account of the reform which he effected. 'The whole system of native management has been exploded, and the mass of the population are now no longer dependent on a regent or other chieftain, but look up direct to the European power which protects them. In the first place, the lands are let, generally speaking, to the heads of villages, as this description of people appear to me to be the resident superintending farmers of the estate. In so extensive a population, there will naturally require to be some deviations in different districts, but the plan of village rents will generally prevail. After the experience of one year, leases for three years will be granted; and at the conclusion of that period, the leases may either be made for seven or for ten years, or the land granted to the actual possessors in perpetuity. You will thus see that I have had the happiness to release several millions of my fellow-creatures from a state of bondage and arbitrary oppression. The revenue of government, instead of being wrung by the grasping hand of an unfeeling farmer from the savings of industry, will now come into the treasuries of government direct, and be proportioned to the actual capability of the country.'

It is necessary to explain this system adopted by Mr Raffles a little more fully. In the first place, the regents or native officers who had been intermediate between the government and the mass of the native population, and who had shamefully ground down the latter, in order to make large profits from their situations, were completely laid aside, receiving an allotment of lands, or a sum of money, as a suitable compensation for the loss of their lucrative office. The lands thus placed at the disposal of the government were let at a fair rent to a number of small proprietors, who were generally the heads of villages. To give an idea of who these heads of villages were, we may quote Mr Raffles's own description of a Javanese village. 'The cottages of the Javanese are never insulated, but formed into villages whose population extends from 50 to 200 or 300 inhabitants; each has its garden; and this spot of ground surrounding his simple habitation the cottager regards as his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care. He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees which may at once yield him their fruit and their shade. The cottages, or the assemblage of huts that compose the village, become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a

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human dwelling can be discovered ; and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grave, or a clump of evergreens. Every village forms a community in itself, each having its officers, its priest, and its temple.' It was generally, then, to the native heads of such villages, distinguished by the various titles of Petingi, Bakal, or Surah, that the lands were let out by government according to the system introduced by Mr Raffles. In some cases, however, and particularly in those districts where the Chinese had planted themselves most thickly, it was necessary to depart from this regulation, and let the land to others. The land was let on short leases. It was indeed proposed to sell the lands entirely, so as to constitute the heads of villages into permanent landlords instead of government tenants ; but Lord Minto seems to have disapproved of this plan of permanent sale, and therefore that of short leases alone was practised. The amount of rent was fixed as equitably as possible by a reference to the circumstances of each particular case, two-fifths of the average annual rice produce of the soil being about the usual rate. This rent being duly paid, the heads of villages or other government tenants were at liberty to dispose of the produce of their respective farms to the best advantage, and at any price they could obtain in the market, the government laying no claim to any exclusive right of purchase. In order, however, to encourage the growth of coffee, which Mr Raffles anticipated might become an important article of export in the course of a few years, government engaged to receive any surplus quantity of that commodity from the growers at a reasonable and fixed rate, when a higher price could not be obtained for it in the market ; thus at least securing the coffee-growers against loss. Under the old system, besides claiming a monopoly of the produce, the government had a right of vassalage or feudal service over the native regents, and, through them, over the mass of the people ; that is, the government had a right to make the natives labour, without wages, on roads and other public works. This feudal exaction, one of the most intolerable that can be imagined, and one under which France groaned before the Revolution, Mr Raffles at once abolished. If the heads of villages paid their rent regularly, they were considered as having discharged all their obligations to government ; and whatever labour government might require, it was to pay for at the ordinary market rate of wages.

A change like this could not fail at once to create a hearty spirit of contentment and industry. 'All is altered now,' we may imagine one of these heads of villages or government tenants saying : 'I have no longer to sell all my rice, my coffee, and my pepper, to a greedy government for a wretched pittance, hardly enough to remunerate me for my toil. All that I have to do is to pay my rent to government ; and then I have all my rice, my coffee, and my pepper to do as I please with. All that I raise above what pays my *rent and other expenses*, is clear profit.' In order to provide further

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against the practice of any extortion by these government tenants upon their inferiors or sub-tenants (which, however, was not likely to happen, the greater part of the government tenants, namely, the heads of villages, having a natural bond connecting them in feeling and interest with their inferiors), a superintendence was exercised by government over the mode in which the lands were sub-let to the minor tenants. Thus, down to the lowest ranks of society the beneficial influence of the change of system extended; and every man began to feel that the fruits of his industry and energy would not, as formerly, be swallowed up by the insatiable maw of government, but would be really and truly his own.

It was necessary, however, not merely to allow the natives to be the sole and exclusive proprietors of the produce of their industry, but also to open up the channels of commerce, so that they might bring that produce to a profitable market. It would have been of no use for government to have given up its claim to a monopoly of the produce, and at the same time to have kept up those restrictions which would have prevented the growers from finding any other market for it, so that they would have been obliged to come to government and say: 'Rather than have our rice rot on our hands, we will give you it at your own price,' thus actually restoring the monopoly. Accordingly, as a part of the system of Mr Raffles, all the tolls and internal imposts of the island, which operated as checks to internal traffic, were abolished; all the ports of the island, without exception, were thrown open; almost all the export duties were abrogated; the import duties were reduced to the lowest possible point; and no description of goods was excluded from the island. Free trade, in short, in a sense almost as wide as it is possible to understand it, was realised; the only cost incurred in the transmission of goods from one part of the island to another, or from the island itself to other parts of the Malayan Archipelago, being the cost of carriage. This change must have been agreeable to all classes of the community, except perhaps to the Chinese, who had been the great farmers of taxes under the old system, and who were of course obliged now to betake themselves to some other course of industry.

Mr Raffles effected as important a change in the department of justice as he had in the department of revenue. Under the Dutch government, the natives had been subject to laws utterly averse to their natural feelings and superstitions, and with which also they were totally unacquainted. The Dutch laws were doubtless good, but, as applied without modification to the native Javanese, they gave rise to the most tyrannical and unjust decisions, especially as the juries consisted exclusively of Europeans. Mr Raffles reversed all this. 'By means of the numberless inquiries he had instituted all over the island,' says a writer who speaks from local knowledge, 'and particularly by his own personal investigations, he

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discovered that the Javanese possessed, from time immemorial, amongst themselves, a system of police as well as of jurisprudence, which, if not precisely squaring in all points with our notions of such things, it was fair to infer were more or less suited to the peculiar circumstances of the island. Strangely enough, the Dutch were ignorant of the existence of many of these native institutions, though some of them were never entirely extinguished during the two centuries of their administration. Mr Raffles, however, at once saw how important it would be to enlist the prejudices and established habits of the natives in his cause, and by giving the sanction of his authority to local usages which the natives were already in possession of, to attach, as it were, as many ready-made wheels to the machinery of his government.' While, however, he introduced into his administration as many of the native Javanese forms as possible, he did not do so indiscriminately; but wherever he found any native custom or regulation which was inconsistent with his own notions of justice, he changed or modified it so as to make it suit. The deposed Javanese rajahs or regents he turned to good account, by availing himself of their services in the department of police; and the dignity which he thus assigned to them, together with the lands and money which they received in lieu of their regencies, was considered by most of them as more than a compensation for what they had lost. By a very simple expedient, Mr Raffles provided for the prompt administration of justice in the island. 'One member of each of the courts of justice was appointed a judge of circuit, to be present in each of the residencies at least once in every three months, and as much oftener as was found necessary. The formalities of the Roman law employed by the Dutch were avoided. A native jury, consisting of an intelligent foreman and four others, decided upon the facts; the law was then taken down and expounded by the native law-officers; and the sentence, with the opinion of the judge of circuit upon the application of the Dutch and colonial law in the cases, was forwarded for the modification of the lieutenant-governor.' At the same time the utmost pains were taken to acquaint the natives with the details of the system. The regulations were translated into the Malayan and all the other languages spoken in Java, and published as widely as possible.

The third great reform accomplished by Mr Raffles was the abolition of the slave-trade, and its attendant practice, piracy. Unfortunately, we have but very scanty information on this point: it would appear, indeed, that, in abolishing the iniquitous traffic in slaves, Mr Raffles did not meet with so much difficulty as might have been expected. The following notice on the subject occurs in Lady Raffles's Life of her husband: 'Mr Raffles was anxious to diffuse the blessings of freedom throughout the whole of the varied populations under his charge; and as the British parliament had

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at this time passed an act which declared the slave-trade to be felony, he established it as a colonial law; and it continues in force to this day, since it cannot be repealed without express authority from the mother country. The leading inhabitants possessing slaves concurred with him in his efforts to abolish this dreadful evil throughout the Dutch possessions; and the whole of the slaves in the island were registered according to the forms of the West India Islands, with the view of giving them their liberty. The Bengal authorities, however, refused their sanction, because, as they alleged, it had not been determined whether the government of Java was to be permanently administered by the king of Great Britain or by the East India Company.'

The highest testimony to the merits of the changes of which we have just given an account is the fact, that while all classes of society were contented with the administration of Mr Raffles, and the native Javanese adored his name, the revenue derived by the government itself was *eight times as large as it had been under the Dutch*. The highest revenue ever raised by the Dutch in Java was four millions of rupees, or half a million of pounds sterling in a year; whereas before Mr Raffles left Java, the revenue amounted to thirty millions of rupees, or nearly four millions of pounds sterling.

Unfortunately, this course of reform, which was renovating the island of Java, and raising it to prosperity greater than it had ever experienced before, was arrested by an event which the governor had from the first anticipated. Looking forward to the restoration of the island to the Dutch, Mr Raffles thus expressed himself in a letter to Lord Minto, dated July 2, 1814. 'If I were to believe,' says he 'that the Javanese were ever again to be ruled on the former principles of government, I should indeed quit Java with a heavy heart; but a brighter prospect is, I hope, before them. Holland is not only re-established, but, I hope, renovated: her prince has been educated in the best of all schools—adversity; and I will hope the people of Java will be as happy, if not happier, under the Dutch as under the English. Mr Muntinghe has often reminded me, that when conversing with your lordship on the judicial regulations, you observed it was not certain whether England would retain permanent possessions in Java; *but in the meantime let us do as much good as we can*. This we have done, and whatever change may take place, the recollection can never be displeasing.'

In the beginning of 1816, Mr Raffles, after five years' residence in Java, was relieved of the government, and Mr Tindal came out to succeed him. The intelligence of his departure caused demonstrations of lively regret by the natives as well as Europeans. On the morning of his embarkation, the roads of Batavia were filled with boats, crowded with people of various nations, all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect within their power to one whose services they so highly appreciated. On reaching the vessel, he found the decks

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filled with offerings of every description—fruit, flowers, poultry, whatever they thought would promote his comfort on the voyage. When the order was given to weigh anchor, there was a universal scene of distress; the people felt that they were losing for ever the great man who had so nobly regenerated their country, and been their common benefactor.

The new governor of Java had scarcely time to enter on his duties, for, on the fall of Napoleon, the congress of European powers, by a single stroke of the pen, restored Java to the Dutch.* Had the times been less exciting, it is probable that, before surrendering Java to its former owners, some precautions would have been adopted relative to the government and trade of the island. No such precautions were adopted. Java was unconditionally restored. In one day all the splendid reforms of Mr Raffles were laid in ruins. Delivered up to the Dutch authorities, they remorselessly went back to the old order of things—a rigorous and grasping monopoly in trade, and a tyranny which recognised no principle of humanity or justice. What were the feelings of the rapidly improving Javanese in being thus delivered up to their old oppressors, may be more easily conjectured than described. They gave a sullen submission, and ‘the island,’ observes a writer in 1830, ‘has been nearly one scene of rebellion and bloodshed ever since it was given to the Dutch.’

SUMATRA.

After a prosperous voyage, Mr Raffles reached London on the 16th of July 1816, and one of his first acts after arrival was to address the Court of Directors of the East India Company, claiming an inquiry into his conduct during the period of his administration in Java. He was particularly anxious that this inquiry should be made, because he had reason to know that the court did not entirely approve of all that he had done; and he had hoped that now that he was present in Leadenhall Street to defend his measures, he would be able to represent them to the court in a more favourable light. The particular cause of difference between him and the Court of Directors was as follows: While in Java, he found it necessary to keep up a considerable military force, and also to discharge certain debts incurred by the old government; and for these purposes money was required. As, however, the island itself could not at first supply as much as was needed, he was obliged to make repeated drafts on the Company's treasury in Bengal. As these drafts were made at a time when the Bengal treasury was low, and required to be

* It does not appear that the French had taken possession of the smaller Spice Islands, which remained nominally under the Dutch, and retained the Dutch flag, although for a number of years there was in reality no Dutch nation. On the restoration of Java, therefore, the possession of these islands, which had been unmolested by any European power, was peacefully resumed.

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replenished from London, the Court of Directors began to entertain a bad opinion of Java, and to contemplate its abandonment. These, among other circumstances, had led to the recall of Mr Raffles. Now, however, he hoped to vindicate his conduct to the satisfaction of the court, and to make it clear that Java, instead of being a burden to the Company, would have been a valuable acquisition; and it was with this view that he petitioned the Court of Directors for a revision of his administration. The court, however, saw it expedient to pronounce no decision, further than to express its conviction that the measures adopted by Mr Raffles had 'sprung from motives perfectly correct and laudable.'

In order to meet the growing demand for information about Java, Mr Raffles rapidly prepared and published a History of the island, which was published in May 1817, and which is a monument of his abilities and the extent of his knowledge. In the same year Mr Raffles married a second time, his first wife having died a short time before he left Java. About the same time also he received from the Prince-regent the honour of knighthood. It is a proof of the strong and affectionate interest he took in Java, that in this same year he paid a visit to the continent, for the express purpose of having an interview with the king of Holland respecting the future government of the island. The result of this interview is thus communicated by Sir Stamford himself in a letter to his friend Mr Marsden. 'I met with very great attention in the Netherlands, and had the honour to dine with the king last Monday: they were very communicative regarding their eastern colonies; but I regret to say, that notwithstanding the king himself and his leading minister seem to mean well, they have too great a hankering after profit, and *immediate* profit, for any liberal system to thrive under them. The king, while he admitted all the advantages likely to arise from cultivation, and assured me that the system introduced under my administration should be continued, maintained that it was essential to confine the trade, and to make such regulations as would secure it and its profits exclusively to the mother country. I had an opportunity of expressing my sentiments to him very freely, and as he took them in good part, I am in hopes they may have some weight.'

The title of Lieutenant-governor of Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra, having been conferred on Sir Stamford by the Court of Directors, 'as a peculiar mark of the favourable sentiments which the court entertained of his merits and services,' he once more set sail for the East Indies, there to renew, although in a different spot, his career of active benevolence. He arrived at Bencoolen on the 22d of March 1818.

Sumatra belongs to the same group of islands as Java, from which it is separated at its south-eastern extremity by a narrow strait. Sumatra, however, is considerably the larger, being more than 1000

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miles long, and varying from 140 to 210 miles in breadth, having thus an area larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together. But though larger, Sumatra is not so important an island as Java. 'From the hand of God,' says Sir Stamford Raffles in a letter written after he had formed an acquaintance with the island, 'Sumatra has received perhaps higher advantages and capabilities than Java; but no two countries form a more decided contrast in the use which has been made of them by man. While Sumatra remains in a great part covered with its primeval forests, and exhibiting but scattered traces of human industry, Java has become the granary and the garden of the East. In the former we find man inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom of the forests, while in the latter he is active and cheerful.' One-half of the large island of Sumatra is flat and level; the other is mountainous; and the products of these two parts are of course different, although the principal products of the island may be said to be rice, tobacco, hemp, coffee, sago, camphor, various spices, and innumerable kinds of fruit. From no other country are such large quantities of pepper exported.

Sumatra, like Java, is peopled by a branch of the Malay race; the inhabitants, however, receive various names, according to the districts which they occupy, and present some differences of language, manners, and physiognomy. In some parts of the island the natives exhibit considerable evidences of civilisation; but upon the whole, the Sumatrans are far inferior people to the Javanese. The political condition of Sumatra is much the same as that of Java; that is, it is subject partly to the Dutch, partly to independent native princes. Instead, however, of there being only two independent native states, as in Java, in Sumatra there are five such, namely, the kingdoms of Acheen, Siack, Indragiri, Iambie, and Battas, situated in the northern half of the island. The rest of the island, that is, the southern half, constitutes the Dutch colony, and is governed for the most part by native regents of the different districts under the Dutch authorities.

In 1818, the only part of Sumatra which was not included in the Dutch colony, or in the native territories above mentioned, was Bencoolen, a small district in the south-west of the island, extending from the coast a number of miles into the interior, and belonging to Great Britain; and it was of this district that Sir Stamford Raffles was appointed governor. The British settlement of Bencoolen, or Fort Marlborough, was founded in 1685 by the orders of the East India Company, who conceived it would be an advantageous post in the pepper-trade. It never, however, answered their expectations. Whether owing to its natural want of capabilities, or to the mismanagement of those who successively took charge of it, or to both of these causes, Bencoolen proved a very unprofitable settlement. *The cost of maintaining the establishment amounted to little less*

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than £100,000 a year, while all the return it made was a few tons of pepper. In 1801, the establishment was reduced, and an attempt made to introduce a more economical system of management under the direction of the British resident, Mr Parr; but the change was so injudiciously effected, that a great part of the population was thrown out of employment, and the natives became so infuriated as to attack the government-house, and murder Mr Parr. Severe measures of retaliation were adopted by the British, and the consequence was, that the whole district was laid waste; the trees, gardens, and houses being destroyed, and the cattle almost exterminated. 'This,' writes Sir Stamford Raffles a few days after his arrival at Bencoolen, 'is, without exception, the most wretched place I ever beheld. I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of the state of ruin and dilapidation which surrounds me. What with natural impediments, bad government, and the awful visitations of Providence which we have recently experienced in the shape of repeated earthquakes, we have scarcely a dwelling in which to lay our heads, or wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. The roads are impassable; the highways in the town overrun with rank grass; the government-house a den of ravenous dogs and polecats. The natives say that Bencoolen is now a dead land. In truth, I could never have conceived anything half so bad.' Not discouraged with this dismal prospect, the writer proceeds: 'We will try and make the place better; and if I am well supported from home, the west coast may yet be turned to account. You must, however, be prepared for the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of the country-people from the forced cultivation of pepper, the discontinuing of the gaming and cock-fighting farms, and a thousand other practices equally disgraceful and repugnant to the British character and government. A complete and thorough reform is indispensable, and reductions must be made throughout.'

Paltry as was the appointment of Sir Stamford to the governorship of Bencoolen in comparison with that of Java, his situation was not by any means unimportant, for it imposed on him the superintendence of the adjoining seas. Along with Java, the Dutch had recovered the entire sovereignty of the Malayan Archipelago, of which during the alienation of Java they had been deprived. There was every probability, therefore, that they would renew their old illiberal policy in that quarter of the world, using the power which they possessed over the natives of the various islands to prevent them from maintaining an intercourse with the ships of other nations; and, in particular, it was expected that they would renew their attempts to injure the trade of the British in these remote seas. The only stations which the English retained in that quarter of the world were Penang, off the western coast of Malacca, and Bencoolen, in Sumatra. Of course, then, these two settlements derived a peculiar importance from such a consideration, being, as it were,

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watch-towers from which the English could observe the movements of the Dutch. Bencoolen especially was regarded as a valuable station in this point of view ; and among the instructions furnished to Sir Stamford Raffles by the Court of Directors, before leaving England, was one to the following effect : 'It is highly desirable that the Court of Directors should receive early and constant information of the proceedings of the Dutch and other European nations, as well as of the Americans, in the Eastern Archipelago. The court therefore desire that you will direct your attention to the object of regularly obtaining such information, and that you will transmit the same to them by every convenient opportunity, accompanied by such observations as may occur to you, whether of a political or commercial nature.'

Besides, therefore, his particular duties as governor of Bencoolen, Sir Stamford had to cast his eye over the whole Archipelago, from the Bay of Bengal as far east as New Guinea, and conceive himself charged with the superintendence of the British interests in these seas. Let us first attend to his proceedings in Bencoolen, and more generally in the island of Sumatra.

In some respects, the spirit in which Sir Stamford commenced his reforms at Bencoolen was the same as that which had presided over his administration in Java. 'He devoted,' says Lady Raffles, 'his whole time on his first arrival to the examination of the records of the settlement, the state of the country and people in its immediate neighbourhood, and endeavoured to collect the European inhabitants and the native chiefs around him, that he might become personally acquainted with their habits and manners. The same system of excluding the natives from the society of Europeans had been pursued in this settlement as in most other parts of India. Sir Stamford at once broke down this barrier, and opened his house to the higher class of natives on all occasions. During the whole period of his residence in Sumatra, he had some of them present during the hours of social intercourse. The result of this it is needless to dwell upon. The chiefs and people considered him as their best friend and adviser, yielded to his opinion upon all occasions, and harmony and good-will prevailed throughout the settlement.' Yet Sir Stamford found it necessary to pursue a policy in Sumatra in many respects totally different from that which he had pursued in Java. 'I have found in the Sumatrans,' he says, 'a very different people from the inhabitants of Java : they are, perhaps, a thousand years behind them in civilisation, and consequently require a very different kind of government. In Java, I advocated the doctrine of the liberty of the subject and the individual rights of man—here I am an advocate for despotism. The strong arm of power is necessary to bring men together, and to concentrate them in societies, and there is a certain stage in which despotic authority *seems* the only means of promoting civilisation. Sumatra is in a

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great measure peopled by innumerable petty tribes, subject to no general government, having little or no intercourse with each other, and man still remains inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom which pervades the forests by which he is surrounded. No European power seems to think it worth its while to subdue the country by conquest, which would be the shortest and best way of civilising it ; and therefore all that can be done is to raise the importance of the chiefs, and to assist in promoting the advance of feudal authority. This once established, and government being once firmly introduced, let the people be enlightened, and the energies which will then be called forth in regaining a portion of their liberties will be the best pledge of their future character as a nation.' What a healthy, practical mind we see manifested in such sentiments as these. He found it necessary in Java to abolish all remains of feudal power, and accordingly he abolished them ; in Sumatra, on the other hand, he found it necessary to strengthen the feudal tie, and accordingly he strengthened it. A less practical man would have persisted in applying to Sumatra the system which he had found to work well in Java, without any regard to the difference of the two countries.

One of Sir Stamford's first acts in Bencoolen was to abolish slavery. 'There were at this time in Bencoolen,' says Lady Raffles, 'upwards of two hundred African slaves, most of them born in the settlement, who were the children of slaves originally purchased by the East India Company : they were considered indispensable for the duties of the place, and it was asserted that they were happier than free men. They were employed in loading and unloading the Company's ships, and other hard work. No care having been taken of their morals, many of them were dissolute and depraved, and the children in a state of nature, vice, and wretchedness.' These two hundred negroes Sir Stamford immediately set at liberty. Assembling them all before a meeting of the native chiefs, he explained the views of the British government with regard to the abolition generally, and granted to each negro, man and woman, a certificate declaring him or her to be for ever free, and at liberty to labour for wages like other free persons. The negro children were at the same time assembled at the government-house ; and as a considerable degree of prejudice existed against them, Lady Raffles selected one of them, 'a little bright-eyed girl eight years old, whom she put under the charge of a European nurse. She proved a most docile, affectionate little attendant ; and Lady Raffles, on leaving Sumatra, had the pleasure of giving her a dower on her marriage.'

Another class of unfortunate persons who attracted Sir Stamford's benevolent notice were the convicts—criminals who, since the year 1797, had been transported from Bengal to Bencoolen. These amounted to about five hundred in all at the period of Sir Stamford's arrival in Bencoolen. Sir Stamford thought that something might be done for this unfortunate class of men. 'It is desirable,' he said,

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in communicating his designs to the Court of Directors, 'that some discrimination should be exercised in favour of those who shew the disposition to redeem their character. I would suggest the propriety of the chief authority being vested with a discretionary power of freeing such men as conduct themselves well from the obligations of service, and permitting them to settle in the place, and resume the privileges of citizenship. It rarely happens that any of those transported have any desire to leave the country : they form connections in the place, and find so many inducements to remain, that to be sent away is considered by most a severe punishment. I propose to divide them into three classes—the first class to be allowed to give evidence in court, and permitted to settle on lands secured to them and their children ; but no one to be admitted to this class until he has been resident in Bencoolen three years : the second class to be employed in ordinary labour : the third class, or men of abandoned and profligate character, to be kept to the harder kinds of labour, and confined at night. In cases of particular good conduct, a prospect may be held out of emancipating deserving convicts from further obligation of services on condition of their supporting themselves, and not quitting the settlement.' These measures were afterwards carried into effect, and with great success : a large body of persons, till now degraded, soon became useful labourers and happy members of society.

These changes Sir Stamford was able to effect directly by the exercise of his own authority as lieutenant-governor. Certain other important reforms which he effected at the same time, and which concerned the native Sumatrans more particularly, he was able to accomplish only by means of the native chiefs. Having gained their confidence by his kindness, he had no difficulty in obtaining their co-operation. All former treaties between the British resident in Bencoolen and the native chiefs were annulled, and a new agreement entered into, whereby authority was given to the Company to administer the affairs of the settlement according to justice and good policy. The cultivation of pepper, which had hitherto been compulsory on the natives, was now declared optional : they were to be at liberty to cultivate either pepper or any other kind of produce which they might prefer, and which their lands might be capable of growing ; Sir Stamford having too strong a faith in the principle of demand and supply, to entertain any doubt that a proper quantity of pepper would continue to be cultivated even after liberty had been given to cultivate anything else. Sir Stamford also abolished all the gambling establishments in Bencoolen, from which hitherto the government had derived a considerable revenue. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Sumatrans, as of all the other Malays, is their love of gaming ; and in Bencoolen the propensity had grown so strong, as to occupy half the time of the natives, deteriorate their character, and diminish the prosperity

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of the settlement. The abolition by Sir Stamford Raffles of all public gaming-houses, accompanied as it judiciously was by the abolition of the compulsory cultivation of pepper, produced an immediate and sensible effect: the time which the Sumatrans formerly consumed in gaming of various kinds, they now applied to better purpose, feeling that their industry was at their own disposal. Since the murder of Mr Parr, the native inhabitants had been subjected to various marks of disgrace, such as being prohibited from wearing the *kris* and other weapons in the town of Marlborough; but all these regulations were rescinded by Sir Stamford, as having nothing but an injurious effect. At the same time he dismissed the body-guard which used to attend the person of the British resident at Bencoolen, and greatly reduced the military force. The natives were highly gratified by these tokens of confidence, and did their best to shew that the confidence was not misplaced.

After a short residence at Bencoolen, during which he was engaged in effecting the above-mentioned reforms, Sir Stamford set out on an excursion into the interior of the island, with a view to extend his acquaintance with the Sumatrans, their customs, religions, and character, as well as to gratify his enthusiasm as a naturalist. The route which he attempted was considered impracticable; but he succeeded in penetrating the island, crossing the mountains, and reaching Palembang on the opposite coast. He also penetrated northward, cultivating the acquaintance of the natives wherever he went, and acquiring an immense store of new and valuable information. The description he has given of these journeys imparts a striking idea of his adventurous spirit and love of scientific pursuit. Ascending mountains, crossing rivers, and penetrating forests, the party were often startled by the approach of elephants and other unwelcome visitors. On one occasion, in passing through a forest, they were much annoyed with leeches, which got into their boots and covered their legs with blood. The most important botanic discovery made throughout the journey was that of the *Rafflesia*, perhaps the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It measured across, from the extremity of the petals, rather more than a yard; the nectarium was nine inches wide, and as deep, and was estimated to contain a gallon and a half of water; the weight of the whole was fifteen pounds. In alluding to this magnificent plant, Sir Stamford observes in a letter to a friend in England: 'There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation. The magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees contrasts strangely with the stunted, and, I had almost said, pigmy vegetation of England. Compared with our fruit-trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under 100, and generally 160 to 200 feet in height.'

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In most of his excursions, Sir Stamford was accompanied by Lady Raffles, who entered warmly into his pursuits, and delighted in exploring the romantic coasts of the islands. 'It is impossible,' observes this accomplished lady in one of her letters, 'to conceive an idea of the pleasure of sailing through this beautiful and unparalleled archipelago, in which every attraction of nature is combined. The smoothness of the sea, the lightness of the atmosphere, the constant succession of the most picturesque lake scenery; islands of every shape and size clustered together; mountains of the most fanciful forms crowned with verdure to their summit; rich and luxuriant vegetation extending to the very edge of the water; little native boats with only one person in them, continually darting out from the deep shade which concealed them, looking like so many cockle-shells wafted about by the wind. Altogether, it is a scene of enchantment deserving a poet's pen to describe its beauties.'

Returning from these excursions, Sir Stamford occupied his time in the improvement of Bencoolen, the consolidation of his government, and the pursuit of science; the last object being aided by a regular establishment of naturalists and draughtsmen. Most unfortunately, here, as elsewhere, he was exposed to much annoyance from the Dutch, who lost no opportunity of thwarting his policy. 'Prepared as I was,' he writes, 'for the jealousy and assumption of the Dutch commissioners in the East, I have found myself surprised by the unreserved avowal they have made of their principles, their steady determination to lower the British character in the eyes of the natives, and the measures they have already adopted towards the annihilation of our commerce, and of our intercourse with the native traders throughout the Malayan Archipelago. Not satisfied with shutting the eastern ports against our shipping, and prohibiting the natives from commercial intercourse with the English, they have despatched commissioners to every spot in the archipelago where it is probable we might attempt to form settlements, or where the independence of the native chiefs affords anything like a free port to our shipping.' In these circumstances, Sir Stamford was exceedingly anxious that some new settlement should be established in a more convenient situation than either Penang or Bencoolen, in which new settlement some accredited British authority might be at hand to afford protection to the British shipping and trade. He thought that the most advantageous situation for such an establishment would be the Strait of Sunda, if it were practicable to found one there. And it is interesting to find that, in fixing on such a situation, he is affectionately reverting to the island which of all others was dearest to his recollection—Java. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'not to foresee that unless the Dutch adopt a very different policy from that which they are now pursuing, Java must eventually either become independent of European authority, or on some future occasion of hostilities again fall under the dominion of the English.'

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The seeds of independence have been too generally sown, and the principles of the British administration too deeply rooted, to be eradicated by a despotic order. In such an event, calculating on the bare possibility of its occurrence in fifty or a hundred years hence, we shall feel the advantage of the measures I have now suggested.'

Full of these ideas, Sir Stamford Raffles determined to proceed to Bengal, to have a personal conference with Lord Moira, now Marquis of Hastings, governor-general of India. When he arrived at Calcutta, such was the effect of almost his first interview with the marquis, and so high had his character risen since his retirement from the government of Java, that although the marquis had previously condemned his policy, he now became his sincere friend, and acknowledged his past services in very flattering terms. Although Sir Stamford did not succeed in gaining over the governor and the council to the full extent of his views, he roused them to the necessity of doing something to resist the Dutch in the archipelago. 'All he asked,' he said, 'was permission to anchor a line-of-battle ship, and hoist the English flag, at the mouth either of the Strait of Malacca or of Sunda, and the trade of England would be secured, the monopoly of the Dutch broken.' The Strait of Sunda, we have seen, was the position he would have preferred; but as there were insurmountable objections to it, Singapore was conclusively fixed upon as the site of the projected settlement.

Sir Stamford was intrusted with the difficult and delicate duty of founding the new settlement. Attempts were made at Penang to dissuade him from undertaking so arduous a task. Determined, however, to accomplish the duty intrusted to him, he proceeded in person down the Strait of Malacca, and in ten days after leaving Penang, that is, on the 29th of February 1819, the British flag was waving in the breeze at Singapore.

SINGAPORE.

Singapore, or, as it is sometimes written, Sincapore, is an island measuring twenty-five miles in length by fourteen in breadth, situated off the extreme point of the peninsula of Siam or Malacca. Its climate is healthy, and its interior is generally laid out in plantations and gardens. The value of the island consists in its commanding the Strait of Malacca—the great channel of trade and communication between India, China, and the Archipelago. A more splendid geographical position could not have been chosen for a mercantile city and dépôt. The passage between it and China can be made by a trading-vessel in six days; and the same time, in the favourable monsoon, will suffice for the passage between it and Batavia, Borneo, or Penang. The following is Sir Stamford's opinion of it, after a residence of nearly three months. 'I am happy

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to inform you that everything is going on well here. It bids fair to be the next port to Calcutta. You may take my word for it, this is by far the most important station in the East ; and as far as naval superiority and commercial interests are concerned, of much higher value than whole continents of territory.'

After residing for a short time at Singapore, and seeing the foundations of the colony fairly laid, Sir Stamford returned to Bencoolen, in Sumatra, to which we shall follow him. Eager in his desires for improvement, he had on his first arrival in Bencoolen, in 1818, planted a garden in a spot which was bare and desolate. On now reaching the same scene, all was magnificent vegetation, and he found his house embosomed in rich foliage. The casuarina trees had grown to the height of thirty or forty feet ; and as the carriage approached the house, it drove through a shrubbery of nutmeg, clove, cocoa, and cassia trees. Of all these, the nutmeg is the most beautiful ; it spreads its branches in a wide circle, bearing fruit in profusion, and the fruit itself is the loveliest in the world ; the shell or outside covering is of a rich cream colour, resembling a peach ; when this bursts, the dark nut appears encircled and checkered with mace of the brightest crimson, which, when contrasted with the deep emerald green of the leaves, forms a picture most grateful to the eye. But, what was of more consequence, society was improving and flourishing as well as vegetation, eleven months having been sufficient to make a change in it visible too. Sir Stamford, however, was not a man to rest satisfied with a few reforms at the outset : he was possessed with the true reforming and philanthropic spirit : he felt uneasy in the presence of what-ever was wrong, and gave himself no rest till he had rectified it. Some of his further schemes and intentions are detailed in a letter to Mr Wilberforce written at this period. Convinced, however, of the necessity of having a thorough knowledge of the dispositions of any people for whose good one proposes to legislate, he had appointed a committee to inquire into the state of society in Sumatra, into the root and origin of all those strange practices which he intended to abolish. One of his schemes for the civilisation of the Sumatrans was the foundation of national schools, and in this he had so far succeeded ; another, and one of gigantic importance, was the foundation of a Malayan university, a native college—1st, for the education of the higher classes of natives of the whole Malayan Archipelago ; 2d, for the instruction of the Company's servants in the native languages ; and 3d, for the general interests and advancement of Oriental literature. The site proper for such an institution appeared to be Singapore ; and accordingly Sir Stamford drew up an elaborate minute on the subject, which he sent to the Marquis of Hastings. We wish we could quote some passages from this noble document ; but we can afford room only for the concluding sentences, which breathe a spirit of true statesmanlike philanthropy.

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‘If commerce brings wealth to our shores, it is the spirit of literature and philanthropy which teaches us how to employ it for the noblest purposes. It is this that has made Britain go forth among the nations, strong in her native might, to dispense blessings to all around her. If the time shall come when her empire shall have passed away, these monuments of her virtue shall endure when her triumphs are but an empty name. Let it still be the boast of Britain to write her name in characters of light; let her not be remembered as the tempest whose course was desolation, but as the gale of spring reviving the slumbering seeds of mind, and calling them to life from the winter of ignorance and oppression. Let the sun of Britain arise on these islands, not to wither and scorch them in its fierceness, but like that of her own genial skies, whose mild and benignant influence is hailed and blessed by all who feel its beams.’

In the end of 1819, Sir Stamford paid another visit to Calcutta. His views had by this time taken shape; and his object was to suggest the consolidation of the various British settlements in the archipelago—Penang, Bencoolen, Singapore, with any others which might yet be added—into one government, subordinate to the supreme government of India. The accomplishment of such a scheme, and the appointment of Sir Stamford Raffles to be governor under the Marquis of Hastings, would in all probability have been measures of infinite advantage; but the feeling of the home authorities was adverse to the proposal. Sir Stamford therefore returned to Sumatra. No sooner, however, was his philanthropy disappointed of one object than it fastened on another. The island of Poulo Nyas has been already mentioned in the course of this tract as a place supplying slaves to Java. The island is within sight of Sumatra, and contained in 1820 a population of 230,000 souls, on a surface of 1500 square miles. Without having had any communication with civilised nations, the inhabitants of Nyas had made considerable advances in the arts of civilised life. Sir Stamford’s benevolent eye had singled out this island for one of his wise experiments, and his efforts succeeded in inducing the native chiefs unreservedly to become subjects of Great Britain. Immediately directing his energies to the suppression of the slave-trade, he succeeded in convincing the chiefs of its iniquity and inexpediency, and thus in almost entirely abolishing it—a measure which, however, was labour spent in vain; for shortly afterwards, Sumatra coming entirely into the possession of the Dutch, the slave-traffic with Poulo Nyas was resumed.

Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles began now to look forward to a return to England. The health of both required it: three of their children suddenly fell victims to the climate, and they were anxious to adopt every precaution to preserve their only remaining daughter. Besides, the establishment at Singapore was now the great object

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of Sir Stamford's thoughts—his 'political child,' as he called it ; and he thought it probable that he should be more able to promote its interest in London than at Calcutta. He determined, however, before leaving the East Indies, to spend a few months at Singapore.

Arriving there on the 10th of October 1822, he found the information he had received of its growing prosperity more than realised. 'All is life and activity,' he writes to the Duchess of Somerset ; 'and it would be difficult to name a place on the face of the globe with brighter prospects or more present satisfaction. In little more than three years, it has risen from an insignificant fishing-village to a large prosperous town, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants of all nations, actively engaged in commercial pursuits, which afford to each and all a handsome livelihood and abundant profit. Land is rapidly rising in value ; and instead of the present number of inhabitants, we have reason to expect that we shall have at least ten times as many more before many years have passed. This may be considered the simple but almost magical result of *the perfect freedom of trade* which it has been my good fortune to establish.' A few months later, he writes Mr Marsden to the same effect ; and among other details, he gives the following estimate of the trade of Singapore for 1822, as compared with that of the two old ports, Penang and Malacca :

| IMPORTS. | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Singapore. | Penang. | Malacca. |
| 14,885,999 dollars. | 6,437,042 dollars. | 1,266,090 dollars. |
| EXPORTS. | | |
| Singapore. | Penang. | Malacca. |
| 13,872,010 dollars. | 5,586,707 dollars. | 7,918,163 dollars. |

From this period the trade of Singapore has progressively increased, and the most sanguine expectations of its founder as a free port have been amply realised. A recent estimate of the population is 93,800, of whom 60,000 are Chinese ; and in 1865 the square-rigged vessels (exclusive of the immense number of native craft) that entered the port amounted to 1697, with an aggregate tonnage of 780,794.

During his visit in 1822, Sir Stamford did much to promote this prosperity, which, founded in justice and humanity, may be said to be placed on an imperishable basis. Writing from Singapore in June 1823, he says : 'My time is engaged in remodelling and laying out my new city, and in establishing institutions and laws for its future constitution—a pleasant duty enough in England, where you have books, hard heads, and lawyers to refer to ; but here by no means easy, where all must depend on my own judgment and foresight. Nevertheless, I hope that though Singapore may not

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be the first capital established in the nineteenth century, it will not disgrace the brightest period of it.' The noble feeling which influenced him in all this is thus expressed by himself. 'I should have but ill fulfilled the high trust reposed in me, if, after having congregated so large a portion of my fellow-creatures, I had left them without something like law and regulation for their security and comfort.'

It is impossible within our narrow limits to describe even briefly the constitution which Sir Stamford gave to the important city which he had founded—a constitution which was the most perfect production of his mind, the condensation, as it were, of all his past experience. The constitution breathed a spirit of liberality throughout. It was expressly provided that Singapore should now and for ever be a free port to all nations; that all races, all religions, all colours, should be equal in the eye of the law; and that such a thing as slavery should have no existence there. But Sir Stamford descended to the minutest details; the establishment, for instance, of standard weights and measures, and local as well as general matters of police. The benevolent will not peruse without feelings of delight the following extract from the 'Laws and Regulations' laid down by Sir Stamford for the administration of Singapore:

'By the constitution of England, the absolute rights of the subject are defined as follows: 1st, The right of personal security, which consists in a person's legal uninterrupted enjoyment of his life, his limbs, his body, his health, and his reputation. 2d, The right of personal liberty, which consists in the power of locomotion, of changing situation, or removing one's person to whatever place one's own inclination may direct, without imprisonment or restraint, unless by due course of law. 3d, The right of property, which consists in the use, enjoyment, and disposal of all acquisitions, without any control or diminution, save only by the laws of the land.

'There seems no reason for denying corresponding rights to all classes of people residing under the protection of the British flag at Singapore, the laws of the land being such as are or may be enacted under the provisions of Regulation No. III. of 1823, dated the 20th of January last, with such others of a more general nature as may be directed by a higher authority, or which may necessarily accrue under the provisions of the legislature, and the political circumstances of the settlement, as a dependency on Great Britain. Admitting these rights to exist, it follows that all acts by which they are invaded are wrongs; that is to say, crimes or injuries.

'In the enactment of laws for securing these rights, legal obligation must never supersede or take the place of, or be inconsistent with, or more or less onerous than, moral obligation. The English practice of teaching prisoners to plead not guilty, that they may thus have a chance of escaping from punishment, is inconsistent with this, and consequently objectionable. It is indeed right and

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proper that the court should inform itself of all the circumstances of a crime from witnesses, as well as from the declaration of the prisoner himself. Denial is, in fact, an aggravation of a crime, according to every idea of common sense ; it disarms punishment of one of its most beneficial objects, by casting a shade of doubt over its justice.

'The sanctity of oaths should also be more upheld than in English courts. This may be done by never administering them except as a last resort. If they are not frequently administered, not only will their sanctity be more regarded, and in this way their breach be less proportionately frequent, but of necessity much more *absolutely* uncommon, and consequently much more certainly visited with due punishment. Truth, however, must be required, under pain of punishment, in all cases of evidence given before a court of justice.

'The imprisonment of an unfortunate debtor at the pleasure of his creditor, by which the services of the individual are lost to all parties, seems objectionable in this settlement ; and it is considered that the rights of property may be sufficiently protected by giving to the creditor a right to the value of the debtor's services for a limited period, in no case exceeding five years, and that the debtor should only be liable to imprisonment in case of fraud, and as far as may be necessary for the security of his person, in the event of his not being able to find bail during the process of the court, and for the performance of the decree after judgment may be passed.

'It is well known that the Malay race are sensibly alive to shame, and that in many cases they would prefer death to ignominy. This is a high and honourable feeling, and ought to be cherished. Let great care be taken to avoid all punishments which are unnecessarily degrading. Both the Malays and Chinese are a reasoning people, and though each may reason in a way peculiar to itself, and different in some respects from our own way of reasoning, this germ of civilisation should not be checked. Let no man be punished without a reason assigned. Let the principles of British law be applied not only with mildness, and a patriarchal kindness and indulgent consideration for prejudices of each tribe, as far as substantial justice will allow, but also with reference to their reasoning powers, however weak, and that moral principle which, however often disregarded, still exists in the consciences of men.

'Let native institutions, as far as regards religious observances, marriage, and inheritance, be respected when the same may not be inconsistent with justice and humanity, or injurious to the peace and morals of society.

'Let all men be considered equal in the eye of the law. Let no man be banished the country without a trial by his peers, or by due course of law.

'Let no man be deprived of his liberty without a cause, and no man be detained in confinement beyond forty-eight hours, without

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a right to demand a hearing and trial according to due course of law.

'Let the public have a voice through the magistracy, by which their sentiments may at all times be freely expressed.'

It was not without considerable opposition that Sir Stamford succeeded in establishing Singapore on such a liberal basis. 'I have been opposed throughout,' he writes, 'in establishing the *freedom* of the port, and anything like a liberal mode of management, and not only by the Penang government, but also in Bengal. The Bengal merchants, or rather one or two of them whom I could name, would have preferred the old system, by which they might have monopolised the early resources of the place, and thus checked its progress to importance.'

Returning to Bencoolen in the middle of the year 1823, Sir Stamford set sail for England on the 2d of February 1824. On the evening after leaving the harbour, and when the ship was about fifty miles from land, the crew were roused by the cry of fire. They had just time to lower the boats and escape—Sir Stamford half-dressed, Lady Raffles and the children taken out of bed with neither shoes nor stockings, and only a blanket round them—when the ship burst out into one mass of flame. After a hard night's rowing they reached Bencoolen, and were once more in the home they had left but a few hours before. Almost the only loser by this calamity was Sir Stamford; but to him the loss was beyond all repair. The whole of his drawings, all his collections in botany and zoology, all his written descriptions and papers, every document and memorandum he possessed, fell a prey to the flames. Yet such was his perseverance, that on the morning after his loss he set about doing all he could to lessen it, recommencing an elaborate map of Sumatra, and despatching men into the forests for specimens of plants and animals.

On the 8th of April, Sir Stamford again set sail, and in a few months he landed at Plymouth. For nearly two years his time was occupied in furthering at home those objects to which he had devoted himself abroad. It was only indirectly, indeed, that he could exert any influence over the island of Sumatra; for in 1824 Bencoolen was given up to the Dutch in exchange for Malacca, so that the whole island of Sumatra, as well as Java and the smaller Spice Islands, was now in their possession. In the progress of Singapore, however, he took especial interest; and to the last, his scheme of a great educational institution for all the Malays of the archipelago was near his heart. His health, however, had suffered severely from his long and arduous services in the East, and being taken suddenly ill, he died on the 5th of July 1826, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

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CONCLUSION.

Thus died at a comparatively early age one of the greatest modern statesmen, a man not more remarkable for his benevolence of disposition, than his comprehensive abilities and sound practical views. Hampered in all his magnificent designs by events over which he could exercise no control, prevented from adding a new and flourishing empire to Britain, we have yet seen how much he accomplished with the means at his disposal, what tyrannic barbarisms he quelled, what a measure of civilisation and human happiness he achieved. His successful institution of new and vigorous states of society in Java, Bencoolen, and Singapore, with the whole apparatus of enlightened laws and municipal establishments, must ever be considered one of the grandest facts in British colonial history—grand from its very contrast with the narrow-minded policy usually pursued with relation to our distant possessions and settlements—and marks alike the profoundness of his judgment, and the dauntless integrity of his character.

While lamenting that so many of the arrangements of this great man were subsequently and remorselessly overthrown, their success for a period of five years was of considerable value, in shewing how social disorders consequent on a long period of misrule may be safely and satisfactorily remedied. His uncompromising abolition of slavery in Java alone was an act of signal triumph, suggestive of what might elsewhere be effected, if undertaken with a right good will and in a right way. Unlike men pledged by their prophetic fears and declamations to prove that emancipation would be a forerunner of universal ruin, Sir Stamford Raffles approached the subject with an all-abounding faith in the power of *justice, kindness, and conciliation*; and the result—joy, peace, industry, in place of misery, discontent, and idleness—evinced the truthfulness of his calculations. With the like soundness of conception did he sweep away the barren monopolies of centuries, liberate commerce, and establish, by indisputable evidence, that freedom of trade is not only the most just and rational, but that it is also the most expedient for all parties—blessing not less the receivers than the givers. Whether, therefore, as the governor of a colony, a lawgiver, a financier, or a man of taste and science, Sir Stamford Raffles may be said to have been rarely surpassed, and as rarely equalled. How incomparably more glorious his achievements than those which the proudest warrior can boast—how much more worthily will his name be held in remembrance than that of the destroyer of nations, surrounded by all the honours that kings and courts can bestow!

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.



GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in 1754. His parents were in a humble rank of life, and for a number of years in his youth he encountered numerous struggles in his effort to attain a respectable position in society. By the kindness of some friends who admired his poetical productions, and the amiableness of his character, he was appointed to a small living in the church; and, after several changes, he ultimately was installed in the rectory of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, where, after a faithful discharge of his duties for nineteen years, he died in 1832. His poetical productions, which are numerous, are nearly all devoted to the illustration

tion of humble life in the English rural districts; each subject being treated more in the stern reality of truth, than in the imaginative colouring usually given by poets of greater fancy. In the present sheet we present a few of his most popular pieces, including his charming poem *The Library*, which cannot but be read with pleasure and advantage.

THE VILLAGE.

THE village life and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor,
Demand a song—the muse can give no more.
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POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Fled are those times when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains ;
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse ;
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains, alas ! they never feel.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song ?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way ?

Yes, thus the muses sing of happy swains,
Because the muses never knew their pains :
They boast their peasants' pipes : but peasants now
Resign their pipes, and plod behind the plough ;
And few amid the rural tribe have time
To number syllables and play with rhyme ;
Save honest Duck, what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care ?
Or the great labours of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade ?

From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing ;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask ;
To sing of shepherds is an easy task ;
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain ;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that gazes or for him that farms ;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play ;
While some, with feeble heads and fainter hearts,
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts ;
Then, shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride ?
No ; cast by fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast ;
Where other cares than those the muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not :
For you, ye poor, of lettered scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain ;
O'ercome by labour, and bowed down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme ?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruined shed ?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour ?

Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown
o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor ;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears ;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye :
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war ;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil ;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf ;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade ;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn ;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose ;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen woe displayed in every face ;
Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

Here too the lawless merchant of the main
Draws from his plough the intoxicated swain ;
Want only claimed the labour of the day,
But vice now steals his nightly rest away.

Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games played down the setting sun ;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall ;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engaged some artful stripling of the throng,

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

And fell beneath him, foiled, while far around
Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks returned the sound?
Where now are these?—Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To shew the freighted pinnace where to land;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or when detected, in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or yielding part—which equal knaves demand—
To gain a lawless passport through the land.

Here wandering long amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that Nature yields;
Rapine and wrong and fear usurped her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race;
Who, only skilled to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and as the waves run high,
On the tossed vessel bend their eager eye;
Which to their coast directs its venturous way,
Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey.

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land;
While still for flight the ready wing is spread:
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled;
Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
And cried: Ah, hapless they who still remain!
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor!

But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand
Gave a spare portion to the famished land;
Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain
Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain;
But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
Where plenty smiles—alas! she smiles for few;
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.

Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth?
Go, then, and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the Dog-star's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Behold them leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore ;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age ;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew ;
Then own that labour may as fatal be
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.

Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide ;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame ;
Yet urged along, and proudly loath to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field ;
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.

Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well ;
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share ?
Oh ! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal ;
Homely, not wholesome—plain, not plenteous—such
As you who praise would never deign to touch.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please ;
Go ! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there ;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire ;
Or theirs—that offspring round their feeble fire ;
Or hers—that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand !

Nor yet can time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts—due respect and ease :
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except its own engage ;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree ;
On which, a boy, he climbed the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade,
His steady hand the straightest furrow made ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allowed ;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again, and sighs :
For now he journeys to his grave in pain ;
The rich disdain him ; nay, the poor disdain :
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand ;
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.*

Of t may you see him when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep ;
Of t hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks, and bury them in snow ;
When roused by rage, and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn.

'Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free ?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay ;
I, like yon withered leaf, remain behind,
Ni pt by the frost, and shivering in the wind :
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone ;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.

'These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me ;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words :
Wants of their own demand their care ; and who
Feels his own want and succours others too ?
A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe ;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid.'

Thus groan the old, till, by disease oppress,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door ;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day ;
There children dwell who know no parents' care ;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there ;

* A pauper who, being nearly past his labour, is employed by different masters for a length of time proportioned to their occupations.

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed,
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears ;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below ;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man :
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance,
With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure ;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die ?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between ;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives
way

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye :
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer ;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes ;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door ;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man ; and silent sinks into the grave.

But ere his death, some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears, which 'bold bad' men despise ;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above ;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls :
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, 'passing rich with forty pounds a year ?'
Ah no ! a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock ;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask.
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night :
None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide ;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skilled at whist, devotes the night to play :
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel ?

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now ; the bitter hour is o'er ;
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below ;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee :
No more, O Death ! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

No more the farmer claims his humble bow ;
 Thou art his lord—the best of tyrants thou !
 Now to the church behold the mourners come,
 Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb ;
 The village children now their games suspend,
 To see the bier that bears their ancient friend ;
 For he was one in all their idle sport,
 And like a monarch ruled their little court ;
 The pliant bow he formed, the flying ball,
 The bat, the wicket, were his labours all ;
 Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
 Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand ;
 While bending low, their eager eyes explore
 The mingled relics of the parish poor ;
 The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
 Fear marks the flight, and magnifies the sound ;
 The busy priest, detained by weightier care,
 Defers his duty till the day of prayer ;
 And, waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
 To think a poor man's bones should lie unblessed.*

No longer truth, though shewn in verse, disdain,
 But own the village life a life of pain ;
 I too must yield, that oft amid these woes
 Are gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose,
 Such as you find on yonder sportive green,
 The squire's tall gate and churchway-walk between ;
 Where loitering stray a little tribe of friends,
 On a fair Sunday when the sermon ends :
 Then rural beaux their best attire put on,
 To win their nymphs, as other nymphs are won ;
 While those long wed go plain, and by degrees,
 Like other husbands quit their care to please.
 Some of the sermon talk, a sober crowd,
 And loudly praise, if it were preached aloud ;
 Some on the labours of the week look round,
 Feel their own worth, and think their toil renowned ;
 While some, whose hopes to no renown extend,
 Are only pleased to find their labours end.

Thus, as their hours glide on with pleasure fraught,
 Their careful masters brood the painful thought ;
 Much in their mind they murmur and lament,
 That one fair day should be so idly spent ;

* Some apology is due for the insertion of a circumstance by no means common: that it has been a subject for complaint in any place, is a sufficient reason for its being reckoned among the evils which may happen to the poor, and which must happen to them exclusively. Nevertheless, it is just to remark that such neglect is very rare in any part of the kingdom, and in many parts is totally unknown.

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

And think that Heaven deals hard, to tithe their store
And tax their time for preachers and the poor.

Yet still, ye humbler friends, enjoy your hour,
This is your portion, yet unclaimed of power ;
This is Heaven's gift to weary men oppress,
And seems the type of their expected rest :
But yours, alas ! are joys that soon decay ;
Frail joys, begun and ended with the day ;
Or yet, while day permits those joys to reign,
The village vices drive them from the plain.

See the stout churl, in drunken fury great,
Strike the bare bosom of his teeming mate !
His naked vices, rude and unrefined,
Exert their open empire o'er the mind ;
But can we less the senseless rage despise,
Because the savage acts without disguise ?

Yet here disguise, the city's vice, is seen,
And slander steals along, and taints the green.
At her approach domestic peace is gone,
Domestic broils at her approach come on ;
She to the wife the husband's crime conveys ;
She tells the husband when his consort strays ;
Her busy tongue, through all the little state,
Diffuses doubt, suspicion, and debate,
Peace, timorous goddess ! quits her old domain,
In sentiment and song content to reign.

Here too the squire and squire-like farmer talk,
How round their regions nightly pilferers walk ;
How from their ponds the fish are borne, and all
The ripening treasures from their lofty wall ;
How meaner rivals in their sports delight,
Just rich enough to claim a doubtful right ;
Who take a license round their fields to stray,
A mongrel race ! the poachers of the day.

And hark ! the riots of the green begin,
That sprang at first from yonder noisy inn ;
What time the weekly pay was vanished all,
And the slow hostess scored the threatening wall ;
What time they asked, their friendly feast to close,
A final cup, and that will make them foes ;
When blows ensue that break the arm of toil,
And rustic battle ends the boobies' broil.

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POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

THE LIBRARY.

WHEN the sad soul, by care and grief oppress,
Looks round the world, but looks, in vain, for rest ;
When every object that appears in view,
Partakes her gloom, and seems dejected too ;
Where shall affliction from itself retire ?
Where fade away, and placidly expire ?
Alas ! we fly to silent scenes in vain,
Care blasts the honours of the flowery plain :
Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove and murmurs in the stream ;
For when the soul is labouring in despair,
In vain the body breathes a purer air :
No storm-tossed sailor sighs for slumbering seas,
He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze ;
On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides
The ghost of every former danger glides.
Thus in the calms of life we only see
A steadier image of our misery ;
But lively gales and gently-clouded skies
Disperse the sad reflections as they rise ;
And busy thoughts and little cares avail
To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
When the dull thought, by no designs employed,
Dwells on the past, or suffered or enjoyed,
We bleed anew in every former grief,
And joys departed furnish no relief.

Not hope herself, with all her flattering art,
Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart ;
The soul disdains each comfort she prepares,
And anxious searches for congenial cares ;
Those lenient cares which, with our own combined,
By mixed sensations ease the afflicted mind,
And steal our grief away, and leave their own behind ;
A lighter grief ! which feeling hearts endure
Without regret, nor even demand a cure.

But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes ?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we ?
This books can do—nor this alone ; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live ;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise :

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Their aid they yield to all ; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone :
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd ;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But shew to subjects what they shew to kings.

Come, child of care ! to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene !
Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold,
The soul's best cure in all her cares behold !
Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
And mental physic the diseased in mind ;
See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage,
See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage ;
Here alteratives, by slow degrees control
The chronic habits of the sickly soul ;
And round the heart, and o'er the aching head,
Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.
Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
And view composed this silent multitude :
Silent they are, but though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound ;
Here all that live no more ; preserved they lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.

Blest be the gracious power who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind !
Beasts may convey and tuneful birds may sing
Their mutual feelings in the opening spring ;
But man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend :
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise,
Ages remote and nations yet to rise.

In sweet repose, when labour's children sleep,
When joy forgets to smile and care to weep,
When passion slumbers in the lover's breast,
And fear and guilt partake the balm of rest,
Why then denies the studious man to share
Man's common good, who feels his common care ?

Because the hope is his that bids him fly
Night's soft repose, and sleep's mild power defy ;
That after-ages may repeat his praise,
And fame's fair meed be his for length of days.
Delightful prospect ! when we leave behind
A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind !
Which, born and nursed through many an anxious
day,

Shall all our labour, all our cares repay.



POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Yet all are not these births of noble kind,
Not all the children of a vigorous mind ;
But where the wisest should alone preside,
The weak would rule us and the blind would guide ;
Nay, man's best efforts taste of man, and shew
The poor and troubled source from which they flow ;
Where most he triumphs, we his wants perceive,
And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.
But though imperfect all, yet wisdom loves
This seat serene, and virtue's self approves :
Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find ;
The curious here, to feed a craving mind ;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose ;
And here the poet meets his favouring muse.

With awe, around these silent walks I tread ;
These are the lasting mansions of the dead :
'The dead !' methinks a thousand tongues reply ;
'These are the tombs of such as cannot die !
Crowned with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time.'
Hail, then, immortals ! ye who shine above,
Each in his sphere the literary Jove ;
And ye the common people of these skies,
A humbler crowd of nameless deities ;
Whether it is yours to lead the willing mind
Through history's mazes, and the turnings find ;
Or whether, led by science, ye retire,
Lost and bewildered in the vast desire ;
Whether the muse invites you to her bowers,
And crowns your placid brows with living flowers ;
Or godlike wisdom teaches you to shew
The noblest road to happiness below ;
Or men and manners prompt the easy page,
To mark the flying follies of the age :
Whatever good ye boast, that good impart ;
Inform the head and rectify the heart.

Lo ! all in silence, all in order stand,
And mighty folios first, a lordly band ;
Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain ;
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
A humbler band of duodecimos ;
While undistinguished trifles swell the scene ;
The last new play and frittered magazine :
Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,
In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state :

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,
Are much admired, and are but little read ;
The commons next, a middle rank are found ;
Professions fruitful pour their offspring round ;
Reasoners and wits are next their place allowed,
And last, of vulgar tribes a countless crowd.

First let us view the form, the size, the dress ;
For these the manners, nay, the mind express ;
That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
Those ample clasps, of solid metal made ;
The close-pressed leaves, unclosed for many an age,
The dull red edging of the well-filled page ;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges rolled,
Where yet the title stands in tarnished gold :
These all a sage and laboured work proclaim,
A painful candidate for lasting fame :
No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
In the deep bosom of that weighty work ;
No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,
Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.

Hence, in these times, untouched the pages lie,
And slumber out their immortality ;
They *had* their day, when, after all his toil,
His morning study, and his midnight oil,
At length an author's ONE great work appeared,
By patient hope and length of days endeared ;
Expecting nations hailed it from the press,
Poetic friends prefixed each kind address ;
Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,
And ladies read the work they could not lift.
Fashion, though folly's child, and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules ;
From crowds and courts to wisdom's seat she goes,
And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes.

For lo ! these favourites of the ancient mode
Lie all neglected like the *Birth-Day Ode* ;
Ah ! needless now this weight of massy chain ;*
Safe in themselves, the once-loved works remain ;
No readers now invade their still retreat,
None try to steal them from their parent seat ;
Like ancient beauties, they may now discard
Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard.
Our patient fathers trifling themes laid by,
And rolled, o'er laboured works, the attentive eye ;

* In the more ancient libraries, works of value and importance were fastened to their places by a length of chain, and might so be perused, but not taken away.

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Page after page the much-enduring men
Explored, the deeps and shallows of the pen ;
Till, every former note and comment known,
They marked the spacious margin with their own ;
Minute corrections proved their studious care ;
The little index pointing, told us where ;
And many an emendation shewed the age
Looked far beyond the rubric title-page.

Our nicer palates lighter labours seek,
Cloyed with a folio number once a week ;
Bibles with cuts and comments thus go down ;
Even light Voltaire is numbered through the town :
Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law,
From men of study and from men of straw ;
Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle times,
Pamphlets and plays, and politics and rhymes :
But though to write be now a task of ease,
The task is hard by manly arts to please ;
When all our weakness is exposed to view,
And half our judges are our rivals too.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye
Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by ;
When all combined, their decent pomp display,
Where shall we first our early offering pay ?

To thee, DIVINITY ! to thee, the light
And guide of mortals through their mental night ;
By whom we learn our hopes and fears to guide,
To bear with pain and to contend with pride ;
When grieved, to pray ; when injured, to forgive ;
And with the world in charity to live.

Not truths like these inspired that numerous race,
Whose pious labours fill this ample space ;
But questions nice, where doubt on doubt arose,
Awaked to war the long-contending foes.
For dubious meanings learned polemics strove,
And wars on faith prevented works of love ;
The brands of discord far around were hurled,
And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world.
Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,
With wit disgusting, and despised without ;
Saints in design, in execution men,
Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their pen.

Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Spirits who prompted every damning page,
With pontiff pride and still-increasing rage :
Lo ! how they stretch their gloomy wings around,
And lash with furious strokes the trembling ground !
They prey, they fight, they murder, and they weep,
Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep :
Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
Denouncing evil with a zealous heart ;
And each, like Jonas, is displeased if God
Repent his anger or withhold his rod.

But here the dormant fury rests unsought,
And zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought ;
Here all the rage of controversy ends,
And rival zealots rest like bosom-friends ;
An Athanasian here in deep repose,
Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes ;
Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
And thin partitions angry chiefs divide ;
Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet.
Great authors for the church's glory fired,
Are, for the church's peace, to rest retired ;
And close beside, a mystic maudlin race,
Lie ' crumbs of comfort, for the babes of grace.

Against her foes religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends ;
If learned, their pride, if weak, their zeal she dreads,
And their heart's weakness who have soundest heads ;
But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men ;
Who the blest gospel's peaceful page explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more.

Near to these seats behold yon slender frames,
All closely filled and marked with modern names ;
Where no fair science ever shews her face,
Few sparks of genius, and no spark of grace ;
There sceptics rest, a still-increasing throng,
And stretch their widening wings ten thousand
strong ;

Some in close fight their dubious claims maintain ;
Some skirmish lightly, fly, and fight again ;
Coldly profane, and impiously gay,
Their end the same, though various in their way.

When first Religion came to bless the land,
Her friends were then a firm believing band ;
To doubt was then to plunge in guilt extreme,
And all was gospel that a monk could dream ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Insulted reason fled the grovelling soul,
For fear to guide, and visions to control :
But now, when reason has assumed her throne,
She in her turn demands to reign alone ;
Rejecting all that lies beyond her view,
And being judge, will be a witness too ;
Insulted faith then leaves the doubtful mind,
To seek for truth, without a power to find :
Ah ! when will both in friendly beams unite,
And pour on erring man resistless light ?

Next to the seats well stored with works divine,
An ample space, Philosophy ! is thine ;
Our reason's guide, by whose assisting light
We trace the mortal bounds of wrong and right ;
Our guide through nature, from the sterile clay,
To the bright orbs of yon celestial way !
'Tis thine the great, the golden chain to trace,
Which runs through all, connecting race with race ;
Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain,
Which thy inferior light pursues in vain :

How vice and virtue in the soul contend ;
How widely differ, yet how nearly blend !
What various passions war on either part,
And now confirm, now melt the yielding heart ;
How fancy loves around the world to stray,
While judgment slowly picks his sober way ;
The stores of memory and the flights sublime
Of genius, bound by neither space nor time ;
All these divine Philosophy explores,
Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.
From these descending, to the earth she turns,
And matter in its various form discerns ;
She parts the beamy light with skill profound,
Metes the thin air, and weighs the flying sound ;
'Tis hers the lightning from the clouds to call,
And teach the fiery mischief where to fall.

Yet more her volumes teach—on these we look
As abstracts drawn from nature's larger book :
Here first described the torpid earth appears,
And next the vegetable robe it wears ;
Where flowery tribes, in valleys, fields, and groves,
Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves ;
Loves where no grief, nor joy, nor bliss, nor pain,
Warm the glad heart or vex the labouring brain ;
But as the green blood moves along the blade,
The bed of Flora on the branch is made ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Where, without passion, love instinctive lives,
And gives new life, unconscious that it gives.
Advancing still in nature's maze, we trace,
In dens and burning plains, her savage race ;
With those tame tribes who on their lord attend,
And find in man a master and a friend :
Man crowns the scene, a world of wonders new,
A moral world, that well demands our view.

This world is here ; for, of more lofty kind,
These neighbouring volumes reason on the mind ;
They paint the state of man ere yet endued
With knowledge—man, poor, ignorant, and rude ;
Then, as his state improves, their pages swell,
And all its cares and all its comforts tell :
Here we behold how inexperience buys,
At little price, the wisdom of the wise ;
Without the troubles of an active state,
Without the cares and dangers of the great,
Without the miseries of the poor, we know
What wisdom, wealth, and poverty bestow ;
We see how reason calms the raging mind,
And how contending passions urge mankind :
Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire ;
Some, lured by vice, indulge the low desire ;
Whilst others, won by either, now pursue
The guilty chase, now keep the good in view ;
For ever wretched, with themselves at strife,
They lead a puzzled, vexed, uncertain life ;
For transient vice bequeaths a lingering pain,
Which transient virtue seeks to cure in vain.

Whilst thus engaged, high views enlarge the soul,
New interests draw, new principles control ;
Nor thus the soul alone resigns her grief,
But here the tortured body finds relief ;
For see where yonder sage Arachne shapes
Her subtle gin, that not a fly escapes !
There Physic fills the space, and far around,
Pile above pile, her learned works abound ;
Glorious their aim—to ease the labouring heart,
To war with death, and stop his flying dart ;
To trace the source whence the fierce contest
grew,
And life's short lease on easier terms renew ;
To calm the frenzy of the burning brain,
To heal the tortures of imploring pain,
Or, when more powerful ills all efforts brave,

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

To ease the victim no device can save,
And smooth the stormy passage to the grave.

Near these, and where the setting sun displays,
Through the dim window, his departing rays,
And gilds yon columns, there, on either side,
The huge abridgments of the Law abide ;
Fruitful as vice the dread correctors stand,
And spread their guardian terrors round the land ;
Yet, as the best that human care can do,
Is mixed with error, oft with evil too ;
Skilled in deceit, and practised to evade,
Knave stand secure, for whom these laws were made :
And justice vainly each expedient tries,
While art eludes it, or while power defies.
' Ah ! happy age,' the youthful poet sings,
' When the free nations knew not laws nor kings ;
When all were blest to share a common store,
And none were proud of wealth, for none were poor ;
No wars nor tumults vexed each still domain,
No thirst of empire, no desire of gain ;
No proud great man, nor one who would be great,
Drove modest merit from its proper state ;
Nor into distant climes would avarice roam,
To fetch delights for luxury at home.
Bound by no ties which kept the soul in awe,
They dwelt at liberty, and love was law !'
' Mistaken youth ! each nation first was rude,
Each man a cheerless son of solitude,
To whom no joys of social life were known,
None felt a care that was not all his own ;
Or in some languid clime his abject soul
Bowed to a little tyrant's stern control ;
A slave, with slaves his monarch's throne he raised,
And in rude song his ruder idol praised ;
The meaner cares of life were all he knew,
Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few :
But when by slow degrees the arts arose,
And science wakened from her long repose ;
When commerce, rising from the bed of ease,
Ran round the land, and pointed to the seas ;
When emulation, born with jealous eye,
And avarice, lent their spurs to industry ;
Then one by one the numerous laws were made,
Those to control, and these to succour trade ;
To curb the insolence of rude command,
To snatch the victim from the usurer's hand ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

To awe the bold, to yield the wronged redress,
And feed the poor with luxury's excess.'

Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungoverned man along ;
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
The laws are formed and placed on every side ;
Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed ;
More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem ;
Till, like a miner working sure and slow,
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below ;
The basis sinks, the ample piles decay,
The stately fabric shakes and falls away ;
Primeval want and ignorance come on,
But freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone.

Next, History ranks—there full in front she lies,
And every nation her dread tale supplies ;
Yet history has her doubts, and every age
With sceptic queries marks the passing page ;
Records of old nor later date are clear,
Too distant those, and these are placed too near ;
There time conceals the objects from our view,
Here our own passions and a writer's too :
Yet in these volumes see how states arose !
Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes ;
Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain,
Lo ! how they sunk to slavery again !
Sate with power, of fame and wealth possessed,
A nation grows too glorious to be blessed ;
Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all,
And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.

Thus speaks the page that paints ambition's race,
The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace ;
The headlong course, that maddening heroes run,
How soon triumphant, and how soon undone ;
How slaves, turned tyrants, offer crowns to sale,
And each fallen nation's melancholy tale.

Lo ! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood ;
There, such the taste of our degenerate age,
Stand the profane delusions of the stage :
Yet virtue owns the Tragic Muse a friend,
Fable her means, morality her end ;
For this she rules all passions in their turns,
And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl,
Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul ;
She makes the vile to virtue yield applause,
And own her sceptre while they break her laws ;
For vice in others is abhorred of all,
And villains triumph when the worthless fall.

Not thus her sister Comedy prevails,
Who shoots at Folly, for her arrow fails ;
Folly, by dulness armed, eludes the wound,
And harmless sees the feathered shafts rebound ;
Unhurt she stands, applauds the archer's skill,
Laughs at her malice, and is Folly still.
Yet well the muse portrays, in fancied scenes,
What pride will stoop to, what profession means ;
How formal fools the farce of state applaud,
How caution watches at the lips of fraud ;
The wordy variance of domestic life,
The tyrant husband, the retorting wife ;
The snares for innocence, the lie of trade,
And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.

With her the virtues too obtain a place,
Each gentle passion, each becoming grace ;
The social joy in life's securer road,
Its easy pleasure, its substantial good ;
The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
And all that ought to live, and all that lives.

But who are these ? Methinks a noble mien
And awful grandeur in their form are seen,
Now in disgrace : what though by time is spread
Polluting dust o'er every reverend head ?
What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,
And dull observers pass insulting by ?
Forbid it, shame ; forbid it, decent awe,
What seems so grave, should no attention draw !
Come, let us then with reverend step advance,
And greet—the ancient worthies of Romance.

Hence, ye profane ! I feel a former dread,
A thousand visions float around my head :
Hark ! hollow blasts through empty courts resound,
And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round :
See ! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
Ghosts, fairies, demons dance before our eyes ;
Lo ! magic verse inscribed on golden gate,
And bloody hand that beckons on to fate :
'And who art thou, thou little page, unfold ?
Say, doth thy lord my Claribel withhold ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE:

Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
The captive queen : for, Claribel is mine.
Away he flies ; and now for bloody deeds,
Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds :
The giant falls ; his recreant throat I seize,
And from his corslet take the massy keys :
Dukes, lords, and knights in long procession move,
Released from bondage with my virgin love ;
She comes ! she comes ! in all the charms of youth,
Unequalled love and unsuspected truth !

Ah ! happy he who thus in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitched, in early rapture dreams,
Where wild enchantment waves her potent wand,
And fancy's beauties fill her fairy land ;
Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
And fear and ignorance afford delight.

But lost, for ever lost to me these joys,
Which reason scatters and which time destroys ;
Too dearly bought ; maturer judgment calls
My busied mind from tales and madrigals ;
My doughty giants all are slain or fled,
And all my knights, blue, green, and yellow, dead.
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew ;
Even the last lingering fiction of the brain,
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again ;
And all these wayward wanderings of my youth
Fly reason's power, and shun the light of truth.

With fiction then does real joy reside,
And is our reason the delusive guide ?
Is it then right to dream the sirens sing ?
Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing ?
No, 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,
That makes the imagined paradise its own ;
Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes ;
The tear and smile, that once together rose,
Are then divorced ; the head and heart are foes ;
Enchantment bows to wisdom's serious plan,
And pain and prudence make and mar the man.

While thus, of power and fancied empire vain,
With various thoughts my mind I entertain ;
While books my slaves, with tyrant hand I seize,
Pleased with the pride that will not let them please ;
Sudden I find terrific thoughts arise,
And sympathetic sorrow fills my eyes ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

For lo ! while yet my heart admits the wound,
I see the critic army ranged around.
Foes to our race ! if ever ye have known
A father's fears for offspring of your own—
If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
Ye thought the sudden sentiment divine,
Then paused and doubted, and then, tired of doubt,
With rage as sudden dashed the stanza out—
If, after fearing much, and pausing long,
Ye ventured on the world your laboured song,
And from the crusty critics of those days
Implored the feeble tribute of their praise ;
Remember now the fears that moved you then,
And, spite of truth, let mercy guide your pen.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

[From *The Parish Register*.]

TWO summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there ;
When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
In haste to see, and happy to be seen ;
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired ;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed ;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed :
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained,
Her beauty won them, and her worth retained ;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wished her well, whom yet they wished away :
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace ;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power ;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed ;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners, most unlike her own ;
Loud though in love, and confident though young ;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made ;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board ;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth : she sighed, and looked consent.

Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green
(Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid),
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid :
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank, and trifled at each stile ;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears :
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate ;
There he pronounced adieu ! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away !
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire, and oft return again ;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind !
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before :

Ah ! fly temptation, youth ; refrain ! refrain !
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain !

Lo ! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains ;
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing, and whose hopes are fled ;
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow ;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again ;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes ;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms ;
With water burdened, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay ;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
 And deeply plunges in adhesive ground ;
 Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
 While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes ;
 For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
 Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows,
 And now her path but not her peace she gains,
 Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains ;
 Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
 And placing first her infant on the floor,
 She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
 And sobbing struggles with the rising fits ;
 In vain—they come—she feels the inflating grief
 That shuts the swelling bosom from relief ;
 That speaks in feeble cries a soul distressed,
 Or the sad laugh that cannot be repressed ;
 The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
 With all the aid her poverty supplies ;
 Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
 Not led by profit, not allured by praise ;
 And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
 She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.

Friend of distress ! the mourner feels thy aid ;
 She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this child of weakness, want, and care ?

'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair ;
 Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
 Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies :
 Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
 For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart :
 ' And then his prayers ! they would a savage move,
 And win the coldest of the sex to love :'
 But ah ! too soon his looks success declared,
 Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired ;
 The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
 A captious tyrant or a noisy sot :
 If present, railing till he saw her pained ;
 If absent, spending what their labours gained ;
 Till that fair form in want and sickness pined ;
 And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.

Then fly temptation, youth ; resist ! refrain !
 Nor let me preach for ever and in vain !

DREAM OF THE CONDEMNED FELON.

[From *The Borough*.]

YES! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, 'Not guilty,' and awakes:
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.

Now comes the dream again: it shews each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be;
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight;
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber where he once arrayed
His youthful person; where he knelt and prayed;
Then too the comforts he enjoyed at home;
The days of joy; the joys themselves are come;
The hours of innocence; the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took,
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve and his retreating fears.
All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile;
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield: no, never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind;
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue;
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shews,
The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows;

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum ;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed ;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay ;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand ;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea ;
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled ;
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below ;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by ;
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire.
Tokens of bliss ! Oh, horrible ! a wave
Roars as it rises—' Save me, Edward, save !'
She cries. Alas ! the watchman on his way
Calls and lets in—truth, terror, and the day !

TRADES.

OFT have I smiled the happy pride to see
Of humble tradesmen, in their evening glee :
When of some pleasing, fancied good possessed,
Each grew alert, was busy, and was blessed ;
Whether the call-bird yield the hour's delight,
Or, magnified in microscope, the mite ;
Or whether tumblers, croppers, carriers seize
The gentle mind, they rule it and they please.

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

There is my friend the Weaver ; strong desires
Reign in his breast ; 'tis beauty he admires :
See ! to the shady grove he wings his way,
And feels in hope the raptures of the day—
Eager he looks ; and soon, to glad his eyes,
From the sweet bower, by nature formed, arise
Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies ;
Which broke that morning from their half-year's sleep,
To fly o'er flowers where they were wont to creep.

Above the sovereign oak a sovereign skims,
The purple emperor, strong in wing and limbs :
There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
Adonis blue, and Paphia silver-queen ;
With every filmy fly from mead or bower ;
And hungry Sphinx, who threads the honeyed flower ;
She o'er the larkspur's bed, where sweets abound,
Views every bell, and hums the approving sound ;
Poised on her busy plumes, with feeling nice
She draws from every flower, nor tries a floret twice.

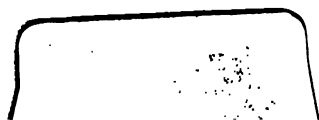
He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame,
His is untaxed and undisputed game ;
Nor less the place of curious plant he knows ;
He both his Flora and his Fauna shews ;
For him is blooming in its rich array,
The glorious flower which bore the palm away ;
In vain a rival tried his utmost art,
His was the prize, and joy o'erflowed his heart.

'This, this is beauty ; cast, I pray, your eyes
On this my glory ! see the grace ! the size !
Was ever stem so tall, so stout, so strong,
Exact in breadth, in just proportion long ?
These brilliant hues are all distinct and clean,
No kindred tint, no blending streaks between ;
This is no shaded, run-off, pin-eyed thing,
A king of flowers, a flower for England's king :
I own my pride, and thank the favouring star,
Which shed such beauty on my fair bizarre.'

Thus may the poor the cheap indulgence seize,
While the most wealthy pine and pray for ease ;
Content not always waits upon success,
And more may he enjoy who profits less.







On the 31st of December 1870 will be issued

VOLUME XIII.
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